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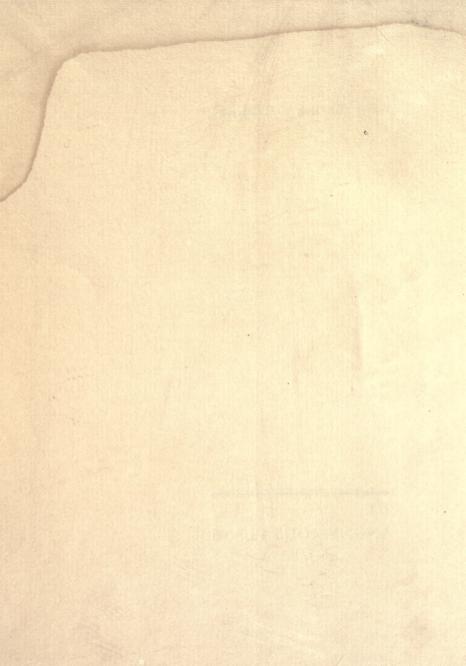
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Early English Bramatists

SIX

ANONYMOUS PLAYS

(SECOND SERIES)





Barly English Bramatists

SIX ANONYMOUS PLAYS

(SECOND SERIES)

COMPRISING

Jacob and Esau—Youth—Albion, Knight—Misogonus —Godly Queen Hester—Tom Tyler and his Wife— Note-Book and Word-List

EDITED BY

JOHN S. FARMER

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PR 1261 F38



[Reduced Facsimile of Title-page of "The History of Jacob and Esau," from a Copy in the Bodleian Library.]

A. P. II.

B

A New, Merry, and Witty Comedy or Interlude, Newly Imprinted, Treating upon the History of Jacob and Esau, Taken out of the Twenty-seventh Chapter of the First Book of Moses, Entitled Genesis.

The Parts and Pames of the Players who are to be considered to be Hebrews, and so should be apparelled with attire

- 1. THE PROLOGUE, A POET
- 2. Isaac, an old man, father to Jacob and Esau
- 3. REBECCA, AN OLD WOMAN, WIFE TO ISAAC
- 4. Esau, a young man, and a hunter
- 5. JACOB, A YOUNG MAN OF GODLY CON-VERSATION
- 6. ZETHAR, A NEIGHBOUR
- 7. HANAN, A NEIGHBOUR TO ISAAC ALSO
- 8. RAGAN, SERVANT UNTO ESAU
- 9. MIDO, A LITTLE BOY, LEADING ISAAC
- 10. DEBORAH, THE NURSE OF ISAAC'S TENT
- II. ABRA, A LITTLE WENCH, SERVANT TO REBECCA

Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman, dwelling in Knightrider Street, at the sign of the Mermaid. Anno Domini 1568. 4to.



PROLOGUE OF THE PLAY.

In the book of Genesis it is expressed,

That when God to Abraham made sure
promise,

That in his seed all nations should be blessed:
To send him a son by Sarah he did not miss.
Then to Isaac (as there recorded it is)

By Rebecca his wife, who had long time been barren,

When pleased him, at one birth he sent sons twain.

But before Jacob and Esau yet born were,
Or had either done good, or ill perpetrate:
As the prophet Malachi and Paul witness bear,
Jacob was chosen, and Esau reprobate:
Jacob I love (saith God) and Esau I hate.

For it is not (saith Paul) in man's renewing or will,

But in God's mercy, who chooseth whom he will.

But now for our coming we shall exhibit here, Of Jacob and Esau how the story was; Whereby God's adoption may plainly appear: And also that, whatever God's ordinance

was, Nothing might defeat, but that it must come to pass.

That, if this story may your eyes or ears delight,

We pray you of patience, while we it recite.

ACTUS PRIMI. SCÆNA PRIMA.

RAGAN, the servant.

Esau, a young man, his master.

[Ragan entereth with his horn at his back and his hunting staff in his hand, and leadeth three greyhounds, or one, as may be gotten.

Ragan. Now let me see what time it is by

the starlight—

God's for his grace, man, why it is not yet midnight!

We might have slept these four hours yet, I dare well say;

But this is our good Esau his common play:

[Here he counterfeiteth how his master calleth him up in the mornings, and of

his answers.

What the devil aileth him? now truly, I think plain

He hath either some worms or botts in his brain.

He scarcely sleepeth twelve good hours in two weeks.

I wot well his watching maketh me have lean cheeks,

For there is none other life with him day by day,

But, up, Ragan! up, drowsy hogshead! I say: Why, when? up, will it not be? up. I come anon.

Up, or I shall raise you in faith, ye drowsy whoreson.

Why, when? shall I fet you? I come, sir, by and by.

Up, with a wild wanion! how long wilt thou lie?

Up, I say, up, at once! up, up, let us go hence:

It is time we were in the forest an hour since. Now the devil stop that same yalling throat (think I)

Somewhiles: for from the call farewell all wink of eye!

Begin he once to call, I sleep no more that stound,

Though half an hour's sleep were worth ten thousand pound.

Anon, when I come in, and bid him good

Ah, sir, up at last? the devil give thee sorrow!

Now the devil break thy neck (think I by and by).

That hast no wit to sleep, nor in thy bed to lie. Then come on at once; take my quiver and my bow,

Fet Lovel my hound, and my horn to blow.

Then forth go we fasting an hour or two ere day,

Before we may well see either our hands or way,

And there range we the wild forest, no crumb of bread

From morning to stark night coming within our head;

Sometimes Esau's self will faint for drink and meat,

So that he would be glad of a dead horse to eat.

Yet of fresh the next morrow forth he will again,

And sometime not come home in a whole night or twain:

Nor no delight he hath, no appetite nor mind, But to the wild forest, to hunt the hart or hind, The roebuck, the wild boar, the fallow-deer, or hare:

But how poor Ragan shall dine, he hath no care.

Poor I must eat acorns or berries from the tree. But if I be found slack in the suit following, Or if I do fail in blowing or hallooing;

Or if I lack my staff or my horn by my side: He will be quick enough to fume, chafe, and chide.

Am I not well at ease such a master to serve, As must have such service, and yet will let me starve?

But, in faith, his fashions displease mo than me,

And will have but a mad end one day, we shall see.

He passeth nothing on Rebecca his mother, And much less passeth he on Jacob his brother. But peace, mum, no more: I see master Esau.

[Here Esau appeareth in sight, and bloweth his horn, ere he enter.

Esau. How now, are we all ready, servant Ragan?

Art thou up for all day, man? art thou ready now?

Ragan. I have been here this half-hour, sir, waiting for you,

Esau. And is all thing ready, as I bad, to my mind?

Ragan. Ye have no cause, that I know, any fault to find:

Except that we disease our tent and neighbours all

With rising over-early each day, when ye call. Esau. Ah, thou drowsy draffsack, wouldest thou rise at noon?

Nay, I trow the sixth hour with thee were over-soon.

Ragan. Nay, I speak of your neighbours, being men honest,

That labour all the day, and would fain be at rest:

Whom with blowing your horn ye disease allabouts.

Esau. What care I for waking a sort of clubbish louts?

Ragan. And I speak of Rebecca your mother, our dame.

Esau. Tut, I pass not, whether she do me praise or blame.

Ragan. And I speak of your good father, old Isaac.

Esau. Peace, foolish knave: as for my father Isaac,

In case he be asleep, I do him not disease, And if he be waking, I know I do him please, For he loveth me well from mine nativity,

[Here Esau bloweth his horn again. And never so as now for mine activity.

Therefore have at it: once more will I blow my

To give my neighbour louts an hail-peal in a morn.

[Here he speaketh to his dogs. Now, my master Lightfoot, how say you to this gear,

Will you do your duty to red or fallow deer?

And, Swan, mine own good cur, I do think in my mind

The game shall run apace, if thou come far

And ha, Takepart, come, Takepart, here: how say you, child,

Wilt not thou do thy part? yes, else I am beguil'd.

But I shrew your cheeks, they have had too much meat.

Ragan. I blame not dogs to take it, if they may it get:

But as for my part, they could have, pardè, A small remnant of that that ye give me.

They may run light enough for ought of me they got,

I had not a good meal's-meat this week, that I

wot.

Esau. If we have luck this day to kill hare, teg, or doe,

Thou shalt eat thy bellyful, till thou criest ho.

Ragan. I thank you, when I have it, Master
Esau.

Esau. Well, come on, let us go now, servant Ragan.

Is there anything more, that I should say or do?

For perhaps we come not again this day or two.

Ragan. I know nothing, master, to God I make a vow,

Except you would take your brother Jacob with you:

I never yet saw him with you an hunting go, Shall we prove him once, whether he will go or no? Esau. No, no, that were in vain, alas, good simple mome:

Nay, he must tarry and suck mother's dug at home:

Jacob must keep home, I trow, under mother's wing;

To be from the tents he loveth not of all thing.

Jacob loveth no hunting in the wild forest:

And would fear, if he should there see a

And would fear, if he should there see any wild beast.

Yea, to see the game run, Jacob would be in fear.

Ragan. In good sooth, I ween he would think each hare a bear.

Esau. What, brother mine, what a word call ye that?

Ragan. Sir, I am scarce waked: I spake, ere I wist what.

Esau. Come on your ways, my child, take the law of the game.

I will wake you, I trow, and set your tongue in frame.

Ragan. O, what have you done, Master Esau? God's apes!

Esau. Why can ye not yet refrain from letting such scapes?

Come on, ye must have three jerts for the nonce.

One— [Beats him. Ragan. O, for God's love, sir, have done, dispatch at once.

Esau. Nay there is no remedy but bide it—there is twain. [Gives him another jerk.

Ragan. O, ye rent my cheverel; let me be past my pain.

Esau. Take heed of hunting terms fro henceforth!—there is three. [Jerks him again. Ragan. Whoop! now a mischief on all

moping fools for me!

Jacob shall keep the tents ten year for Ragan, Ere I move again that he hunt with Esau.

Esau. Come on, now let us go. God send us game and luck,

And if my hand serve me well—

Ragan (aside). Ye will kill a duck.

[Exeant ambo.

ACTUS PRIMI, SCÆNA SECUNDA.

Hanan, Zethar, two of Isaac's neighbours. Hanan. Ah, sir, I see I am an early man

this morn,

I am once more beguil'd with Esau his horn. But there is no such stirrer as Esau is: He is up day by day, before the crow piss: Then maketh he with his horn such tooting

and blowing,

And with his wide throat such shouting and hallooing,

That no neighbour shall in his tent take any rest.

From Esau addresseth him to the forest. So that he maketh us, whether we will or no, Better husbands than we would be, abroad to

Each of us about our business and our wark.
But whom do I see yonder coming in the dark?
It is my neighbour Zethar, I perceive him now.
Zethar. What, neighbour Hanan, well met,

good morrow to you.

I see well now I am not beguiled alone:
But what boot to lie still? for rest we can take
none;

That I marvel much of old father Isaac, Being so godly a man, why he is so slack To bring his son Esau to a better stay.

Hanan. What should he do in the matter, I you pray?

Zethar. O, it is no small charge to fathers, afore God,

So to train their children in youth under the rod

That, when they come to age, they may virtue ensue,

Wicked pranks abhor, and all lewdness eschew,

And me-thinketh Isaac, being a man as he is— A chosen man of God—should not be slack in this.

Hanan. Alack, good man, what should he do more than he hath done?

I dare say no father hath better taught his son, Nor no two have given better example of life Unto their children than both he and his wife: As by their younger son Jacob it doth appear. He liveth no loose life: he doth God love and fear.

He keepeth here in the tents, like a quiet man: He giveth not himself to wildness any when. But Esau evermore from his young childhood Hath been like to prove ill, and never to be good.

Young it pricketh (folks do say), that will be a thorn,

Esau hath been naught, ever since he was born. And whereof cometh this? of education?

Nay, it is of his own ill inclination.

They were brought up both under one tuition; But they be not both of one disposition.

Esau is given to loose and lewd living.

Zethar. In faith, I warrant him [to] have but shrewd thriving.

Hanan. Neither see I any hope that he will amend.

Zethar. Then let him even look to come to an ill end.

For youth that will follow none but their own bridle,

That leadeth a dissolute life and an idle:
Youth, that refuseth wholesome documents,
Or to take example of their godly parents:
Youth, that is retchless, and taketh no regard
What become of themself, nor which end go
forward:

It is great marvel and a special grace

If ever they come to goodness all their life space.

But why do we consume this whole morning in talk

Of one that hath no reck ne care what way he walk?—

We had been as good to have kept our bed still.

Hanan. O, it is our part to lament them that do ill.

Like as very nature a godly heart doth move Others' good proceedings to tender and to love:

So such as in no wise to goodness will be brought,

What good man but will mourn, since God us all hath wrought?

But ye have some business, and so have I. Zethar. And we have been long; farewell, neighbour, heartily.

ACTUS PRIMI, SCÆNA TERTIA.

REBECCA, the mother. JACOB, the son.

Rebecca. Come forth, son Jacob, why tarriest thou behind?

Jacob. Forsooth, mother, I thought ye had said all your mind.

Rebecca. Nay, come, I have yet a word or two more to say.

Jacob. Whatsoever pleaseth you, speak to me ye may.

Rebecca. Seeing thy brother Esau is such an one.

Why rebukest thou him not, when ye are alone?

Why dost thou not give him some good sad wise counsel?

Jacob. He lacketh not that, mother, if it would avail.

But when I do him any thing of his fault[s] tell, He calleth me foolish proud boy, with him to mell.

He will sometime demand, by what authority I presume to teach them which mine elders be? He will sometime ask, if I learn of my mother To take on me teaching of mine elder brother? Sometime, when I tell him of his lewd behaviour,

He will lend me a mock or twain for my labour:

And sometime for anger he will out with his purse,

And call me, as please him, and swear he will do worse.

Rebecca. O Lord, that to bear such a son it was my chance!

Jacob. Mother, we must be content with God's ordinance.

Rebecca. Or, if I should need have Esau to my son,

Would God thou, Jacob, haddest the eldership won.

Jacob. Mother, it is too late to wish; for that is pass'd;

It will not be done now, wish ye never so fast. And I would not have you to wish against God's will:

For both it is in vain, and also it is ill.

Rebecca. Why did it not please God, that thou shouldest as well

Tread upon his crown, as hold him fast by the heel?

Jacob. Whatsoever mystery the Lord therein meant

Must be referred to his unsearched judgment. And whatsoever he hath 'ppointed me unto, I am his own vessel, his will with me to do.

Rebecca. Well, some strange thing therein of God intended was.

Jacob. And what he hath decreed, must sure come to pass.

Rebecca. I remember, when I had you both conceived,

A voice thus saying from the Lord I received: Rebecca, in thy womb are now two nations Of unlike natures and contrary fashions. The one shall be a mightier people elect: And the elder to the younger shall be subject.

I know this voice came not to me of nothing: Therefore thou shalt follow my counsel in one thing.

Jacob. So it be not displeasing to the Lord,

Rebecca. I fear the Lorde eke, who is merciful and just:

And loth would I be his majesty to offend;

But by me (I doubt not) to work he doth intend.
Assay, if thou canst at some one time or other,
To buy the right of eldership from thy brother:
Do thou buy the birthright, that to him doth
belong,

So may'st thou have the blessing, and do him no wrong.

What thou hast once bought, is thine own of due right.

Jacob. Mother Rebecca, if withouten fraud I might,

I would your advice put in ure with all my heart,

But I may not attempt any such guileful part. To buy my brother's eldership and his birthright,

I fear, would be a great offence in God's sight. Which thing, if I wist to redeem, I ne would Though I might get thereby ten millions of gold.

Rebecca. God who, by his word and almightiful decree,

Hath appointed thee Esau his lord to be,

Hath appointed some way to have it brought about;

And that is this way, my sprite doth not doubt. Jacob. Upon your word, mother, I will assay ere long; Yet it grudgeth my heart to do my brother wrong.

Rebecca. Thou shalt do no wrong, son Jacob, on my peril.

lacob. Then, by God's leave, once assay I

will.

Rebecca. Then farewell, dear son, God's blessing and mine with thee.

Jacob. I will again to the tent. Well you be! [Exeat Jacob.

Rebecca. Ah, my sweet son Jacob, good fortune God thee send!

The most gentle young man alive, as God me mend!

And the most natural to father and mother:
O, that such a meek spirit were in thy brother;
Or thy sire loved thee, as thou hast merited,
And then should Esau soon be disinherited.

ACTUS PRIMI, SCÆNA QUARTA.

Isaac, the husband. Rebecca, the wife. Mido, the lad that leadeth blind Isaac.

Isaac. Where art thou, my boy Mido, when I do thee lack?

Mido. Who calleth Mido? here, good master Isaac.

Isaac. Come, lead me forth of doors a little, I thee pray.

Mido. Lay your hand on my shoulder, and come on this way.

Rebecca. Now, O Lord of heaven, the fountain of all grace,

If it be thy good will, that my will shall take place:

Send success to Jacob; according to thy word, That his elder brother may serve him as his lord.

Mido. Sir, whither would ye go, now that abroad ye be?

Isaac. To wife Rebecca.

Mido. Yonder I do her see. Rebecca. Lord, thou knowest Jacob to be thy servant true,

And Esau all froward thy ways to ensue.

Mido. Yonder she is speaking, whatever she doth say:

By holding up her hands, it seemeth she doth pray.

Isaac. Where be ye, wife Rebecca? where be ye, woman?

Rebecca. Who is that calleth? Isaac, my good man?

Isaac. Where be ye, wife Rebecca, let me understand?

Mido. She cometh to you apace.

Rebecca. Here, my lord, at hand.

Isaac. Saving that whatsoever God doth is all right.

No small grief it were for a man to lack his sight.

But what the Lord doth send or work by his high will—

Rebecca. Cannot but be the best, no such thing can be ill.

Isaac. All bodily punishment or infirmity, With all maims of nature, whatever they be, Yea, and all other afflictions temporal: As loss, persecution, or troubles mortal, Are nothing but a trial or probation.

And what is he that firmly trusteth in the Lord,

Or steadfastly believeth his promise and word, And knoweth him to be the God omnipotent, That feedeth and governeth all that he hath sent:

Protecting his faithful in every degree, And them to relieve in all their necessity? What creature (I say) that doth this understand.

Will not take all thing in good part at God's hand?

Shall we at God's hand receive prosperity,
And not be content likewise with adversity?
We ought to be thankful whatever God doth
send,

And ourselves wholly to his will to commend. Rebecca. So should it be, and I thank my lord Isaac,

Such daily lessons at your hand I do not lack.

Isaac. Why, then, should not I thank the
Lord, if it please him,

That I shall now be blind, and my sight wax all

For whoso to old age will here live and endure, Must of force abide all such defaults of nature.

Mido. Why, must I be blind too, if I be an old man?

How shall I grope the way, or who shall lead me then?

Isaac. If the Lord have appointed thee such old days to see,

He will also provide that shall be meet for thee.

Mido. I trow, if I were blind, I could go well enou',

I could grope the way thus, and go as I do now.

I have done so ere now both by day and by night,

As I see you grope the way, and have hit it right.

Rebecca. Yea, sir boy, will ye play any such childish knack

As to counterfeit your blind master Isaac? That is but to mock him for his impediment.

Mido. Nay, I never did it in any such intent.

Rebecca. Nay, it is to tempt God, before thou have need,

Whereby thou may'st provoke him, in very deed,

With some great misfortune or plague to punish thee.

Mido. Then will I never more do so, while I may see:

But against I be blind, I will be so perfit That, though no man lead me, I will go at midnight.

Isaac. Now, wife, touching the purpose that I sought for you.

Rebecca. What say"th my lord Isaac to his handmaid now?

Isaac. Ye have oft in covert words been right earnest

To have me grant unto you a boon and request:
But ye never told me yet plainly what it was;
Therefore I have ever yet let the matter pass.
And now of late, by oft being from me absent,
I have half suspected you to be scarce content.
But, wife Rebecca, I would not have you to
mourn,

As though I did your honest petition wourne. For I never meant to deny in all my life

Any lawful or honest request to my wife.
But in case it be a thing unreasonable,
Then must I needs be to you untractable.
Now therefore say on, and tell me what is your case.

Rebecca. I would, if I were sure in your heart to find grace;

Else, sir, I would be loth.

Isaac. To speak do not refrain, And if it be reasonable, ye shall obtain: Otherwise, ye must pardon me, gentle sweet wife.

Rebecca. Sir, ye know your son Esau, and see his life,

How loose it is, and how stiff he is and stubborn.

How retchlessly he doth himself misgovern: He giveth himself to hunting out of reason, And serveth the Lord and us at no time or season.

These conditions cannot be acceptable
In the sight of God, nor to men allowable.
Now his brother Jacob, your younger son and
mine,

Doth more apply his heart to seek the ways divine.

He liveth here quietly at home in the tent, There is no man nor child but is with him content.

Isaac. O wife, I perceive ye speak of affection;

To Jacob ye bear love, and to his brother none. Rebecca. Indeed, sir, I cannot love Esau so well

As I do Jacob, the plain truth to you to tell. For I have no comfort of Esau, God wot:

I scarce know whe'r I have a son of him or not.

He goeth abroad so early before daylight,

And returneth home again so late in the night; And unneth I set eye on him in the whole week:

No, sometime not in twain, though I do for him seek.

And all the neighbours see him as seldom as I; But when they would take rest, they hear him blow and cry.

Some see him so seldom, they ask if he be sick:

Sometimes some demand, whether he be dead or quick.

But, to make short tale, such his conditions be, That I wish of God he had ne'er been born of me.

Isaac. Well, wife, I love Esau, and must for causes twain.

Rebecca. Surely your love is bestowed on him in vain?

Isaac. First, active he is, as any young man can be,

And many a good morsel he bringeth home to me.

Then he is mine eldest and first-begotten son.

Rebecca. If God were so pleased, I would that were foredone.

[Aside.]

Isaac. And the eldest son is called the father's might.

Rebecca. If yours rest in Esau, God give us good night!

Isaac. A prerogative he hath in every thing. Rebecca. More pity he should have it without deserving.

Isaac. Of all the goods his portion is greater.

Rebecca. That the worthy should have it, I think much better.

Isaac. Among his brethren he hath the preeminence.

Rebecca. Where Esau is chief, there is a gay presence!

Isaac. Over his brethren he is sovereign and lord.

Rebecca. Such dignity in Esau doth ill accord.

Isaac. He is the head of the father's succession.

Rebecca. I would Esau had lost that possession.

Isaac. And he hath the chief title of inheritance.

Rebecca. Wisdom would in Esau change that ordinance.

Isaac. To the eldest son is due the father's blessing.

Rebecca. That should be Jacob's, if I might have my wishing.

[Aside.]

Isaac. And the chief endowment of the father's substance.

Rebecca. Which will thrive well in Esau his governance.

Isaac. By title of eldership he hath his birthright.

Rebecca. And that would I remove to Jacob, if I might.

[Aside.]

Isaac. He must have double portion to another.

Rebecca. That were more fit for Jacob his younger brother.

Isaac. In all manner of things divided by a rate.

Rebecca. Well given goods to him, that the Lord doth hate!

Isaac. Why say ye so of Esau, mine eldest son?

Rebecca. I say true, if he proceed as he hath begun.

Isaac. Is he not your son too, as well as he is mine?

Wherefore do ye then against him thus sore repine?

Rebecca. Because that in my spirit verily I know.

God will set up Jacob, and Esau down throw.

I have showed you many a time ere this day, What the Lord of them being in my womb did say.

I use not for to lie, and I believe certain,

That the Lord spake not these words to me in vain.

And Jacob it is (I know), in whom the Lord will

His promises to you made and to your seed fulfil.

Isaac. I doubt not his promise made to me and my seed,

Leaving to his conveyance how it shall proceed.

The Lord after his way may change th'inheritance;

But I may not wittingly break our ordinance.

Rebecca. Now would God I could persuade
my lord Isaac

Jacob to prefer, and Esau to put back.

Isaac. I may not do it, wife, I pray you be content:

The title of birthright, that cometh by descent, Or the place of eldership coming by due course, I may not change nor shift for better nor for worse.

Nature's law it is, the eldest son to knowledge, And in no wise to bar him of his heritage: And ye shall of Esau one day have comfort.

Rebecca. Set a good long day then, or else we shall come short.

Isaac. I warrant you, he will do well enough at length.

Rebecca. You must needs commend him, being your might and strength.

Isaac. Well, now go we hence; little Mido, where art thou?

Mido. I have stood here all this while, list'ning, how you

And my dame Rebecca have been laying the law:

But she hath as quick answers as ever I saw. Ye could not speak anything unto her so thick, But she had her answer as ready and as quick.

Isaac. Yea, women's answers are but few times to seek.

Mido. But I did not see Esau neither all this same week.

Nor do I love your son Esau so well,

As I do love your son Jacob by a great deal.

Isaac. No, doest thou, Mido? and tell me the cause why.

Mido. Why? for I do not: And none other cause know I.

But everybody, as well one as other,

Do wish that Jacob had been the elder brother.

Isaac. Well, come on, let us go.

Mido. And who shall lead you? I?

Rebecca. No, it is my office as long as I am by.

And I would all wives, as the world this day is, Would unto their husbands likewise do their

Mido. Why, dame Rebecca, then all wedded men should be blind.

Rebecca. What, thou foolish lad, no such thing was in my mind.

ACTUS SECUNDI, SCÆNA PRIMA.

RAGAN, the servant of Esau.

Ragan. I have heard it oft, but now I feel a wonder,

In what grievous pain they die, that die for hunger.

O my greedy stomach, how it doth bite and gnaw?

If I were at a rack, I could eat hay or straw. Mine empty guts do fret, my maw doth even

tear, Would God I had a piece of some horsebread

here. Yet is master Esau in worse case than I.

If he have not some meat, the sooner he will die:

He hath sunk for faintness twice or thrice by the way,

And not one seely bit we got since yesterday.

All that ever he hath, he would have given to-day

To have had but three morsels his hunger to allay.

Or in the field to have met with some hogs; I could scarcely keep him from eating of these dogs.

He hath sent me afore some meat for to provide.

And cometh creeping after, scarce able to stride.

But if I know where to get of any man,
For to ease mine own self, as hungry as I am,
I pray God I stink; but if any come to me,
Die who die will; for sure I will first served be.
I will see if any be ready here at home,
Or whether Jacob have any, that peakish
mome.

But first I must put all my dogs up,

And lay up this gear, and then God send us the cup.

ACTUS SECUNDI, SCÆNA SECUNDA.

Esau, the master. RAGAN, the servant.

[Esau cometh in so faint, that he can scarce go.

Esau. O, what a grievous pain is hunger to a man!

Take all that I have for meat, help who that can.

O Lord, some good body, for God's sake, give me meat.

I force not what it were, so that I had to eat.

Meat or drink, save my life—or bread, I reck
not what:

If there be nothing else, some man give me a cat.

If any good body on me will do so much cost,

I will tear and eat her raw, she shall ne'er be rost;

I promise of honesty I will eat her raw.

And what a noddy was I, and a whoreson daw,

To let Ragan go with all my dogs at once:

A shoulder of a dog were now meat for the nonce.

O, what shall I do? my teeth I can scarcely charm

From gnawing away the brawn of my very arm.

I can no longer stand for faint, I must needs lie,

And except meat come soon, remediless I die. And where art thou, Ragan, whom I sent before?

Unless thou come at once, I never see thee more.

Where art thou, Ragan? I hear not of thee yet.

Ragan. Here, as fast as I can, but no meat can I get.

Not one draught of drink, not one poor morsel of bread,

Not one bit or crumb, though I should straightway be dead.

Therefore ye may now see, how much ye are to blame,

That will thus starve yourself for following your game.

Esau. Ah, thou villain, tellest thou me this now?

If [I] had thee, I would eat thee, to God I vow. Ah, meat, thou whoreson, why hast thou not brought me meat?

Ragan. Would you have me bring you that I can nowhere get?

Esau. Come hither, let me tell thee a word in thine ear.

Ragan. Nay, speak out aloud: I will not come a foot near.

Fall ye to snatching at folks? adieu, I am gone.

Esau. Nay, for God's love, Ragan, leave me not alone:

I will not eat thee, Ragan, so God me help.

Ragan. No, I shall desire you to choose some other whelp.

Being in your best lust, I would topple with ye, And pluck a good crow, ere ye brake your fast with me.

What! are you mankin now? I reckon it best, I,

To bind your hands behind you, even as ye lie.

Esau. Nay, have mercy on me, and let me not perish.

Ragan. In faith, nought could I get, wherewith you to cherish.

Esau. Was there nothing to be had among so many?

Ragan. I could not find one but Jacob that had any,

And no grant would he make for ought that I could say,

Yet no man alive with fairer words could him pray.

But the best red pottage he hath, that ever was.

Esau. Go, pray him, I may speak with him once, ere I pass.

Ragan. That message, by God's grace, shall not long be undone.

Esau. Hie thee, go apace, and return again soon.

If Jacob have due brotherly compassion,

He will not see me faint after this fashion;

But I daresay, the wretch had rather see me throst,

Than he would find in his heart to do so much cost.

For where is, between one fremman and another.

Less love found than now between brother and brother?

Will Jacob come forth to shew comfort unto me?

The whoreson hypocrite will as soon hanged be.

Yet, peace, methinketh Jacob is coming indeed:

And my mind giveth me at his hand I shall speed,

For he is as gentle and loving as can be,

As full of compassion and pity.

But let me see, doth he come? no, I warrant you.

He come, quod I? tush, he come? then hang Esau!

For there is not this day in all the world round Such another hodypeak wretch to be found,

And Ragan my man, is not that a fine knave? Have any mo masters such a man as I have?

So idle, so loit'ring, so trifling, so toying? So prattling, so trattling, so chiding, so boy-

ing?

So jesting, so wresting, so mocking, so mowing?

So nipping, so tripping, so cocking, so crowing?

So knappish, so snappish, so elvish, so froward?

So crabbed, so wrabbed, so stiff, so untoward? In play or in pastime so jocund, so merry? In work or in labour so dead or so weary? O, that I had his ear between my teeth now, I should shake him, even as a dog that lulleth a sow.

But in faith, if ever I recover myself,

There was never none trounced, as I shall trounce that elf.

He and Jacob are agreed, I daresay, I,

Not to come at all, but to suffer me here to die. Which if they do, they shall find this same word true

That, after I am dead, my soul shall them pursue.

I will be avenged on all foes, till I die:

Yea, and take vengeance, when I am dead too, I.

For, I mistrust, against me agreed they have: For th'one is but a fool, and th'other a stark knave.

Enter Ragan and Jacob behind, conversing.
Ragan. I assure you, Jacob, the man is very weak.

Esau. But hark once again, methink I hear them speak!

Ragan. I promise you, I fear his life be already pass'd.

Jacob. Marry, God forbid!

Esau. Lo, now they come at last.

Ragan. If ye believe not me, see yourself, where he is.

Jacob. Fie, brother Esau, what a folly is this?

About vain pastime to wander abroad and peak,

Till with hunger you make yourself thus faint and weak.

Esau. Brother Jacob, I pray you chide now no longer,

But give me somewhat, wherewith to slake mine hunger.

Jacob. Alack, brother, I have in my little cottage

Nothing but a mess of gross and homely pottage.

Esau. Refresh me therewithal, and boldly ask of me

The best thing that I have, whatsoever it be. I were a very beast, when thou my life doth save.

If I should stick with thee for the best thing I have.

Jacob. Can ye be content to sell your birthright to me?

Esau. Hold, here is my hand, I do sell it here to thee.

With all the profits thereof henceforth to be thine,

As free, as full, as large, as ever it was mine. Jacob. Then swear thou hand in hand before the living Lord

This bargain to fulfil, and to stand by thy

Esau. Before the Lord I swear, to whom each heart is known,

That my birthright that was from henceforth is thine own.

Jacob. Thou shalt also with me by this promise indent,

With this bargain and sale to hold thyself con-

Esau. If each penny thereof might be worth twenty pound,

I willingly to thee surrender it this stound.

And if each cicle might be worth a whole talent,

I promise with this sale to hold me content. Jacob. Come, let us set him on foot, that he may go sup.

Ragan. Nay, first I will know a thing, ere I help him up,

Sirrah, will ye eat folk, when ye are long fast-

Esau. No, I pray thee help me up, and leave thy jesting.

Ragan. No, trow, eat your brother Jacob now, if you lust;

For you shall not eat me, I tell you, that is just.

Jacob. Come, that with my pottage thou may'st refreshed be.

Esau. There is no meat on earth that so well liketh me.

Ragan. Yet I may tell you, it is pottage dearly bought.

Esau. No, not a whit, for my bargain take thou no thought.

I defy that birthright that should be of more price

Than helping of one's self: I am not so unwise. Ragan. And how then, sir, shall poor Ragan have no meat?

Esau. Yes, and if thou canst my brother Jacob intreat.

Jacob. God grant I have enough for Esau alone.

Ragan. Why then I perceive poor Ragan shall have none.

[Esau, entering into Jacob's tent, shaketh Ragan off.

Well, much good do it you with your pottage of rice:

I would fast and fare ill, ere I ate of that price. Would I sell my birthright, being an eldest

Forsooth then were it a fair thread that I had spun.

And then to let it go for a mess of pottage!
What is that but both unthriftiness and dotage?

Alack, alack, good blessed father Isaac, That ever son of thine should play such a lewd knack!

And yet I do not think but God this thing hath wrought,

For Jacob is as good, as Esau is nought. But forth cometh Mido, as fast as he can trot: For a cicle, whether to call me in or not?

ACTUS SECUNDI, SCÆNA TERTIA.

MIDO, the boy. RAGAN.

[Mido cometh in clapping his hands and laughing.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Now who saw e'er such another as Esau?

A.P. II.

By my truth, I will not lie to thee, Ragan—Since I was born, I never see any man So greedily eat rice out of a pot or pan. He would not have a dish, but take the pot and

Ye never saw hungry dog so stab pottage up. Ragan. Why, how did he sup it? I pray

thee, tell me, how?

Mido. Marry, even thus, as thou shalt see me do now.

[Here he counterfeiteth supping out of the pot.

O, I thank you, Jacob: with all my heart, Jacob.

Gently done, Jacob: a friendly part, Jacob! I can sup so, Jacob!

Yea, then will I sup too, Jacob. Here is good meat, Jacob!

Ragan. As ere was eat, Jacob!
Mido. As e'er I saw, Jacob!
Ragan. Esau a daw, Jacob!

Mido. Sweet rice pottage, Jacob!
Ragan. By Esau's dotage, Jacob.
Mido. Jolly good cheer, Jacob!

Ragan. But bought full dear, Jacob!

Mido. I was hungry, Jacob.

Ragan. I was an unthrift, Jacob. Mido. Ye will none now, Jacob.

Ragan. I cannot for you, Jacob. Mido. I will eat all, Jacob.

Ragan. The devil go with all, Jacob. Mido. Thou art a good son, Jacob.

Ragan. And would he never have done, Jacob?

Mido. No, but still coggl'd in, like Jack-daw that cries ka kob!

That to be kill'd I could not laughing forbear: And therefore I came out, I durst not abide there.

Ragan. Is there any pottage left for me, that thou wot?

Mido. No, I left Esau about to lick the pot. Ragan. Lick, quod thou? now a shame take him that can all lick.

Mido. The pot shall need no washing, he will it so lick;

And by this he is sitting down to bread and drink,

Ragan. And shall I have no part with him, dost thou think?

Mido. No, for he pray'd Jacob, ere he did begin,

To shut the tent fast, that no mo guests come in.

Ragan. And made he no mention of me his servant?

Mido. He said thou were a knave, and bad thee hence ayaunt:

Go shift, where thou couldest, thou gottest nothing there.

Ragan. God yield you, Esau, with all my stomach cheer!

Mido. I must in again, lest perhaps I be shent,

For I asked nobody licence, when I went.

[Exeat.

Ragan. Nay, it is his nature, do what ye can for him,

No thank at his hand; but choose you, sink or swim.

Then reason it with him in a meet time and place,

D 2

And he shall be ready to flee straight in your face.

This proverb in Esau may be understand:
Claw a churl by the tail, and he will file your hand.

Well i-wis, Esau, ye did know well enou, That I had as much need to be meated as you. Have I trotted and trudged all night and all day,

And now leave me without door, and so go your way?

Have I spent so much labour for you to provide.

And you nothing regard what of me may betide?

Have I run with you while I was able to go, And now you purchase food for yourself and no mo?

Have I taken so long pain you truly to serve, And can ye be content, that I famish and starve?

I must lacquey and come lugging greyhound and hound,

And carry the weight, I dare say, of twenty pound,

And to help his hunger purchase grace and favour,

And now to be shut out fasting for my labour! By my faith, I may say I serve a good master—Nay, nay, I serve an ill husband and a waster That neither profit regardeth nor honesty—

What marvel I then, if he pass so light on me? But, Esau, now that ye have sold your birthright,

I commend me to you, and God give you good night.

And let a friend tell him his fau't at any time, Ye shall hear him chafe beyond all reason or rhyme.

Except it were a friend or a very hell-hound, Ye never saw the match of him in any ground. When I shew him of good-will, what others do

He will fall out with me, and offer me a fray. And what can there be a worser condition, Than to do ill, and refuse admonition?

Can such a one prosper, or come to a good end?

Then I care not how many children God me send.

Once Esau shall not beguile me, I can tell: Except he shall fortune to amend, or do well. Therefore why do I about him waste thus much talk,

Whom no man can induce ordinately to walk? But some man perchance doth not a little wonder,

How I, who but right now did roar out for hunger,

Have now so much vacant and void time of leisure,

To walk and to talk, and discourse all of pleasure.

I told you at the first, I would provide for one: My mother taught me that lesson a good while agone.

When I came to Jacob, his friendship to require,

I drew near and near till I came to the fire:
There hard beside me stood the pottage-pot,
Even as God would have it, neither cold nor
hot:

Good simple Jacob could not turn his back so thick,

But I at the ladle got a gulp or a lick;

So that, ere I went, I made a very good meal, And din'd better cheap than Esau a good deal. But here cometh now master Esau forth.

ACTUS SECUNDI, SCÆNA QUARTA. Esau and Ragan.

Ah, sir, when one is hungry, good meat is much worth.

And well fare a good brother yet in time of

need,

[Esau cometh forth, wiping his mouth. The world is now meetly well amended indeed. Esau. By my truth, if I had bidden from meat any longer,

I think my very maw would have fret asunder.

Then had I been dead and gone, I make God a

Ragan. Surely then the world had had a great loss of you;

For where should we have had your fellow in your place?

[Aside.]

Esau. What should I have done with my birthright in this case?

Ragan. Kept it still, and you had not been a very ass. [Aside.

Esau. But the best pottage it was yet, that ever was.

It were sin not to sell one's soul for such gear.

Ragan. Ye have done no less in my conscience, I fear.

[Aside.

Esau. Who is this that standeth clattering at my back?

Ragan. A poor man of yours, sir, that doth his dinner lack.

Esau. Dinner, whoreson knave? dinner at this time a' day?

Nothing with thee but dinner and munching alway.

Why, thou whoreson villain slave, who is hungry now?

Ragan. Indeed, sir (as seemeth by your words), not you.

Esau. A man were better fill the bellies of some twelfe,

Than to fill the gut of one such whoreson elf; That doth none other good but eat, and drink, and sleep.

Ragan. He shall do something else, whom ye shall have to keep. [Aside. Esau. And that maketh thee so slothful and

so lither.

I dare say he was six hours coming hither, When I sent him to make provision afore,

Not passing a mile hence or very little more. And yet being so far pass'd the hour of dining, See, and the knave be not for his dinner whining!

Fast a while, fast with a mischief, greedy slave,

Must I provide meat for every glutton knave?

Ragan. I may fast, for any meat that of you I have.

[Aside.

Esau. Or deserve thy dinner, before thou do't crave.

Ragan. If I have not deserved it at this season,

I shall never deserve it in mine own reason. Ye promised I should eat till I cried ho.

Esau. Yea, that was if we took either hare, teg, or doe.

Ragan. But when yourself were hungry, ye said, I wot what—

Esau. What, thou villain slave, tellest thou me now of that?

Ragan. Then, help, run apace, Ragan, my good servant.

Esau. Yea, then was then, now is it otherwise: avaunt!

Have I nothing to do but provide meat for you?

Ragan. Ye might have given me some part, when ye had enough.

Esau. What, of the red rice pottage with Jacob I had?

Why, the crow would not give it her bird—thou art mad,

Is that meat for you? nay, it would make you too rank.

Nay, soft, brother mine, I must keep you more lank.

It hath made me ever since so lusty and fresh, As though I had eaten all delicates of flesh.

I feel no manner faintness whereof to complain.

Ragan. Yet to-morrow ye must be as hungry again,

Then must ye and will ye wish again for good cheer:

And repent you, that ever ye bought this so dear.

Esau. Repent me? wherefore? then the Lord give me sorrow;

If it were to do, I would do it to-morrow.

For, thou foolish knave, what hath Jacob of me bought?

Ragan. But a matter of a straw and a thing of nought!

Esau. My birthright and whole title of mine eldership,

Marry, sir, I pray God much good do it his maship,

If I die to-morrow, what good would it do me? If he die to-morrow, what benefit hath he? And for a thing hanging on such casuality, Better a mess of pottage than nothing, pardy! If my father live long, when should I it enjoy?

If my father die soon, then it is but a toy. For if the time were come, thinkest thou that Iacob

Should find Esau such a lout or such a lob
To suffer him to enjoy my birthright in rest?
Nay, I will first toss him and trounce him of
the best;

I think to find it a matter of conscience, And Jacob first to have a fart, sir reverence. When my father Isaac shall the matter know, He will not let Jacob have my birthright, I

Or if he should keep it as his own, I pray you, Might not I live without it, and do well enou"? Do none but men's eldest sons prosper well? How live younger brethren then, I beseech you, tell?

Once, if anything be by the sword to be got, This falchion and I will have part to our lot. But now come on, go we abroad awhile and walk:

Let my birthright go, and of other matters talk.

The History of Jacob and Esau, Act II., Sc. 4

Ragan. Who—I, walk? nay, I trow not, till I have better din'd.

It is more time to seek where I may some meat find.

Esau. What say'st thou, drawlatch? come forth, with a mischief!

Wilt thou not go with me? on, forward, whoreson thief!

Shall it be as pleaseth you, or as pleaseth me? Ragan. Nay, as pleaseth you, sir, methink it must be.

Esau. And where be my dogs and my hound? be they all well?

Ragan. Better than your man, for they be in their kennel.

Esau. Then go see all be well in my part of the tent.

Ragan. With a right good will, sir, I go incontinent.

Esau. And I will to my field, the which I cleansed last,

To see what hope there is, that it will yield fruit fast.

ACTUS SECUNDI, SCÆNA QUARTA.

JACOB. MIDO. REBECCA. ABRA, the handmaid.

Jacob. Thou knowest, little Mido, where my mother is.

Mido. I can go to her as straight as a thread, and not miss.

Jacob. Go call her, and come again with her thine own self.

Mido. Yes, ye shall see me scud like a little elf.

Jacob. Where I have, by the enticement of my mother,

Bargained and bought the birthright of my brother.

Turn it all to good, O Lord, if it be thy will: Thou knowest my heart, Lord, I did it for no ill.

And whatever shall please thee to work or to do,

Thou shalt find me prest and obedient thereto. But here is my mother Rebecca now in place.

Mido. How say you, master Jacob, ran not I apace?

Jacob. Yes, and a good son to go quick on your errand.

Rebecca. Son, how goeth the matter? let me understand.

Jacob. Forsooth, mother, I did so, as ye me bad.

Esau to sell me all his birthright persuade.

Rebecca. Hast thou bought it indeed, and he therewith content?

Jacob. Yea, and have his promise, that he will never repent.

Rebecca. Is the bargain through? hast thou paid him his price?

Jacob. Yea, that I have, a mess of red pottage of rice,

And he ate it up every whit, well I wot.

Mido. When he had supp'd up all, I saw him lick the pot;

Thus he licked, and thus he licked, and this way:

I thought to have lick'd the pot myself once to-day;

But Esau beguil'd me, I shrew him for that,

And left not so much as a lick for puss our cat. Rebecca. Son Jacob, forasmuch as thou hast so well sped.

With an hymn or psalm let the Lord be praised. Sing we all together, and give thanks to the Lord.

Whose promise and performance do so well accord.

Mido. Shall we sing the same hymn that all our house doth sing?

For Abraham and his seed to give God praising.

Rebecca. Yea, the very same.

Mido. Then must we all kneel down thus, And Abra, our maid, here must also sing with us—

Kneel down, Abra; what, I say, will ye not kneel down?

Kneel, when I bid you, the slackest wench in this town!

[Here they kneel down to sing all four, saving that Abra is slackest, and Mido is quickest.

THE FIRST SONG.

Blessed be thou, O the God of Abraham,
For thou art the Lord our God, and none but
thou:

What thou workest to the glory of thy name, Passeth man's reason to search what way or how.

Thy promise it was Abraham should have seed More than the stars of the sky to be told;

He believed, and had Isaac indeed,

When both he and Sara seemed very old. Isaac many years longed for a son,

Rebecca, thy handmaid, long time was barren,

By prayer in thy sight such favour he won, That at one birth she brought him forth sons twain,

Wherefore, O Lord, we do confess and believe, That both thou canst and wilt thy promise fulfil:

But how it shall come, we can no reason give, Save all to be wrought according to thy will. Blessed be thou, O God of Abraham, &c. Rebecca. Now, doubt not, Jacob, but God hath appointed thee

As the eldest son unto Isaac to be:

And now have no doubt, but thou art sure elected,

And that unthrift Esau of God is rejected.

And to sell thee his birthright since he was so mad,

I warrant thee the blessing that he should have had.

Jacob. Yea? how may that be wrought? Rebecca. Yes, yes, let me alone.

Our good old Isaac is blind, and cannot see, So that by policy he may beguiled be,

I shall devise how for no ill intent ne thought, But to bring to pass that I know God will have wrought,

And I charge you twain, Abra and little Mido.

Mido. Nay, ye should have set Mido before
Abra, [I] trow,

For I am a man toward, and so is not she.

Abra. No, but yet I am more woman toward than ye.

Rebecca. I charge you both that, whatever hath been spoken,

Ye do not to any living body open.

Abra. For my part it shall to no body uttered be.

Mido. And slit my tongue, if ever it come out for me:

But if any tell, Abra here will be prattling.

For they say, women will ever be clattering.

Abra. There is none here that prattleth so

much as you.

Rebecca. No mo words, but hence we altogether now.

[Execute omnes.]

ACTUS TERTIJ, SCÆNA PRIMA.

ESAU. ISAAC. MIDO.

Esau. Now, since I last saw mine old father Isaac,

Both I do think it long, and he will judge me slack-

But he cometh forth; I will here listen and see Whether he shall chance to speak any word of me. [Steps aside.

Isaac. On, lead me forth, Mido, to the bench on this hand,

That I may sit me down, for I cannot long stand.

Mido. Here, sir, this same way, and ye be at the bench now,

Where ye may sit down in God's name, if please you.

Isaac. I marvel, where Esau my son doth become,

That he doth now of days visit me so seldom. But it is oft seen, whom fathers do best favour, Of them they have least love again for their labour. I think, since I saw him, it is a whole week.

In faith, little Mido, I would thou wouldest him seek.

Mido. Forsooth, Master Isaac, and I knew it where,

It should not be very long ere I would be there. But shall I at adventure go seek where he is?

Esau. Seek no farther, Mido: already here he is.

Isaac. Methinketh, I have Esau his voice perceived.

Esau. Ye guess truly, father, ye are not deceived.

Mido. Here he is come now invisible, by my soul:

For I saw him not, till he spake hard at my poll!

Isaac. Now, go thou in, Mido, let us two here alone.

Mido. Sir, if ye command me, full quickly I am gone.

Isaac. Yet, and if I call thee, see thou be not slack.

Mido. I come at the first call, good Master Isaac.

Isaac. Son Esau.

Esau. Here, father.

Isaac. Is none here but we?

Esau. None to harken our talk, father, that I do see.

[Rebecca entereth behind unseen, and listens.

Isaac. Son Esau, why hast thou been from me so long?

Esau. I cry you mercy, father, if I have done wrong,

But I am loth to trouble you, having nothing To present you withal, nor venison to bring.

Isaac. Son Esau, thou knowest that I do

Esau. I thank you for it, father, as doth me behove.

Isaac. And now thou seest my days draw towards an end.

Esau. That is to me great ruth, if I could it amend.

Isaac. I must go the way of all mortal flesh, Therefore, while my memory and wit is yet fresh,

I would thee endow mine heritage to succeed: And bless thee, as I ought, to multiply my seed.

The God of my father Abraham and of me Hath promised, that our seed as the sand shall be.

He is a God of truth, and in his words just, Therefore in my working shall be no fault, I trust.

Now, therefore, son Esau, get thee forth to hunt,

With thy bow and quiver, as erst thou hast been wont;

[And] bring me of thy venison that is good. Esau. Ye shall have of the best that runneth in the wood.

Isaac. When thou comest home, to dress it it shall behove,

And to make for mine own tooth such meat as I love.

Thus do, mine own dear son, and then I shall thee kiss

With the kiss of peace, and thee for ever bless.

Esau. Your will t' accomplish, most dear father Isaac,

With all good haste and speed I shall not be found slack.

Isaac. Then help lead me home in my tent that I were set,

And then go, when thou wilt. Esau. I shall withouten let.

ACTUS TERTIJ, SCÆNA SECUNDA. REBECCA.

Rebecca. This talk of Isaac in secret have I heard.

And what end it should come to my heart is afeard.

Ne'er had I so much ado to forbear to speak. But the Lord, I trust, will Isaac's purpose break.

[Here she kneeleth down and prayeth. O God of Abraham, make it of none effect: Let Jacob have the blessing, whom thou hast elect.

I for my part shall work what may be wrought, That it may to Jacob from Esau be brought, And in will I go to see what I can devise, That Isaac's intent may fail in any wise.

ACTUS TERTIJ, SCÆNA TERTIA. RAGAN. ESAU.

Ragan. Nay, we must on hunting go yet once more again,

[Here he cometh forth with his hunting staff and other things, and a bag of victuals. And never come home now except we speed certain,

But I trow for hunger I have provided here: That whatever befall, I, Ragan, shall have cheer.

I have no time to tell what delicates here be, But (think this to be true) [they're fit] for better men than me.

And what? shall Esau hereof have any part? Nay, I trust to convey it by such pretty art That, till the bag be clear, he shall it never see. I shall, and if he faint, feed him as he fed me: I shall requite his shutting me out of the door That, if he bid me run to get him meat afore, I shall run as fast as my feet were made of lead.

And tell him there is none, though I may well be sped.

I will be even with him for my fare last day, When he was with Jacob.

[Esau enters suddenly behind him.

Esau. What is it that thou dost say?
Ragan. Sir, on your behalf I earnestly wish
and pray

That, if like need chance, ye may fare as last day,

When ye were with Jacob.

Esau. Well, come on, let us go.

Ragan. Even when ye will, is there let in me or no? [Exeunt ambo.

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA PRIMA.

REBECCA. JACOB.

Rebecca. Son Jacob, even now is come the very hour

That, if thou have any grace, or heart, or power,

To play thy part well, and stick unto it throughout,

Esau his blessing will be thine without doubt.

Jacob. Mother, I know your good-will to be unfeigned;

But I see not which way the thing may be attained.

Rebecca. I have it contrived, how all things shall be done,

Do thou as I shall bid thee, and it will be won. *Jacob*. Mother, in me shall be no fault or negligence.

Rebecca. Then harken very well unto this my sentence.

I heard old Isaac, in a long, solemn talk, Bid thy brother Esau to the field to walk,

And there with his bow to kill him some venison.

Which brought and dressed, he [is] to have his benison.

For I am aged (said Isaac truly),

And would bless thee, dear son, before that I die.

Now is Esau gone to do it even so;

But while he is away, I would have thee to go Abroad unto the flock, and fetch me kids twain, Of which I shall with a trice make such meat certain, As shall say, Come, eat me, and shall make old Isaac

Lick his lips thereat, so toothsome shall it smack.

I shall make him thereof such as he doth love, Which in thy brother's stead to bless thee shall him move.

Jacob. O sweet and dear mother, this device is but vain,

For Esau is rough, and I am smooth certain. And so, when I shall to my father bring this meat.

Perchance he will feel me, before that he will eat.

Old men be mistrustful: he shall the matter take,

That I went about my father a fool to make. Mother, by such a prank the matter will be worse:

And I instead of blessing shall purchase me his curse.

Rebecca. On me be thy curse, my son, let it light on me:

Only fetch thou the kids hither, as I bid thee, Do thou thy true devoir, and let God work therein.

Jacob. Upon your word, mother, I will the thing begin,

Send me little Mido to help me bear a kid. Rebecca. He shall come by and by, for so I shall him bid.

Now, Lord, and if thou please that this thing shall take place,

Further this our enterprise, helping with thy grace. [Exit.

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA SECUNDA. JACOB and MIDO.

Mido. Are ye here, master Jacob? I came you to look,

And here dame Rebecca hath sent you your sheep-crook;

And hath commanded me to wait on you this day.

But wherefore or why, she would nothing to me say.

Jacob. Come on then, follow me, Mido, a little ways.

Mido. Whither ye shall lead me; I am at all assays.

Jacob. And art thou able to bear a kid on thy back?

Mido. I am able, I trow, to bear a quartersack.

How say you to this corpse? is it not fat and round?

How say ye to these legs? come they not to the ground?

And be not here arms able your matter to speed?

Be not here likely shoulders to do such a deed? Therefore come, master Jacob, if this your doubt be

For bringing home of kids, lay the biggest on

So that if we make a feast, I may have some part.

Jacob. Yes, that shalt thou, Mido; right worthy thou art.

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA TERTIA.

REBECCA. ABRA.

Rebecca. I come to see if Jacob be gone a-field yet;

A little slacking may all our purpose let.

But now that he is gone, he will be here at once,

Therefore I will call my maid Abra for the nonce,

That all thing within may be in a readiness.

Abra, where be ye, Abra?

Abra. Here within, mistress.

Rebecca. Come forth: when, Abra? what, Abra, I say!

Abra. Anon.

Rebecca. Must I call so oft? why come ye not by and by?

Abra. I was washing my vessel forsooth,

mistress, I.

Rebecca. And in very deed, look that all your vessels be clean.

Abra. There is not one foul piece in all our tent. I ween.

Rebecca. Then make a great fire, and make ready your pot,

And see there be plenty of water, cold and hot; And see the spit be scoured as clean as any pearl.

Abra. If this be not quickly done, call me

naughty girl.

Rebecca. Nay, soft, whither away? I have not yet all done.

Abra. I thought ye would have had me as quick to be gone,

As when ye call Abra, ye would have me to come.

Rebecca. Then see ye have made ready cloves, mace, and cinnamon:

Pepper and saffron; then fet herbs for the pot; Abra. We will have the best that by me can be got.

Rebecca. And let no foul corner be about all the tent.

Abra. If ye find any fault, hardly let me be shent.

Is there anything else but that I may go now? Rebecca. Nought but that, when I come, I find no fault in you.

Abra. No, I warrant you, I will not let my matters sleep.

Rebecca. Any good wench will at her dame's bidding take keep.

Now, God of Abraham, as I trust in thy grace, Send Jacob the blessing in Esau his place.

As thou hast ordained, right so must all thing be:

Perform thine own words, Lord, which thou spakest to me.

Now will I go in to see, that mine old husband May of my secret working nothing understand. Or in case he smell what we have thus far begun.

He may think it all for Esau to be done.

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA QUARTA.

ABRA, the maid. DEBORAH, the nurse.

Abra. He, that were now within, should find all thing, I ween,

As trim as a trencher, as trick, as sweet, as clean.

And seeing that my dame prepareth such a feast,

I will not, I trow, be found such a sluttish beast,

That there shall any filth about our tent be kept,

But that both within and without it shall be swept.

[Then let her sweep with a broom, and while she doth it, sing this song, and when she hath sung, let her say thus:

THE SECOND SONG.

It hath been a proverb, before I was born, Young doth it prick, that will be a thorn. Who will be evil, or who will be good; Who given to truth, or who to falsehood. Each body's youth showeth a great likelihood. For young doth it prick, that will be a thorn.

Who so in youth will no goodness embrace, But follow pleasure, and not virtue's trace, Great marvel it is, if such come to grace. For young doth it prick, that will be a thorn.

Such as in youth will refuse to be taught,
Or will be slack to work, as he ought,
When they come to age, their proof will be
nought.
For young doth it prick, that will be a thorn.

If a child have been given to any vice, Except he be guided by such as be wise, He will thereof all his life have a spice. For young doth it prick, that will be a thorn.

It hath been a proverb, &c.

Abra. Now have I done, and, as it should be for the nonce,

My sweeping and my song are ended both at once.

Now but for fetting mine herbs I might go play.

Deborah, nurse Deborah, a word, I you pray.

Enter DEBORAH.

Deborah. What is the matter? who calleth me Deborah?

Abra. Forsooth, gentle nurse, even I, little Abra,

I pray you, sweet Deborah, take in this same broom,

And look well to all thing, till I return home: I must to the garden as fast as I can trot,

As I was commanded, to fet herbs for the pot. But, in the meantime, I pray you, nurse, look

about,
And see well to the fire, that it go not out;

I will amble so fast, that I will soon be there, And here again, I trow, ere an horse lick his ear.

Deborah. There is not a prettier girl within this mile,

Than this Abra will be within this little while. As true as any steel, ye may trust her with

Though it were a bushel, and not a penny told.

As quick about her work, that must be quickly sped,

As any wench in twenty mile; about her head As fine a piece it is as I know but a few,

Yet perchance her husband of her may have a shrew.

Cat after kind (say'th the proverb) sweet milk will lap;

If the mother be a shrew, the daughter cannot

'scape.

Once our mark she hath: I marvel, if she slip: For her nose is growing above her over lip. But it is time that I into the tent be gone. Lest she come and chide me; she will come now anon.

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA QUINTA. ABRA.

How say ye? have not I despatched Abra. me quickly?

A straw for that wench that doth not somewhat likely!

I have brought here good herbs, and of them plenty,

To make both broth and farcing, and that full dainty.

I trust to make such broth that, when all things are in.

God Almighty self may wet his finger therein. Here is thyme and parsley, spinach and rose-

Endive, succory, lacture, violet, clary, Liverwort, marigold, sorrel, hart's-tongue, and sage:

Pennyroyal, purslane, bugloss, and borage, With many very good herbs, mo than I do name.

But to tarry here thus long I am much to blame.

For if Jacob should come, I not in readiness, I must of covenant be shent of our mistress.

And I would not for twenty pound, I tell ye,
That any point of default should be found in me.

[Exit.

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA SEXTA.

REBECCA. MIDO. JACOB.

Rebecca. I come to see if Jacob do not return yet.

I cannot marvel enough what should be his let, And greatly wonder he is away thus long.

I fear much of his absence lest something be wrong.

As well as heart can wish, all thing is ready here;

And now to me each moment seemeth a whole year.

But hark, methinketh I hear a young kid blea! It is so indeed; I see Jacob; well is me!

Mido. Hark, master Jacob, heard ye ever

I ween she knoweth aforehand whereto she shall go.

Jacob. I would not my father Isaac should hear:

Mido. Nay, she will scarcely be still when she is dead, I do fear.

Jacob. But lo, I see my mother stand before the tent.

Enter JACOB and MIDO.

Rebecca. O Lord, methinketh long, son Jacob, since thou went.

Jacob. And methinketh, mother, we have hied us well.

Mido. I have made many feet to follow, I can tell.

Rebecca. Give me thy kid, my son, and now let me alone,

Bring thou in thine, Mido, and see thou be a stone.

Mido. A stone? how should that be, mistress? I am a lad,

And a boy alive, as good as e'er ye had:

And now, in bringing home this kid, I have, I trow,

Tried myself a man and a pretty fellow.

Rebecca. I meant thou shouldest nothing say.

Mido. One warning is enough; ye bad us so last day.

Rebecca. Well, let me go in, and venison hereof make.

Jacob. And hearest thou, Mido? see that good heed thou take

In any wise to come in my father's sight.

Mido. Why, he seeth no better at noon than at midnight.

Is he not blind long since, and doth his eyes lack?

Therefore go in, dame, I bear an heavy pack.

Rebecca. I leave you here, Jacob, and heartily you pray

That, when need shall require, you be not far away.

Jacob. I shall be ready, mother, whensoe'er you call. [Exit Rebecca.

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA SEPTIMA.

JACOB. MIDO.

Jacob. O, how happy is that same daughter or that son,

Whom the parents love with hearty affection! And among all others how fortunate am I,

Whom my mother Rebecca tend'reth so greatly?

If it lay in her to do any good, ye see,

She would do her earnest devoir to prefer me.
But as for this matter, which she doth now intend.

Without thy aid, O Lord, how should it come

Nevertheless, forasmuch as my said mother Worketh upon thy word, O Lord, and none other.

It shall become me to show mine obedience, And to thy promise, O Lord, to give due cre-

For what is so impossible to man's judgment, Which thou canst not with a beck perform incontinent?

Therefore thy will, O Lord, be done for evermore.

Mido. O Jacob, I was never so afeard afore. Jacob. Why, what new thing is chanced, Mido, I pray thee?

Mido. Old Isaac, your father, heard your young kid blea.

He asked what it was: I said, a kid.

Who brought it from the fold? I said you did.

For what purpose? for sooth, sir, said I,

There is some matter that Jacob would remedy. And where has thou been so long, little Mido, quod he,

That all this whole hour thou wert not once with me?

Forsooth (quod I), when I went from you last of all.

You bad me be no more, but be ready at your call.

Jacob. But of the kid's bleaing he did speak no more?

Mido. No; but, and if he had called me afore,

I must have told him all, or else I must have made a lie,

Which would not have been a good boy's part truly.

But I will to him, and no longer here remain, Lest he should happen to call for Mido again. [Exit Mido.

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA OCTAVA.

JACOB. REBECCA. DEBORAH.

Jacob. I were best also to get me into the tent,

That, if my mother need me, I may be present. But I see her come forth, and nurse Deborah also,

And bring gear with them, whatsoe'er it shall

Rebecca. Where is my son Jacob? I do him

now espy.

Come apace, Deborah, I pray thee let us hie, That all thing were dispatched somewhat to my mind.

Deborah. It is happy that Jacob ready here ve find.

Jacob. Mother, what have ye brought, and what things are those?

Rebecca. Gear that I have prepared to

serve our purpose;

And because that Esau is so rough with hair, I have brought sleeves of kid next to thy skin to wear.

They be made glovelike, and for each finger a stall:

So that thy father's feeling soon beguile they shall.

Then have I brought a collar of rough kid's hair,

Fast unto the skin round about thy neck to wear.

Come, let me do it on, and if Isaac feel,

He shall therewith be beguiled wondrous well.

[Here she doth the sleeves upon Jacob's arms.

Jacob. And what shall this gear do that ye have brought?

Rebecca. It shall serve anon, I warrant you, take no thought.

Now, thoroughly to ravish thy father Isaac, Thou shalt here incontinent put upon thy back Esau his best apparel, whose fragrant flavour Shall conjure Isaac to bear thee his favour.

Deborah. Marry, sir, now is master Jacob trim indeed.

That is all tricksy and gallant, so God me speed!

Now I see apparel setteth out a man.

Doth it become Esau so? nay, beshrew me then.

Rebecca. Ye may now go in, nurse, and leave looking on him.

Deborah. I go; marry, sir, Jacob is now

gay and trim.

[Jacob standeth looking on himself. Jacob. No, forsooth, mother, this raiment liketh not me.

I could with mine own gear better contented be.

And, but for satisfying of your mind and will, I would not wear it, to have it for mine own still.

I love not to wear another bird's feathers:

Mine own poor homely gear will serve for all weathers.

Rebecca. Well, content thyself, and follow

my mind this day.

Now the meat by this time is ready, I dare say. Before that with too much *enough* it be all spilt,

Take thy time, and assail thy father, when thou wilt.

Jacob. Yea, but have ye provided, mother, I you pray,

That nobody within may your counsel bewray?

Rebecca. I warrant the matter all safe from uttering.

I have stopped all mouths fro once muttering. Therefore, while the time serveth, I thee warn; To slack, when all things are ready, may do harm.

Jacob. Go before, and I follow: but my cheeks will blush red

To be seen among our folk thus appareled.

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA NONA.

ISAAC. MIDO. JACOB.

Isaac. Come, Mido, for without thee I can nothing do.

Mido. What is it, sir, that ye would have my help unto?

Isaac. Nothing but to sit abroad, and take th' open air.

Mido. That shall be well done; the weather is very fair.

Isaac. Praised be the God of my father Abraham,

Who sendeth all thing needful for the use of man,

And most tenderly provideth he for me Isaac, Better than I can feel or perceive what I lack.

Enter JACOB disguised.

Jacob. Where is my most dear father? as I would have it;

Taking the open air, here I see him sit.

O my most dear father Isaac, well thou be!

Isaac. Here I am, my sweet son, and who
art thou, tell me?

Jacob. Dear father, I am Esau, thine eldest

According as thou badest me, so have I done. Come in, dear father, and eat of my venison, That thy soul may give unto me thy benison.

A. P. II.

But how hast thou sped so soon? let me understand.

Jacob. The Lord thy God at the first brought it to my hand.

And art thou Esau, mine elder son indeed?

Jacob. To ask that question, father, what doth it need?

Isaac. Come near, that I may feel, whether thou be he or not.

For Esau is rough of hair as any goat.

Let me feel thy hand; right! Esau, by the hair:

And yet the voice of Jacob souneth in mine ear.

God bless thee, my son, and so will I do anon, As soon as I have tasted of thy venison. Come on, lead me in; I will eat a pittance:

A little thing, God wot, to me in suffisance.

They go in.

Mido. I may now go play; Jacob leadeth Isaac.

But I never saw such a pretty knack, How Jacob beguiled his father, how sleightly:

Now I see it true, the blind eat many a fly! I quaked once for fear, that Jacob would be caught.

But, as hap was, he had his lesson well taught. But what will Esau say, when he cometh home?

Choose him; but for me to go in it is wisdom. Exit.

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA DECIMA.

REBECCA. ABRA.

Rebecca. Now I beseech the Lord prosper Jacob my son

In our hardy enterprise, which we have begun. Isaac is eating such meat as he doth love,

Which thing to bless Jacob, I doubt not, will him move:

If he obtain the blessing, as I trust he shall, Then shall my soul give to God laud perpetual. But I will in to harken, how the thing doth

frame.

Abra. Come in, dame Rebecca.

Rebecca. Who is it, that doth me name? My master Isaac is coming forth straightway.

Rebecca. He shall not find me here in no

wise, if I may.

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA VNDECIMA.

ISAAC. JACOB.

Isaac. Set me down on the bench, where thou didst me first find:

Now forsooth I have ate meat even to my mind.

It hath refreshed my soul wonderfully well. Nor never drank I better wine that I can tell.

Jacob. If it were to your liking I am very glad.

Isaac. It was the best meat and wine that ever I had.

Come kiss me, son Esau, with the kiss of peace,

[Jacob kisseth Isaac; and then kneeleth down to have his blessing.

That my love towards thee may the more increase.

I bless thee here for ever, my son, in this place, The Lord my God of might endue thee with his grace.

What sweet flavour my son's raiment doth

yield!

Even the fragrant smell that cometh from a field

Which the Lord hath blessed, and the same Lord bless thee

With the dew of heaven! the Lord thy ground increase,

That the fatness of the earth may never cease! The Lord send thee abundance of corn and wine,

And prosper continually all thing that is thine! The Lord make great people servants unto thee:

And nations to do homage and fealty!

And here, to succeed my place, mine heir I thee make,

Of all things that I have possession to take. Lord and ruler be thou over thy brethren all,

And bow to thee as head thy mother's children shall!

Cursed be that man that shall thee curse or missay,

And who that blesseth thee, blessed be he for ave!

Thus here have I made my last will and testament,

Which the Lord God ratify never to repent.

Serve the Lord our God, and then well shalt thou speed,

And he shall keep promise to multiply thy seed. My day draweth on, for old and feeble I am; When I die, put me to my father Abraham.

Now kiss me once again, my son, and then depart,

And enter upon all whereof now lord thou art. Jacob. The Lord God reward your fatherly tenderness,

Which ye have here showed me of your mere goodness.

Isaac. Go in peace, my dear son, leaving me here alone:

And send little Mido to lead me in anon.

[Exeat Jacob.

Lord God, when thou shalt see time, as thou thinkest best,

Dissolve this feeble carcase, and take me to thy rest.

Enter MIDO.

Mido. How do ye, master Isaac? I am here now.

For my master Jacob did bid me come to you. Isaac. Nay, boy, it was not Jacob, I dare well say so.

Mido. Forsooth, it was Jacob, if my name be Mido.

Isaac. If that be a true tale, somebody is come slack,

But, Lord, that I have done I will not now call back.

But yet I will go see if I be deceived:

For indeed methought Jacob's voice I perceived. [Exeunt.

ACTUS QUARTI, SCÆNA DUODECIMA. REBECCA.

[Then she speaketh kneeling, and holding up her hands.

Rebecca. O Lord, the God of Isaac and Abraham,

I render thanks to thee, though a sinful woman,

Because of thy word and promise true art thou, In sending Jacob the blessing of Esau; And for thus regarding a sinner, as I am, I eftsoons thank thee, O Lord God of Abraham. Thy mercy and wisdom shall I sing evermore:

And magnify thy name, for God's there is no more.

But I will to my husband Isaac, and see That for this matter he take no grief at me.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA PRIMA. RAGAN.

[Ragan bringeth venison at his back. Nay, now at last we have well sped, I warrant you:

Good luck is not evermore against Esau.

He coursed and coursed again with his dogs here:

But they could at no time take either hare or deer.

At last he killed this with his bow, as God would.

And to say that it is fat venison [I] be bold. But dressed it must be at once in all the haste, That old father Isaac may have his repast.
Then without delay Esau shall blessed be,
Then, faith, cock-on-hoop, all is ours! then,
who but he?

But I must in, that it may be dressed in time likely,

And I trow ye shall see it made ready quickly. [Exit.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA SECUNDA. MIDO.

Mido. Nay now, old master Isaac (I warrant you)

Hath blessed Jacob in the place of Esau. At home here with us it is judged no small change,

But a case wonderful, and also very strange. The younger brother is made elder: and again The elder must now serve the younger as his swain.

And from henceforth we must all make courtesy and bow

Unto master Jacob, and not to Esau now:
And Esau himself must under Jacob be,
At his commandment, even as well as we.
But I care not, I warrant you: for our house-hold

Love Jacob better than Esau twentyfold.

None loveth Esau but for his father's sake:

But all good folks are glad Jacob's part to take.

And now by Esau no man will set a pin, But yonder he cometh now; I will get me in.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA TERTIA. ESAU.

Esau. I trow I have now won my spurs for ever;

For once better venison killed I never,

And though it were somewhat long, ere I could it take,

Yet the goodness thereof doth some recompense make.

My father Isaac shall thereof have such meat As in all his life he hath not the better eat.

Whereupon, I doubt not, after tender kissing, To be straight endowed with his godly blessing:

As his full and true heir in his place to succeed, And t' enjoy the promise that God made to his

And when I am once in my place of succession, And have all manner things in full possession: I shall wring all louts and make them stoop (I trow):

I shall make the slaves couch as low as dog

to bow.

I shall ruffle among them of another sort
Than Isaac hath done, and with another port.
But now will I go see, what haste within they
make.

That part of my hunting my old father may

take.

[Exit.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA QUARTA. ISAAC. MIDO. ESAU.

Isaac. Mido, come, Mido, where art thou, little Mido?

Mido. Here ready, master Isaac, what shall I do?

Isaac. Come, lead me to mine old place, that I may sit down.

Mido. That can I as well as any boy in this town.

Isaac. O Lord my God, how deep and unsearchable

Are all thy judgments, and how immutable? Of thy justice, whom it pleaseth thee, thou dost reject;

Of thy mercy, whom [it] pleaseth thee, thou dost elect.

In my two sons, O Lord, thou hast wrought thy will,

And as thy pleasure hath wrought, so shall it stand still.

Since thou hast set Jacob in Esau his place, I commit him to the governance of thy grace.

Enter Esau.

Esau. Now where is Isaac, that he may come and eat?

Lo, where he is sitting abroad upon his seat. Dear father Isaac, the Lord thy God thee save. *Isaac*. Who art thou, my son? what thing

wouldest thou have?

Esau. I am your eldest son, Esau by my name,

New come home from hunting, where I had joyly game,

I have made meat thereof for your own appetite,

Meat for your own tooth, wherein ye will much delight.

Come, eat your part, dear father, that, when ye have done,

Your soul may bless me as your heir and eldest son.

Isaac. Ah Esau, Esau, thou comest too late!

Another to thy blessing was predestinate, And clean gone it is from thee, Esau. Esau. Alas!

Then am I the unhappiest that ever was, I would the savage beasts had my body torn.

Isaac. The blessing that thou shouldest have had, another hath.

Esau. Alas, what wretched villain hath done me such scath?

Isaac. Thy brother Jacob came to me by subtlety,

And brought me venison, and so prevented thee.

I ate with him, ere thou cam'st, and with my goodwill

Blessed him I have, and blessed he shall be still.

Esau. Ah Jacob, Jacob, well may he be called so:

For he hath undermined me times two.

For first mine heritage he took away me fro, And see, now hath he away my blessing also.

Ah father, father, though Jacob hath done this thing:

Yet let me, Esau, also have thy blessing. Shall all my good huntings for thee be in vain? Isaac. That is done and passed, cannot be called again.

Mine act must now stand in force of necessity.

Esau. And hast thou never a blessing then left for me?

Isaac. Behold, I have made thy brother Jacob thy lord.

Esau. A most poignant sword unto my heart is that word.

Isaac. All his mother's children his servants have I made.

Esau. That word is to me sharper than a razor's blade.

Isaac. I have also 'stablished him with wine and corn.

Esau. Woe be the day and hour that ever I was born!

Isaac. What am I able to do for thee, my son?

Esau. Ah Jacob, Jacob, that thou hast me thus undone!

O unhappy hap: O misfortune! well away! That ever I should live to see this woful day.

But hast thou one blessing and no mo, my father?

Let me also have some blessing, good sweet father.

Isaac. Well, nature pricketh me some remorse on thee to have.

Behold, thy dwelling-place the earth's fatness shall have,

And the dew of heaven, which down from above shall fall:

And with dint of sword thy living get thou shall,

And to thy brother Jacob thou shalt be servant.

Esau. O, to my younger brother must I be servant?

O, that ever a man should be so oppressed!

Isaac. Thine own fault it is that thou art dispossessed.

Esau. Father, change that piece of thy

sentence and judgment.

Isaac. Things done cannot be undone; therefore be content,

Let me be in quiet, and trouble me no more.

Come, Mido, in God's name, lead me in at the
door. [Exeunt Isaac and Mido.
Esau. O, would not this chafe a man, and

fret his guts out,

To live as an underling under such a lout?

Ah hypocrite, Ah hedgecreeper, Ah 'sembling wretch!

I will be even with thee for this subtle fetch.
O God of Abraham, what reason is herein,
That to sle one's enemy it should be made sin?
Were not one as good his part of heaven forego,

As not to be revenged on his deadly foe? God was angry with Cain for killing Abel: Else might I kill Jacob marvellously well.

I may fortune one day him to dispatch and rid: The Lord will not see all things; something may be hid.

But as for these misers within my father's tent.

Which to the supplanting of me put their consent,

Not one but I shall coil them till they stink for pain,

And then for their stinking coil them off fresh again.

I will take no days; but, while the matter is hot,

Not one of them shall 'scape, but they shall to the pot.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA QUINTA.

RAGAN.

Where are we now become? marry, sir, here is array!

With Esau, my master, this is a black day.

I told you Esau one day would shit a rag. Have we not well hunted, of blessing to come

lag?
Nay, I thought ever it would come to such a

Nay, I thought ever it would come to such a pass,

Since he sold his heritage like a very ass.

But, in faith, some of them, I dare jeopard a groat,

If he may reach them, will have on the petticoat.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA SEXTA.

Esau. RAGAN. ABRA. MIDO. DEBORAH.

[Ragan and the others must be supposed to be at the back of the stage, out of Esau's sight; but they come forward severally, and plead for themselves.]

Esau. Come out, whores and thieves; come out, come out, I say!

Ragan. I told you, did I not, that there would be a fray? [Aside.

Esau. Come out, little whoreson ape, come out of thy den.

Mido. Take my life for a penny, whither shall I ren?

Esau. Come out, thou little fiend, come out,

thou skittish gill.

Abra. Out, alas, alas! Esau will us all kill. Esau. And come out, thou mother Mab; out, old rotten witch!

As white as midnight's arsehole or virgin pitch. Where be ye? come together in a cluster.

Ragan. In faith, and these three will make a noble muster.

Esau. Ere ye escape my fingers, ye shall all be taught,

For these be they which have all this against me wrought.

Mido. I wrought not a stroke this day, but led Isaac:

If I wrought one stroke to-day, lay me on the jack.

Esau. Hence then, get thee in, and do against me no more.

Mido. I care as much for you now, as I did before. [Aside.

Esau. What sayest thou, little thief? if I may thee catch.

Mido. Ye shall run apace then, I ween, so God me snatch.

Ragan. Now to go, Mido, ere thou art caught in a trip. [Exit Mido.

Esau. Nay, for his sake, Abra, ye shall drink of the whip.

Abra. Nay, for God's love, good sweet master Esau,

Hurt not me for Mido: speak for me, Ragan. Ragan. Sir, spare little Abra, she hath done none evil.

Esau. A little fiend it is, and will be a right devil.

And she is one of them that love not me a deal.

Abra. If ye let me go, I will love you very well.

Esau. And never any more ado against me make?

Abra. Ragan shall be surety. Ragan. Sir, I undertake.

Esau. Then hence, out of my sight at once, and get thee in.

Abra. Adieu, I set not a straw by you nor a pin.

Esau. What sayest thou, thou fib? once ye shall have a rap.

Ragan. The best end of suretyship is to get a clap. [Aside.

Esau. Now, come on, thou old hag, what shall I say to thee?

Deborah. Say what ye lust, so ye do not touch me.

Esau. Yes, and make powder of thee, for I dare say thou

Hast been the cause of all this feast to Esau.

Deborah. No, it was Jacob's feast that I did help to dress.

Esau. Nay, I thought such a witch would do such business.

Deborah. But, by my truth, if I should die incontinent.

I knew not of the purpose wherefore it was meant.

Esau. But wilt thou tell me truth if I do forgive thee?

Deborah. Yea, if I can, Master Esau, believe me.

Esau. Is it true that, when I and my brother were first born,

And I by God's ordinance came forth him beforne,

Jacob came forthwith, holding me fast by the heel?

Deborah. It is true; I was there, and saw it very well.

Esau. Is it true? well, Jacob, I pray God I be dead,

But for my heel's sake, I will have thee by the head.

What devil was in me, that I had not the grace, With kicking back my heel, to mar his mopish face?

But my father Isaac will not long live now; If he were gone, Jacob, I would soon meet with you.

For my soul hateth Jacob even to the death, And I will ne'er but hate him while I shall have breath.

I may well dissemble until I see a day,

But trust me, Jacob, I will pay thee when I may.

But if ever I hear that thou speak word of this, I shall cut out thy tongue, I will not miss.

[This he speaketh to Deborah.

But come on, Ragan, with me: so mote I thrive,

I will get a good sword, for thereby must I live.

Ragan. Live, quod you? we are like to live, God knoweth how.

Esau. What, ye saucy merchant, are ye a prater now? [Exeunt Esau and Ragan.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA SEPTIMA.

DEBORAH. REBECCA.

Deborah. I am glad that Esau is now gone, certès.

For an evil-disposed man he is, doubtless. Yet am I no gladder of his departure hence, Than I am that Rebecca is come in presence.

Enter REBECCA.

Rebecca. Deborah, what doest thou, tarrying here so long?

I came full ill afeard, lest something had been wrong;

For Mido and Abra told me of Esau.

Deborah. Indeed here he was, and departed hence but now:

And one thing I tell you, dame: let Jacob beware,

For Esau to mischief Jacob doth prepare.

Rebecca. Call Jacob hither, that I may show him my mind.

Send him hither quickly, and tarry ye behind. That he give place awhile, it is expedient, And how he may be sure, I will the way invent.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA OCTAVA.

JACOB. REBECCA.

Jacob. Mother Rebecca, did ye send for me hither?

Rebecca. Yea, and the cause is this: thou must go somewhither,

To hide thee from thy brother Esau a space.

A. P. II.

Jacob. Indeed, to men's malice we must sometime give place.

Rebecca. He lieth in await to slae thee, if he can:

Thou shalt therefore, by my rede, fle hence to Haran:

And lie with my brother Laban, a man aged, Till Esau's wrath be somewhat assuaged.

When all things are forgotten, and his fury passed,

I shall send for thee again in all goodly haste. Jacob. Yea, but how will my father herewith be content?

Rebecca. Thou shalt see me win him thereto incontinent.

And here he cometh happily: Jacob, hear me; Make a sign to Mido, that he do not name thee, Then get thee in privily, till I do thee call.

Jacob. As ye command me, mother Rebecca, I shall.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA NONA.

ISAAC. MIDO. REBECCA. JACOB.

Isaac. Where be ye, good wife?Mido. My dame Rebecca is here.Rebecca. I am glad, sweet husband, that I see you appear,

For I have a word or two unto you to say.

Isaac. Whatsoever it be, tell it me, I you pray.

Rebecca. Sir, ye know that now our lifedays are but short,

And we had never so great need of comfort. Now Esau his wives being Hittites both, Ye know, to please us are much unwilling and loth.

That if Jacob eke would take any Hittite to wife,

Small joy should we both have or comfort of our life.

Isaac. Wife, ye speak this well, and I will provide therefor.

Call Jacob quickly, that he appear me before.

Mido. I can run apace for him, if ye bid me

Rebecca. Go, hie thee at once, then, like a good son, Mido.

[Exit Mido, but returns directly with lacob.

Isaac. O Lord, save thou my son from miscarrying.

Mido. Come, master Jacob, ye must make no tarrying,

For I it is that shall be shent, if you be slack. Here is your son Jacob now, master Isaac.

Isaac. Son Jacob, make thee ready, as fast [as] thou can,

And in all haste possible get thee unto Laban; He is thine own uncle, and a right godly man, Marry of his daughters, and not of Canaan.

In Mesopotamia shalt thou lead thy life.

The Lord prosper thee there without debate or strife:

And the God of Abraham prosper thee in peace; He multiply thy seed, and make it to increase! Now kiss me, dear son Jacob, and so go thy way.

Rebecca. Kiss me also, sweet son, and hence without delay.

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Jacob. Now, most tender parents, as well with heart and word

I bid you well to fare, and leave you to the Lord.

Mido. Nay, master Jacob, let me have an hand also.

Jacob. Even with all my heart: farewell, little Mido. [Exit Jacob.

Isaac. Now will I depart hence into the tent again.

Rebecca. As pleaseth God and you, but I will here remain.

ACTUS QUINTI, SCÆNA DECIMA.

ESAU. RAGAN. REBECCA. ISAAC. MIDO.

Esau. And is he gone indeed to mine uncle Laban,

In Mesopotamia at the town of Haran?

And is Jacob gone to the house of Bethuel?

The whirlwind with him, and flinging fiend of hell!

But I shall meet with him yet one day well enough.

And who is this? my mother? whom I see here now.

Ragan. She stood here all this while, sir, did ye not her see?

Esau. Didst thou see her stand here, and wouldest not warn me?

Rebecca. Son Esau, afore God, thou art much to blame.

And to do, as I hear of thee, is a foul shame.

Esau. Mother, what is it ye heard of me of late?

Rebecca. That thou dost thy brother Jacob deadly hate.

Esau. Hate Jacob? I hate him, and will do, till I die,

For he hath done me both great wrong and villainy;

And that shall he well know, if the Lord give me life.

Rebecca. Fie upon thee, to speak so, like a lewd caitiff!

Ragan. My master Esau is of nature much hot,

But he will be better than he saith, fear not.

Esau. My birthright to sell did he not make

Esau. My birthright to sell did he not make me consent?

Rebecca. But the same to do were not thyself content?

There is no man to blame for it but thine own self.

Esau. Yea, mother, [I] see that ye hold with that mopish elf.

It is your dainty darling, your prinkox, your golpol;

He can never be praised enough of your soul; He must ever be extolled above the moon:

It is never amiss that he hath said or done. I would he were rocked or dandled in your lap;

Or I would with this falchion I might give him pap.

I marvel why ye should so love him, and me not?

Ye groaned as well for the one as th'other, I wot.

But Jacob must be advanced in any wise:

But I shall one day handle him of the new guise.

Rebecca. Both on thy father's blessing and mine, I charge thee

That thy soul intend never such iniquity;

Beware by the example of Cain, I thee rede, That thou bring not the Lord's curse upon thy head.

Esau. And what, should I take all this wrong at Jacob's hand?

Rebecca. Forgive, and the Lord shall prosper thee on the land.

My son Esau, hear me; I am thy mother:

For my sake, let pass this grudge against thy brother.

Ragan. Sir, your mother's request is but reasonable,

Which for you to grant shall be much commendable.

Esau. Mother, though it be a great thing that ye require:

Yet must all malice pass at your desire;

And for your cause, mother, this mine anger shall slake.

Rebecca. I thank thee, my son, that thou dost it for my sake.

Esau. For your sake, with Jacob I will be at accord.

Rebecca. And shall I call thy father to be as record?

Esau. As pleaseth you, mother, I can be well content.

Rebecca. Then will I go call him hither in-

And where he doth already love thee very well, This will make him to love thee better a great deal. Ragan. Truly, sir, this is of you a right gentle part:

At least, if it come from the bottom of your heart.

Esau. It must now be thus; but when I shall Jacob find,

I shall then do as God shall put into my mind.

Enter ISAAC and MIDO with REBECCA.

Rebecca. He hath at my word remitted all his quarrel.

Isaac. Forsooth, I love him the better a great deal.

And if he be here, I would commend his doing. Esau. All prest here, father, to tarry on your coming.

Isaac. Son Esau, thou hast thyself well acquitted,

That all quarrel to Jacob thou hast remitted. It was the Lord's pleasure that it should thus be.

Against whose ordinance to stand is not for thee:

But now, to the intent it may please the Lord, To knit your hearts one day in a perfect concord,

We shall first in a song give laud unto His name.

And then with all gladness within confirm the same.

Rebecca. As ye think best, dear husband, I agree thereto.

Esau. Me ye may command to what ye will have me to do:

And so may ye do also Ragan my man.

Isaac. I see none; but praise we the Lord the best we can.

Call forth all our household, that with one accord

We may all with one voice sing unto the Lord.

[Ragan calleth all to sing.

This song must be sung after the prayer.

O Lord, the God of our father Abraham, How deep and unsearchable are thy judgments! Thy almightiful hand did create and frame Both heaven and earth, and all the elements. Man of the earth thou hast formed and create; Some do thee worship, and some stray awry, Whom pleaseth thee, thou dost choose or re-

probate,

And no flesh can ask thee wherefore or why?

Of thine own will thou didst Abraham elect,

Promising him seed as stars of the sky,

And them as thy chosen people to protect,

That they might thy mercies praise and magnify.

Perform thou, O Lord, thine eternal decree
To me and my seed, the sons of Abraham;
And whom thou hast chosen thine own people
to be.

to be,
Guide and defend to the glory of thy name.

FINIS.

[Then entereth the Poet, and the rest stand still till he have done.

The Poet. When Adam, for breaking God's commandment,
Had sentence of death, and all his posterity:
Yet the Lord our God, who is omnipotent,

Had in his own self by his eternal decree Appointed to restore man, and to make him free.

He purposed to save mankind by his mercy, Whom he once had created unto his glory. Yet not all flesh did he then predestinate, But only the adopted children of promise: For he foreknew that many would degenerate, And wilfully give cause to be put from that bliss.

So on God's behalf no manner default there is; But where he chooseth, he showeth his great mercy:

And where he refuseth, he doth none injury, But thus far surmounteth man's intellection, To attain or conceive, and (much more) to discuss:

All must be referred to God's election
And to his sacred judgment. It is meet for us,
With Paul the apostle, to confess, and say
thus:

O, the deepness of the riches of God's wisdom! How unsearchable are his ways to man's

Our part therefore is first to believe God's word.

Not doubting but that he will his elected save: Then to put full trust in the goodness of the Lord,

That we be of the number, which shall mercy have:

Thirdly, so to live, as we may his promise crave.

Thus if we do, we shall Abraham's children be, And come with Jacob to endless felicity.

[All the rest of the actors answer, Amen.

Then followeth the prayer.

Isaac. Now unto God let us pray for all the whole clergy,

To give them grace to advance God's honour and glory.

Rebecca. Then for the Queen's majesty let us pray

Unto God to keep her in health and wealth night and day.

And that, of his mere mercy and great benignity,

He will defend and maintain her estate and dignity:

That she, being grieved with any outward hostility.

May against her enemies always have victory. Jacob. God save the Queen's councillors most noble and true,

And with all godliness their noble hearts endue. Esau. Lord save the nobility and preserve them all:

And prosper the Queen's subjects universal.

AMEN.

Thus endeth this Comedy or Interlude of Jacob and Esau.



[Reduced Facsimile of Title-page of "Youth" (c. 1557), printed by John Waley, from a Copy now in the British Museum.]



[Reduced Facsimile of Title-page of "Youth" (c. 1560), printed by William Copland, from a Copy now in the British Museum.]



INTERLUDE OF YOUTH

Enter Charity. Charity. Jesu that his arms did spread, And on a tree was done to dead, From all perils he you defend! I desire audience till I have made an end, For I am come fro God above To occupy his laws to your behove. And am named Charity; There may no man saved be Without the help of me, For he that Charity doth refuse, Other virtues though he do use, Without Charity it will not be, For it is written in the faith: Oui manet in charitate in Deo manet. I am the gate, I tell thee, Of heaven, that joyful city; There may no man thither come. But of charity he must have some, Or he may not come, i-wis, Unto heaven, the city of bliss; Therefore Charity, who will him take, A pure soul it will him make Before the face of God: In the A B C, of books the least, It is written Deus charitas est.

Lo! charity is a great thing,
Of all virtues it is the king:
When God in earth was here living,
Of charity he found none ending.
I was planted in his heart;
We two might not depart.
Out of his heart I did spring,
Through the might of the heaven king:
And all priests that be,
May not live without charity:
And charity to them they do not take,
They may not receive him, that did them make
And all this world of nought.

[Enter Youth. Aback, fellows, and give me room, Or I shall make you to avoid soon! I am goodly of person; I am peerless, wherever I come. My name is Youth, I tell thee, I flourish as the vine-tree: Who may be likened unto me, In my youth and jollity? My hair is royal and bushed thick; My body pliant as a hazel-stick; Mine arms be both big and strong, My fingers be both fair and long; My chest big as a tun, My legs be full light for to run, To hop and dance, and make merry. By the mass, I reck not a cherry Whatsoever I do! I am the heir of all my father's land, And it is come into my hand: I care for no more. Charity. Are you so disposed to do, To follow vice, and let virtue go?

Youth. Yea, sir, even so: For now-a-days he is not set by, Without he be unthrifty.

Charity. You had need to ask God mercy;

Why did you so praise your body?

Youth. Why, knave, what is that to thee? Wilt thou let me to praise my body? Why should I not praise it, and it be goodly?

I will not let for thee. [flit Charity. What shall it be, when thou shalt

Fro thy wealth into the pit?
Therefore of it be not too bold,
Lest thou forthink it, when thou art old:

Ye may be likened to a tree,

In youth flourishing with royalty, And in age it is cut down,

And to the fire is thrown: So shalt thou, but thou amend,

So shalt thou, but thou amend, Be burned in hell without end!

Youth. Ye whoreson! trowest thou so? Beware, lest thou thither go! Hence, caitiff! go thy way, Or with my dagger I shall thee slay! Hence, knave! out of this place, Or I shall lay thee on the face! Sayest thou that I shall go to hell, For evermore there to dwell? I had liever thou had evil fare.

Charity. Ah, yet, sir, do by my rede, And ask mercy for thy misdeed, And thou shalt be an heritor of bliss, Where all joy and mirth is; Where thou shalt see a glorious sight Of angels singing, with saints bright, Before the face of God.

Youth. What, sirs, above the sky?

Vouth 96

I had need of a ladder to climb so high! But what and the ladder slip? Then I am deceived yet, And if I fall, I catch a queck; I may fortune to break my neck. And that joint is ill to set: Nay, nay, not so.

Charity. Oh, yet remember, and call to thy

mind.

The mercy of God passeth all thing. For it is written by noble clerks, The mercy of God passeth all works: That witnesseth Holy Scripture, saying thus: Miserationes domini super omnia opera ejus: Therefore doubt not God's grace;

Thereof is plenty in every place.

Youth. What, methink ye be clerkish, For ye speak good gibb'rish! Sir, I pray you, and you have any store, Soil me a question, ere ve cast out any more, Lest when your cunning is all done, My question have no solution. Sir, and it please you this, Why do men eat mustard with salt fish? Sir, I pray you soil me this question That I have put to your discretion.

Charity. This question is but a vanity;

It longeth not to me Such questions to assoil.

Youth. Sir, by God, that me dear bought, I see your cunning is little or nought; And I should follow your school, Soon ve would make me a fool! Therefore crake no longer here, Lest I take you on the ear. And make your head to ache!

Charity. Sir, it falleth not for me to fight, Neither by day, ne by night; Therefore do by my counsel, I say, Then to heaven thou shalt have the way.

Youth. No, sir, I think ye will not fight; But to take a man's purse in the night Ye will not say nay; For such holy caitiffs
Were wont to be thieves,
And such would be hanged as high
As a man may see with his eye:
In faith, this same is true.

Charity. God save every Christian body From such evil destiny, And send us of his grace In heaven to have a place!

Youth. Nay, nay, I warrant thee, He hath no place for thee; Weenest thou he will have such fools To sit on his gay stools?

Nay, I warrant thee, nay!

Humility. Well, sir, I put me in God's will, Whether he will me save or spill; And, sir, I pray you do so,

And trust in God, whatsoever you do.

Youth. Sir, I pray thee hold thy peace, And talk to me of no goodness; And soon look thou go thy way, Lest with my dagger I thee slay! In faith, if thou move my heart, Thou shalt be weary of thy part, Ere thou and I have done.

Charity. Think what God suffered for thee, His arms to be spread upon a tree; A knight with a spear opened his side, In his heart appeared a wound wide,

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That bought both thee and me!
Youth. God's fast! what is that to me?
Thou daw, wilt thou rede me
In my youth to lose my jollity?
Hence, knave, and go thy way,
Or with my dagger I shall thee slay!
Charity. O sir, hear what I will you tell,

And be ruled after my counsel, That ye might sit in heaven on high

With God and his company.

Youth. Ah, yet of God wilt thou not cease Till I fight in good earnest;
On my faith I tell thee true,
If I fight, thou wilt it rue
All the days of thy life.

Charity. Sir, I see it will none otherwise

be;

I will go to my brother Humility, And take counsel of him,

How it is best to be do therein.

Youth. Yea, marry, sir, I pray you of that; Methink it were a good sight of your back; I would see your heels hither, And your brother and you together Fettered fine fast!
I-wis, and I had the kay, Ye should sing well-away, Ere I let you loose!

Charity. Farewell, my masters everychone!

I will come again anon,

And tell you how I have done. [Exit Charity. Youth. And thou come hither again, I shall send thee hence in the devil's name. What! now I may have my space To jet here in this place;

Before I might not stir,

When that churl Charity was here;
But now, among all this cheer,
I would I had some company here;
I-wis my brother Riot would help me,
For to beat Charity
And his brother too.

[Enter

And his brother too. [Enter Riot. Riot. Huffa! who calleth after me?

I am Riot, full of jollity.
My heart is light as the wind,
And all on riot is my mind,
Wheresoever I go.

But wot ye what I do here?
To seek Youth my compeer:
Fain of him I would have a sight,
But my line hears in my light

But my lips hang in my light. God speed, master Youth, by my fay.

Youth. Welcome, Riot, in the devil way!

Who brought thee hither to-day?

Riot. That did my legs, I tell thee:
Methought thou didst call me,

And I am come now here To make royal cheer.

And tell thee how I have done.

Youth. What! I weened thou hadst been hanged,

But I see thou art escaped,
For it was told me here
You took a man on the ear,
That his purse in your bosom did fly,
And so in Newgate you did lie.

Riot. So it was, I beshrew your pate: I come lately from Newgate,
But I am as ready to make good cheer
As he that never came there;
For and I have spending,
I will make as merry as a king,

Youth Youth

And care not what I do;
For I will not lie long in prison,
But will get forth soon,
For I have learned policy
That will loose me lightly,
And soon let me go.

Youth. I love well thy discretion, For thou art all of one condition; Thou art stable and steadfast of mind, And not changeable as the wind. But, sir, I pray you at the least, Tell me more of that jest, That thou told me right now.

Riot. Moreover, I shall tell thee, The Mayor of London sent for me Forth of Newgate for to come, For to preach at Tyburn.

Youth. By our Lady! he did promote thee, To make thee preach at the gallow-tree! But, sir, how didst thou 'scape?

Riot. Verily, sir, the rope brake,
And so I fell to the ground,
And ran away, safe and sound:
By the way I met with a courtier's lad,
And twenty nobles of gold in his purse he had:
I took the lad on the ear,
Beside his horse I felled him there:
I took his purse in my hand,
And twenty nobles therein I fand.
Lord, how I was merry!

Youth. God's foot! thou didst enough there For to be made knight of the collar.

Riot. Yea, sir, I trust to God Allmight At the next sessions to be dubbed a knight. Youth. Now, sir, by this light!

That would I fain see,

Youth IOI

And I plight thee, so God me save, That a surer collar thou shalt have; And because gold collars be so good cheap, Unto the roper I shall speak To make thee one of a good price. And that shall be of warrantise.

Riot. Youth, I pray thee have ado, And to the tavern let us go, And we will drink divers wine, And the cost shall be mine; Thou shalt not pay one penny, i-wis, Yet thou shalt have a wench to kiss. Whensoever thou wilt.

Youth. Marry, Riot, I thank thee, That thou wilt bestow it on me, And for thy pleasure so be it; I would not Charity should us meet, And turn us again, For right now he was with me, And said he would go to Humility, And come to me again.

Riot. Let him come, if he will; He were better to bide still: And he give thee crooked language, I will lay him on the visage, And that thou shalt see soon, How lightly it shall be done; And he will not be ruled with knocks. We shall set him in the stocks. To heal his sore shins!

I shall help thee, if I can, Youth. To drive away that hangman; Hark, Riot, thou shalt understand I am heir of my father's land, And now they be come to my hand, Methink it were best, therefore,

That I had one man more To wait me upon.

Riot. I can speed thee of a servant of price, That will do thee good service; I see him go here beside; Some men call him Master Pride; I swear by God in Trinity I will go fetch him unto thee, And that even anon.

Youth. Hie thee apace and come again, And bring with thee that noble swain.

[Riot goes out, returning with Pride. t. Lo, Master Youth, here he is,

A pretty man and a wise;

He will be glad to do you good service

In all that ever he may,

Youth. Welcome to me, good fellow, I pray thee, whence comest thou? And thou wilt my servant be, I shall give thee gold and fee.

Pride. Sir, I am content, i-wis,

To do you any service

That ever I can do. [enou'; Youth. By likelihood thou shouldst do well

Thou art a likely fellow.

Pride. Yes, sir, I warrant you, If ye will be ruled by me,

I shall you bring to high degree.

Youth. What shall I do, tell me,

And I will be ruled by thee.

Pride. Marry, I shall tell you:
Consider ye have good enou'
And think ye come of noble kind;
Above all men exalt thy mind;
Put down the poor, and set nought by them;
Be in company with gentlemen;

Jet up and down in the way, And your clothes look they be gay; The pretty wenches will say then, Yonder goeth a gentleman; And every poor fellow that goeth you by, Will do off his cap, and make you courtesy: In faith, this is true.

In faith, this is true.

Youth. Sir, I thank thee, by the rood,

For thy counsel that is so good; And I commit me even now

Under the teaching of Riot and you.

Riot. Lo, Youth, I told you That he was a lusty fellow.

Youth. Marry, sir, I thank thee That you would bring him unto me.

Pride. Sir, it were expedient that ye had a wife.

To live with her all your life.

Riot. A wife? nay, nay, for God avow, He shall have flesh enou', For, by God that me dear bought, Over-much of one thing is nought; The devil said he had liever burn all his life Than once for to take a wife; Therefore I say, so God me save, He shall no wife have:
Thou hast a sister fair and free, I know well his leman she will be; Therefore I would she were here, That we might go and make good cheer At the wine somewhere.

Youth. I pray you hither thou do her bring,

For she is to my liking.

Pride. Sir, I shall do my diligence To bring her to your presence.

Youth. Hie thee apace, and come again;

Youth Youth

To have a sight I would be fain
Of that lady free. [Exit Pride.
Riot. Sir, in faith I shall tell you true,
She is afresh and fair of hue,
And very proper of body;
Men call her Lady Lechery.

Youth. My heart burneth, by God of might,

Till of that lady I have a sight.

Intret Superbia cum Luxuria et dicat Superbia.

Pride. Sir, I have fulfilled your intent, And have brought you in this present, That you have sent me for.

Youth. Thou art a ready messenger; Come hither to me, my heart so dear,

Ye be welcome to me as the heart in my body.

Lechery. Sir, I thank you, and at your pleasure I am;

Ye be the same unto me.

Youth. Masters, will ye to tavern walk? A word with you there will I talk, And give you the wine.

Lechery. Gentleman, I thank you verily,

And I am all ready To wait you upon.

Riot. What, sister Lechery? Ye be welcome to our company.

Lechery. Well, wanton, well, fie for shame! So soon ye do express my name:

What! if no man should have known, I-wis I shall you beat! well, wanton, well!

Riot. A little pretty niset,

Ye be well nice, God wot!

Ye be a little pretty pye! i-wis, ye go full gingerly.

Lechery. Well, I see your false eye

Winketh on me full wantonly; Ye be full wanton, i-wis.

Youth. Pride, I thank you of your labour

That you had to fetch this fair flow'r.

Pride. Lo, youth, I told thee That I would bring her with me. Sir, I pray you tell me now, How doth she like you?

Youth. Verily, well she pleased me, For she is courteous, gentle, and free.

How do you, fair lady? How fare you, tell me.

Lechery. Sir, if it please you, I do well enou',

And the better that you will wit.

Youth. Riot, I would be at the tavern fain, Lest Charity us meet and turn us again: Then would I be sorry, because of this fair lady.

Riot. Let us go again betime, That we may be at the wine,

Ere ever that he come.

Pride. Hie thee apace, and go we hence;

We will let for none expense.

Youth. Now we will fill the cup and make good cheer:

I trust I have a noble here. Hark, sirs, for God Almighty, Hearest thou not how they fight? In faith we shall them part. If there be any wine to sell, They shall no longer together dwell; No, then I beshrew my heart.

Riot. No, sir, so mot I the, Let not thy servants fight within thee; For it is a careful life Evermore to live in strife; Therefore, if ye will be ruled by my tale,

We will go to the ale,
And see how we can do;
I trust to God that sitteth on high,
To lese that little company
Within an hour or two.

Pride. Now let us go, for God's sake,

And see how merry we can make. Riot. Now let us go apace;

And I be last there, I beshrew my face!

Youth. Now let us go: that we were there

To make this lady some cheer.

Lechery. Verily, sir, I thank thee, That ye will bestow it on me, And when it please you on me to call, My heart is yours, body and all.

Youth. Fair lady, I thank thee; On the same wise ye shall have me,

Whensoever ye please.

Pride. Riot, we tarry long.

Riot. We will go even now with a lusty

song.

Pride. In faith, I will be rector chorye.

Youth. Go to it then hardily, and let us be agate.

[Enter Charity.

Charity. Abide, fellow; a word with thee: Whither go ve. tell me?

Abide, and hear what I shall you tell,

And ruled by my counsel.

Pride. Nay, no fellow ne yet mate, I trow thy fellow be in Newgate; Shall we tell thee whither we go? Nay, i-wis, good John-a-Peepo! Who learned thee, thou mistaught man, To speak so to a gentleman? Though his clothes be never so thin, Yet he is come of noble kin;

Though thou give him such a mock, Yet he is come of a noble stock. I let thee well to wit.

What! Sir John, what say ye! Riot. Would you be fettered now? Think not too long, I pray ye; It may fortune come soon enou'. Ye shall think it a little soon.

Charity. Yet, sirs, let this cease,

And let us talk of goodness.

Youth. He turned his tail, he is afeard; But, faith, he shall be skeared; He weeneth by flattering to please us again, But he laboureth all in vain.

Charity. Sir, I pray you me not spare, For nothing I do care

That ve can do to me.

No, whoreson? sayest thou so? Hold him, Pride, and let me go; I shall fet a pair of rings, That shall sit to his shins. And that even anon.

Pride. Hie thee apace and come again, And bring with thee a good chain, To hold him here still.

Charity. Jesu, that was born of Mary mild.

From all evil he us shield, And send you grace to amend, Ere our life be at an end; For I tell you truly, That we live full wickedly; I pray God it amend!

Riot. Lo, sirs, look what I bring. Is not this a jolly ringing?

By my troth, I trow it be:

I will go wit of Charity. How say'st thou, Master Charity?

Doth this gear please thee?

Charity. They please me well indeed!
The more sorrow, the more meed!
For God said, while he was man,
Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter
justitiam;

Unto his apostles he said so,

To teach them how they should do.

Pride. We shall see how they can please; Sit down, sir, and take your ease; Methink these same were full meet

To go about your fair feet.

Youth. By my truth, I you tell They would become him very well; Therefore hie that they were on, Unto the tayern that we were gone.

Riot. That shall ye see anon, How soon they shall be on; And after we will not tarry long, But go hence with a merry song.

Pride. Let us begin all at once.

Youth. Now have at it, by Cock's bones,
And soon let us go!

[Exeunt Pride, Youth, Riot, and Lechery.

Charity. Lo, masters, here you may see beforne,

That the weed overgroweth the corn:
Now may ye see all in this tide,
How vice is taken, and virtue set aside.
Yonder ye may see youth is not stable,
But evermore changeable;
And the nature of men is frail,
That he wotteth not what may avail

Virtue for to make. O good Lord, it is a pitiful case. Sith God hath lent man wit and grace To choose of good and evil, That man should voluntarily To such things himself apply. That his soul should spill. [Enter Humility. Humility. Christ that was crucified, and

crowned with thorn,

And of a virgin for man was born. Some knowledge send to me Of my brother Charity.

Charity. Dear brother Humility,

Ye be welcome unto me: Where have ye be so long?

Humility. I shall do you to understand,

That I have said mine evensong: But, sir, I pray you tell me now, How this case happened to you?

Charity. I shall tell you anon; The fellows that I told you on,

Have me thus arrayed.

Humility. Sir, I shall undo the bands From your feet and your hands. Sir, I pray you tell me anon Whither they be gone, And when they come again.

Charity. Sir, to the tavern they be gone,

And they will come again anon,

And that shall you see.

Then will we them exhort Humility. Unto virtue to resort, and so forsake sin. Charity. I will help you that I can

To convert that wicked man.

[Enter Youth, Riot, and Pride. Aback! gallants, and look unto me, rro Youth

And take me for your special,
For I am promoted to high degree,
By right I am king eternal;
Neither duke ne lord, baron ne knight,
That may be likened unto me,
They be subdued to me by right,
As servants to their masters should be.
Humility. Ye be welcome to this place here:

We think ye labour all in vain; Wherefore your brains we will stir, And kele you a little again.

Youth. Sayest thou my brains thou wilt

stir.

I shall lay thee on the ear, Were thou born in Trumpington, And brought up at Hogsnorton? By my faith it seemeth so; Well, go, knave, go!

Charity. Do by our counsel and our reed, And ask mercy for thy misdeed; And endeavour thee, for God's sake, For thy sins amends to make Ere ever that thou die.

Riot. Hark, Youth, for God avow, He would have thee a saint now; But, Youth, I shall you tell A young saint an old devil; Therefore I hold thee a fool, And thou follow his school.

Youth. I warrant thee I will not do so;

I will be ruled by you two.

Pride. Then shall ye do well, If ye be ruled by our counsel; We will bring you to high degree, And promote you to dignity.

Humility. Sir, it is a pitiful case, That ye would forsake grace,

And to vice apply.

Youth. Why, knave, doth it grieve thee? Thou shalt not answer for me.
When my soul hangeth on the hedge once,
Then take thou, and cast stones
As fast as thou wilt!

Charity. Sir, if it please you to do thus, Forsake them and do after us,

The better shall you do.

Riot. Sir, he shall do well enou', Though he be ruled by neither of you; Therefore crake no longer here, Lest thou have on the ear, And that a good knock.

Pride. Lightly see thou avoid the place, Or I shall give thee on the face. Youth, I trow that he would Make you holy, ere ye be old; And, I swear by the rood, It is time enough to be good, When that ye be old.

Youth. Sir, by my truth, I thee say I will make merry, whiles I may,

I cannot tell you how long.

Riot. Yea, sir, so mote I thrive,
Thou art not certain of thy life;
Therefore thou were a stark fool
To leave mirth and follow their school.
Humility. Sir, I shall him exhort

Unto us to resort, And you to forsake.

Pride. Ask him if he will do so, To forsake us and follow you two; Nay, I warrant you, nay!

Humility. That shall you see even anon; I will unto him gone,
And see what he will say.
Riot. Hardily go on thy way;
I know well he will say nay.

Youth. Yea, sir, by God that me dear bought.

Methink ye labour all for nought; Weenest thou that I will for thee Or thy brother Charity Forsake this good company? Nay, I warrant thee.

Pride. No, master, I pray you of that, For anything forsake us nat, And all our counsel rule you by; Ye may be emperor, ere ye die.

Youth. While I have life in my body,

Shall I be ruled by Riot and thee.

Riot. Sir, then, shall ye do well,

For we be true as steel;

Sir, I can teach you to play at the dice,

At the queen's game and at the Irish;

The treygobet and the hazard also,

And many other games mo;

Also at the cards I can teach you to play,

At the triump and one-and-thirty,

Post, pinion, and also aums-ace,

And at another they call dewce-ace;

Yet I can tell you more, and ye will con me

thank, Pink and drink, and also at the blank, And many sports mo.

Youth. I thank thee, Riot, so mote I the, For the counsel thou hast given me; I will follow thy mind in every thing, And guide me after thy learning.

Charity. Youth, leave that counsel, for it is nought,

And amend that thou hast miswrought, That thou may'st save that God hath bought.

What say ye, Master Charity? What hath God bought for me? By my troth, I know not Whether that he goeth in white or black; He came never at the stews, Nor in no place, where I do use; I-wis he bought not my cap, Nor yet my jolly hat; I wot not what he hath bought for me; And he bought anything of mine,

I will give him a quart of wine The next time I him meet.

Charity. Sir, this he did for thee; When thou wast bond he made thee free, And bought thee with his blood.

Sir, I pray you tell me Youth. How may this be:

That I know, I was never bond

Unto none in England.

Charity. Sir, I shall tell you— When Adam had done great trespass, And out of Paradise exiled was, Then all the souls, as I can you tell, Were in the bondage of the devil of hell; Till the Father of heaven, of his great mercy, Sent the Second Person in Trinity Us for to redeem: And so with his precious blood He bought us on the rood,

And our souls did save. Youth. How should I save it, tell me now, And I will be ruled after you my soul to save. A. P. II.

Riot. What, Youth: will you forsake me? I will not forsake thee.

Humility. I shall tell you shortly: Kneel down and ask God mercy, For that you have offended. Pride. Youth, wilt thou do so-Follow them, and let us go?

Marry, I trow, nay.

Youth. Here all sin I forsake, And to God I me betake: Good Lord, I pray thee have no indignation, That I, a sinner, should ask salvation.

Charity. Now thou must forsake Pride.

And all Riot set aside.

Pride. I will not him forsake, Neither early ne late: I ween'd he would not forsake me: But if it will none otherwise be, I will go my way.

Youth. Sir, I pray God be your speed, And help you at your need. [Exit Pride. Riot. I am sure thou wilt not forsake me,

Nor I will not forsake thee,

Youth. I forsake you also, And will not have with you to do. Riot. And I forsake thee utterly: Fie on thee, caitiff, fie! Once a promise thou didst me make,

That thou wouldst me never forsake, But now I see it is hard

For to trust the wretched world:

Farewell, masters, everychone [Exit Riot.

Humility. For your sin look ye mourn, And evil creatures look ye turn; For your name, who maketh inquisition, Say it is Good Contrition

That for sin doth mourn.

Charity. Here is a new array,

For to walk by the way, Your prayer for to say.

Humility. Here be beads for your devotion.

And keep you from all temptation;

Let not vice devour.

When ye see misdoing men,

Good counsel give them, And teach them to amend.

Youth. For my sin I will mourn,

All creatures I will turn;

And when I see misdoing men,

Good counsel I shall give them,

And exhort them to amend.

Charity. Then shall ye be an heritor of bliss,

Where all joy and mirth is.

Youth. To the which eternal

God bring the persons all

Here being, Amen!

Humility. Thus have we brought our matter

to an end

Before the persons here present;

Would every man be content, Lest another day we be shent.

Charity. We thank all this present

Of their meek audience.

Humility. Jesu that sitteth in heaven so

high,

Save all this fair company: Men and women that here be,

Amen, amen, for Charity.

FINIS.

[COLOPHONS TO THE INTERLUDE OF YOUTH, &c.]

Imprinted at London, by Iohn Waley dwellyng in Foster lane

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[A FRAGMENT OF "A MORAL PLAY, BOTH PITHY AND PLEASANT,

OF

ALBION, KNIGHT"]

[The Players' Names :

ALBION, KNIGHT

JUSTICE

INJURY

DIVISION

PRINCIPALITY

PEACE

MAINTENANCE

REST

OLD DEBATE

Double Device

DAME PLENTY

these appear

are mentioned in text]



[ALBION, KNIGHT;

A MORAL PLAY]

[The manuscript commences here imperfectly]

[Injury.] Nay, I will taste of other assays
And spare our dame for holy days;
So that, for very need, she must use her feet
With other of her house, and such as she can
get.

Yet is she not much to blame,

Though she increase her husband's name, Such children to bring as now ye see me,

Tall man as I am, unworthy though I be.

Justice. Thou speakest like a lorel full large and full lewdly,

And not like a child gotten of true matrimony; And yet, though thy person induce no likelihood

That in thee should be any manhood,

Yet, beside that, thou seemest of manhood frail,

Because so abused is thy light apparel.

Injury. Apparel, good sir, what fault is that?

Though grey be her coat why blame ye the wild cat?

Why should ye him deem of nature frail Though as wise as ye would wear a fox-tail? Or a coat after the common usage?
Or have by nature a mad visage?
These be no witness for Justice to discern,
Nor certain knowledge of nature to learn;
And Christ taught you, sir, how ye should
judge men.

Saying, Nolite judicare secundum faciem.

And yet in nature better knowledge should be

Than is in apparel ye know, perdy.

Justice. O yet in apparel is great abusion If it be framed without discretion; For, in apparel there may a great token be Of frailness, of pride, and instability, If common assize therein use no measure. For then is apparel a wanton foolish pleasure And folly; best meed is of presumption When nature of reason used resumption; And therefore Christ taught a great wise prose Saying, Ex fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos.

Injury. Yet, with the same text I pray you

wipe your nose!

He said not, Ex vestibus eorum cognoscetis eos.

Albion. Yet, friends, I pray you once again To cease your travice that breeds disdain; And heartily both I do you pray That both your friendships have I may.

Injury. Sir, as for mine ye shall not miss; But this gentleman, I think, will go piss. Justice. Nay, sir Albion, I will not draw

ustice. Nay, sir Albion, I will not draw back

If that of me ye have lack, So that I were in perfect surety

That this man here should Manhood be.

Injury. Now, Christ's benedicite!

How Albion and Justice hath forgot me

Because of me they had no exercise
Of long time by any enterprise!
Wherefore sithen ye cannot know me by experience,

I wot not how ye should know me but by my credence:

Therefore, by my truth and by my honesty, Believe me, for Manhood truly I am he!

Albion. Then, by your oath I am content

To have your friendship with good assent; And, Justice, I pray you to do the same.

Justice. Sir, if Manhood be his name, As he hath sworn, I would be glad That his friendship also I had.

Albion. Then, Justice, I pray you both Let me knit you both upon his oath.

[And then he taketh both their hands together, saying:

Now friends I trust we be, all three,
And with this knot I pray you contented to be.
Injury. Sir, ye ought to be contented best
of all

Where justice is treated with due equity;
And where no favour nor meed should be;
And, when reason hath tried there every deal,
That such an act were good for the common weal.

If therein any loss may be
To the disadvantage of Principality,
Such an act loseth all his suit
With a little inducing of reason astute;
And, if it touch the Lords spiritual,
Or be disadvantage to the Lords temporal—
Farewell, go bet! this bill may sleep
As well as through the parliament creep;
And, if that merchants be moved withal,

Or any multitude of the common hall— This is not for us, say they then, This bill is naught but for to wipe a pan; And this is all your new equity, And for all your message yet thus will it be.

Albion. Alas! if this may not reformed be

I shall never be sure of prosperity.

Injury. Yea, and what followeth hereof, Master Albion?

To your person universal derision! Albion. Why to me derision?

Injury. For all other strange nations They will rail on ye with open proclamations; Saying, whosoever do as he does

Is half a man and half a wild goose!

Albion. Why half a man and half a wild goose?

Injury. For, with high reason, they say ye can dispute

And try out perils with laborious suit: And eke the treasure for the common vail As far as wit or reason can assail: But, when all is done, and your statute made, Then forth ye go in a wise trade To bring it all to good conclusion; And put it never in execution. Then speak they further, instead of a mock They have made a statute like a woodcock! That hath but one eye, and the other blind, And it will turn with every wind; And for because ye study but for the beginning, And never provide for a sure ending— Beginning like a man, ye take great assay, At last, like a wild goose, even but to fly away. Justice. Well, if this be true it is more pity. Yet, let us endeavour, both ve and I.

To taste our message that it were done

To help here of some reformation.

Yea, that to do I pray you both; Albion. And to you two I promise, by oath, I shall me endeavour with the commonalty Their whole allegiance to keep in unity.

lustice. Then God be your speed, for I will forth my way.

And I will after, God guide us that Albion.

best may. Injury. And I will tarry no longer while

But as I see you over the stile.

[Then departeth Albion and Justice both. Injury. Now, here beginneth a game, i-wis; For Manhood they ween my name is. But, trust me, sirs, if I should not lie, My name is called Injury. Which name, to hide I thought it policy. And turn it to Manhood, and wot you why? It is a part of our new experience, When I against right make stiff defence, That Justice in his seat may not be enstabled; Then am I, Injury, Manhood called. O! then of me croaketh every man— How like a lord this fellow stare can The law to defend without a fall, For all their pleading in Westminster Hall; Or say what they will, and babble there, Yet Maintenance and I will keep the chair. If it come once to the country, Then, as I will, so shall it be. A very cause, sirs, why I hide my name Was they should not suspect my fame; Because I would spy all their intent, To change their purpose after my judgment. And so will I do, for this is their pretence-

By means of Justice, to bring in experience, That Peace should continue the people among: And so, by that means, to banish me wrong. But trust me, sirs, I will none of that, But rather by their faces I will them scrat! And me to maintain in this opinion I have an old mate, called Division, That shall be of my council in this case; Which I trust will not turn his face Till Peace be driven clean from Albion. And then let Justice and me alone, For I trust, or he and I have done, He shall go whistle in a marrow bone As for any rightful judgment That, after this, shall follow his intent. And now, sirs, will I go my way My fellow to seek, find him if I may.

[Here Injury goeth out and then Division cometh in with a bill, a sword, a buckler, and a dagger.

Division. Have in a rusk Out of the busk A lusty captain. A boar with a tusk A sturdy lusk Any battle to derain. A stallion stout To bear it out In everywhere. And never to lout For a knave's clout Though my head it bear. As stiff as a stake Battle to make As never affeared.

I can awake
These knaves and take
Them fast by the beard.
For peace is bent,
Nor full intent
To live at ease
Shall not prevent
Let of my judgment
To alter in disease.
Such cast I have
To conjure a knave
Out of his skin.
Though justice rave
To hang or save—
Fie on him, whoreson!

[Here cometh Injury in again.

Injury. Marry, fie on him, whoreson! What! art thou mad again?

Division. What, mine old friend Injury! How were other hanged and thou let go by?

Injury. By God! because I took delay

For lack of thee to be mine attorney.

Division. What, whoreson! wouldest thou have me

Be trussed up instead of thee?

Injury. Yea, by God! but even for a say.

That I might learn of you to know the play.

Division. To play, whoreson! what meanest thou by that?

Injury. By God! methought, even now, you were in a snare,

Or else an hunting to catch an hare. But, hark! I say, do together and spell— Beware ever among of the friary clerk's bell! Division. It is doubtful to me all that thou speakest.

I pray thee spell it thyself, and tell me what thou meanest.

Injury. But, wouldest thou needs so fain know it?

I tell thee, with Albion and Justice I am knit; Therefore, it were wisdom for thee

To beware what thou sayest before me.

Division. What, whoreson! then thou hast forsaken me?

Injury. Nay, I had liefer ye were skinned all three,

For I have turned the wrong side of my hood And told them my name was Manhood.

And now, by God! in any wise,

For both our eases, I must have thine advice.

Division. What, hast thou now changed thine old copy—

To Justice and Albion to be a common hobby? Or, art thou affeared of thy old name, That in every place is had in fame, And is supported in such suffrency From the lowest unto the highest degree?

Injury. Nay, by God! I was not affeared. It was but for to claw their beard, Or rub it of all that they meant
That I might know all their intent;
Whereof, the matter is too long to tell,
For the time that we did mell;
But, shortly to show thee for a conclusion,
Their mind is to bring us both to confusion.

Division. I pray thee, by what means?
Injury. Albion hath sent Justice to Principality

To have assistance, and me to suffrency

Of the Lords temporal to have their aid,
That Justice in no wise should be delayed.
And this thou knowest well enough, perdy!
Thus they mean to destroy thee and me.
And as for Justice forth is gone,
Speed as he can, but I tarried alone;
And yet I would no messenger be
Till I had the advice of thee.
Therefore, how sayest thou, now in this case?
We shall not be idle to play at this base.

Division. Tush! as for this, I care not a

pudding prick;

For we two will go through thin and thick, May grease their heads every one Though they be as hard as rock or stone.

Injury. I pray thee, tell me how.

Division. First, I myself will enterprise
That Peace shall have no exercise
Between the commons and Principality;
Nor between lords spiritual and lords of the
temporality.

Injury. Or you go any further, tell me by

what means.

Division. I have two spies of great exercise, The one is called Double Device; Him will I send, I may tell thee, Unto the court to Principality; And him will I charge that, with his provision, Principality and the commons to set at division. The second spy is called Old Debate—A singular fellow, with a bald pate—Him will I send to the lords spiritual To cause them to wrangle with the lords temporal.

Injury. What shall they use in their device? Division. The one, to Principality shall sur-

mise

That the commons' hearts do arise Against him, when that he doth ask, In time of need, our money for task; His heart to move with such unkindness. Then, the same spy shall use like doubleness, And go to the commons, and to them tell That Principality, with equity, doth rebel More to his lucre in every deal,

Applying his affection then to the common

weal: And how that he, of negligence, Doth not apply for their defence, Neither by sea nor by land; Neither by high waves, neither by strand; But thieves and raveners, and murderers eke, Daily true men they pursue and seek; And that his laws indifferently Be not used: but maintenance and bribery Is suffered alone, without reformation; That the poor commons is in altercation Of this matter, and wot not what to say; Bringing them in opinion that they ought not to

To Principality their duty of very desert, Except like duty be ministered on his part.

Injury. I make God a vow this is a

sovereign bait

To bring our purpose to a narrow strait. But what shall the other spy then do? • A fellowship! tell me that also.

Division. Marry! he shall inform the lords

temporal

That the spiritual men would rule all; And say, it were shame to them, by the rood! That being descended from the noble blood To suffer any other of such power to be;

To have the governance about Principality. Sithen they inheritors are born to be Of the high counsel, by blood and dignity; Which medicine, I trow, will not likely start Till it hath tickled them all by the heart. Then shall the same spy taste the other part, And turn to them the wrong side of the cart; And say, that God of His high great grace To them hath given good fortune and space, By learning sadness and gravity, And for their due reward in honour to be: And bear to them boldly in hand That they ought, by reason, to rule this land; Because the power of temporality Hath no knowledge in cunning, perdy! Neither in youth will labour the passage Of pain for virtue to rule in age; So that, if they rulers would be, They know not how, for insufficiency. Thus will I divide, by this proper train, That peace amongst them shall not reign.

Injury. Marry! this is a cast of a new horse

To rub any on the navel that hath a tickle womb;

This gear will work, after my fantasy,
To make of an old grudge a new frenzy;
And this openeth the gate, even for me,
That both the one and the other degree
Shall wrestle with themselves, in such afflictions.

That everyone shall disdain all other jurisdictions.

A. P. II.

Division. What wilt thou do then? let me hear thy cast!

Injury. This gentle seed will I sow, at the last.

When Peace by thee is in perplexity;
And wot not in what part quiet to be.
Then Justice must ever be in doubt
Which part, at need, shall bear him out;
So that, for my part, he shall stand still
While I run at large, and have all my will.

Division. But to what conclusion wilt thou bring it then?

Iniura Why

Injury. Why, knowest not thou? then hark me, man!

This Justice is a fellow of a far cast,
And driveth such drifts to rule at the last;
And Peace is his brother, of one degree,
Which hath a fair daughter that is called
Plenty;

And Albion, as long as Rest him treats, He loveth fair flesh of all meats; And it is a common saying that Justice, Peace, and he

Will conclude a marriage with fair Dame Plenty.

And then will Albion, that old sot, With Rest and Peace, so on her dote That then she, by her and her friends, Shall sail in storms at all winds.

Division. By God's bread! thou sayest truth—

But this to help we must not use sloth.

Injury. No! and therefore hark me to an end!

Thou and I shall this matter defend; For thou shalt to Albion a messenger be, And say thou were present when Principality With Justice fell at great debate; When that his message he did dilate From Albion; and tell him that Principality in no wise

no wise

His will with equity will grant to exercise;
But that the law should be but after his liking,
And every writ after his entitling;
And that his will, who ever list to strive,
Should be the best part for his prerogative;
And then they both suddenly, upon this,
In great rages departed, i-wis.
Wherefore, Justice said I am in such confusion
That I am ashamed to turn again to Albion.
And when this message thou hast done soberly,
Tell him thy name is Policy.

Division. What the devil meanest thou by

that!

Should I dissemble from a wild cat,
That ever before this have used patching,
And now to play the wise man and leave
scratching?

Injury. Why, whoreson! it is a point of

high madness,

For a time, to dissemble sadness;

And, though thou be already as mad as a hart Yet will I make thee madder than thou art.

Division. Well, say on then!

Injury. Marry! then even thus I say: When that to Albion thou hast taken thy way, And done thy message as thee I bade,

He will for a while be pensive and sad; And he will ask thine advice—

Then must thou dissemble thyself wise.

Division. I make God a vow, that is impossible!

That I, and wisdom, should knit in one quyneble Or, in my brain to print such abusion

That wisdom and I should be in one conclusion;

For, when I was young my mother charged me And said, beware wit son though thou never thee.

Injury. And I am not disposed to change much your life—

But hear me speak an end though you never thrive.

Division. Well, say on then! and tell me what counsel

I shall give Albion that may sound well
To both our profits—that would I know.

[Injury.] Thou shalt teach him a wrong cross
row:

And tell him best it is, after thine advice, With mirth and prodigality him to exercise; And take of his own good while he may Lest all at last be bribed away.

[The Manuscript ends here imperfectly.]

A mery and

[pleasaunt Comedie called]

Misogonus.

The names of the Speakers:

Prologus.	PH[ILOGONUS	1.]
PHILOGONUS, PATER.	EUPEL AS	2.]
EUPELAS, FIDELIS PATRIS		-
VICINUS.	Misogonus	[3.]
CACURGUS, MORIO.	CACURGUS 1	20 3
MISOGONUS, FILIUS DOMES-		г. э
TICUS.	Prologus	[4.]
ORGELUS, SERVUS MISOGONI.	Eugonus	
ŒNOPHILUS, CONSERVUS EIUS.	Codrus)	
LITURGUS, SERVUS PHILOGONI.	SIR TOHN	5.
MELISSA, MERITRIX.	Epilogus	,
S/R John, sacerdos.	ORGELUS)	,
JACK, CLARKE.	ISBELL	6.
CEISTER CODRUS, RUSTICUS.	ŒNOPHILUS)	r. 3
ALISON, EIUS VXOR, OBSTITRIX		[7.]
ISBELL BUSBEY) TESTES	MELISSA 1	50.7
MADGE CARO VETULÆ.	CRITO	[8.]
EUGONUS, FILIUS PEREGRINUS.	ALISON 1	
CRITO, PEREGRINUS.	TAKE	9.
Epilogus.	LITURGUS	10.

LAURENTIUS BARIWNA.

KETTHERINGE. DIE 20 NOVEMBRIS, ANNO 1577.





MISOGONUS

[PROLOGUS.]

.... [which do frequent P]ernassus' sacred mount

. . . [h gift] of eloquence and versifying skill. . . . [your] nymphs which haunt the springs

of Aganippe fount

.. [which] were wont comical rhymes in poets to distil:

[You] ladies all, and sisters nine, I humbly you

request

That you would now vouchsafe to guide your client's silly style

In this poetical attempt, with bravery unaddressed;

And so it will seem to all that hear's, unless you do it file.

You know I never climb[ed] the top of that your hallowed hill,

Ne slumbered there, nor tasted once those dulsum nectar drops,

That now I might my verse indite with poet's painting quill,

Or find the same by virtue of Sir Phoebus' laurel crops.

You that are here most excellent, and you most honest auditors,

Think not I have the laurel boughs or ivy berries got,

That I should vaunt myself to be like to Apollo's orators:

To speak in brief I think it best: of truth I meant it not.

If any ask then why I deck my temples thus with bays,

Or why this garland here I wear, not being Laureat,

Forsooth! I come in Homer's hue our history forth to blaze,

[A]s custom is, and ever was: well, mark thereof the state!

Whilom there in Laurentum dwelt—a town of antique fame

In Italy, a country erst renowned with Trojan knights—

A gentleman whom lot assigned Philogonus to name:

Of this man's destinies this time our author only writes.

In lusty youth a wife he took, a dame of flourishing green,

Who soon after conceived and brought him forth at once two twins.

Th'eldest she sent away, whereof her husband did not ween.

Forthwith she died: at th'other son our comedy begins.

Through wanton education he began to be contemptuous,

And sticked not with taunting terms his father to miscall;

And straightway, in lascivious lust, he waxed so licentious

That's father he did often vex, and brought him to great thrall.

By lucky lot, yet at the length, his eldest son he knew:

And, that he might his comfort be, sent for him in great haste.

Then, after this, the younger son his life doth lead anew.

Whereat together all the joy and banquet at the last.

I am now to request you all, that here be met in place.

That you would our beginning like in practice musical.

And speak the best, though it be done with rude and homely grace.

If faults we make, we will them mend when we're herein more usual.

Which, if ye do, while Phoebus shines above in azure skies,

[Or] while Dame Luna with her horns her monthly pagins plays,

[We] will not cease the trump of fame to blow in humble wise

[For] all you here—but now it's time, I must needs go my ways.

Exit.

Thomas Richards.

ACTUS PRIMIUS. SCENA PRIMA].

PHILOGONUS. E[UPELAS. CACURGUS.]

Phi. The unfeigned friendship and honest demeanour

Which I, in you, dear Eupelas, have always proved.

To render unto you some part of the tenor Of my mind, at this time especially hath moved:

Hoping thereby that somewhat I shall find By your godly counsel and loving exhortation, Whereof presently my pensive heart and mind May feel some comfort and consolation.

Good counsel, you know, to a mind with care oppressed.

Is like to wholesome medicine taken at need. Which helpeth the stomach evil humours to digest,

Lest thereof at any time some malady may breed.

Wherefore, I request you, O trusty friend Eupelas!

To minister to my grief such medicine as you may,

Promising the like to you, in like case, If at any time you need in any assay.

Eu. Right worthy Philogonus, my trusty fidelity

And friendly behaviour to you, from my youth, Hath not been so great as your courteous humanity

To me-ward hath ever deserved, of a truth! For your demerits hath always been such To pleasure me in anything that possibly you might.

That I can think no pain or labour too much To pleasure you again, by day or by night. And, would to God I knew that cordial confection,

Were it never so costly in Italy to be sold, Which would ease you of this dolorous affec-

You should have it, though the price were a talent of gold.

Otherwise, to give you good counsel and advice Is a hard thing to him which hath no such science:

'Tis the part, you know, of philosophers that be wise,

Which study for the same with great care and diligence.

Where, albeit how much my ability doth want, So much true amity the lack shall supply; My love is perfect, though my cunning be but scant:

Say on, therefore, I will answer accordingly. Phi. With condign thanks for your gentle oration,

Your modesty herein I do greatly commend; Refusing those titles whereof the probation, Even the denial itself, doth extend.

Wherefore, to be short, I will show you my grievan[ce],

And what is the drift and intent of my reason, Desiring you awhile to give heedy attenda[nce] as shall be meet to answer in

...... [man] hath in this mortal life
..... e the joys which in Christ we obtain
[C]onsisteth in true loving children and wife,
Which lovingly, at all times, together should
remain.

And so, by the contrary always doth arise—By discords I mean and dissension—in those Such pitious heartbreaks as none can devise, No pen can discrive, no tongue can disclose. I had one—I speak by experience too true—So faithful a mate, and so honest a spouse, The lack whereof often, poor wretch! I do rue, As not whole Laurentum a better can house. But her, cruel Death sith thence long hath slain.

And me of my true love the fates hath bereft; Who yet, for my comfort, with me to remain, A motherless infant of their courtesy left. Whom first, in his youth, I did fatherly tender, The more because her he did much represent; I cockered and dandled him a great while the

lenger,

Whereof, like a fool, too late I repent.

I could not suffer the cold wind to blow
Without happing and lapping my youngling too much;

What correction was, he never did know;
No man durst scarce this wag wanton touch.
An unwise man I was, for thus then I thought:
What needs he tutors or masters to have?
For larning and discipline he shall not care ought;

He shall learn to look big, stand stout, and go

What should I do with my lands and possessions?

I am able to keep him gentleman wise;
I esteem not grammar and these Latin lessons;
Let them study such which of meaner sort rise.
And, as for his conditions, I am sure they will
be

Both honest and gentle, as all his kin were; The like breeds the like (each man said to me); His nature to be good you need not to fear. With these fond persuasions I flattered myself, Nu[r]sling him with liberty, in youth, like a Till, in process of time, the malapert elf [daw; [Este]emed me not the value of a straw. And, the more he perceived I loved him,

And, the more he perceived I loved him, [then]

The less he regarded my wo[rds e]very day;
The gentler I used him, the mo[re he] began
Stubbornly to contemn me for all I could say.
And now, since he is grown to strippling
years,

He is waxed so stomachful, and haughty of

That neither God nor man, nor anything, he fears:

He sets me as light as a feather in the wind. A company of knaves he hath also on his hand Which leads him to all manner lewdness apace; With harlots and varlets and bauds he is manned:

To the gallows, I fear me, he is tradding the trace.

Eu. Alas, good Philogonus! it pitieth me

To see you, my dear friend, in this heavy plight;

Comfort yourself! I pray you, weep no more; The worst is, I warrant you, but a little fright. And consider, I beseech you, the comfortable words

Which Christ our Saviour hath left us in store; Who, all griping griefs, his testament records, Will mitigate in those which follow his lore.

And what though your son doth spend his

youthful days

In dullish delights and riotous excess? He will not continue in that trade always; In time he himself will his manners redress. He goeth far that never turns again, as folk

I could tell you of many that have gone as wide:

The best of us all, before God, goeth astray; And he that stand surest may fortune to slide. Wherefore, be not dismayed all outright, But comfort yourself, and hope still the best; Pluck up your heart, man! recover your might; To do for you what I can, I will not rest.

Phi. Lord! how my spirits by your talk are

appeased.

Nothing, I see well, to a friend may be counted:

My stomach is lightened, my mind is well eased,

All treasures true friendship, I perceive, far surmounted.

And if I might see that thing come to pass
Which you, as you would, have divined
e[rewhi]le,

No man, how much happier soever he was, Would sooner all pensiveness and cares qu[ite] exile.

. . . doubt that such deepness of rout

. . . . [and] idleness i[n his m]ind hath framed

. . . seldom or ne'er [they] will clean be plucked out;

[I fear] me, I fear [me], he will ne'er be reclaimed! Eu. And why should you so doubt? declare me the cause!

Is his years so far spent that no good can be done?

He will not (if you say) is no reasonable clause. I hope I persuade him, and that right soon.

Phi. Persuade him? (quoth you!) nay, if he

had the grace

By persuasion to amend his lewd behaviour, My persuasion, I trow, would have taken some place,

Which always I uttered with lenity and favour. Eu. With too-too much favour, I think, a great deal,

Which caused him so lightly you to esteem; But what though with favourable means I will feel

If yet I can make him the time to redeem?

Phi. Your saying is too true; but what if in fine

He neglecteth your words with contempt and disdain,

As oftentimes, heretofore, he hath done mine, When I would with gentle means have won him full fain?

Eu. It is not likely that he should upbraid A man which exhorts him to such a good thing:

If he should, perhaps I would make him afraid With conscience, and duty, and laws of the king.

Phi. This devise, Eupelas, I like best of all:

But use your discretion in every attempt. He is a sturdy merchant, stick not to brawl If he do misuse with any contempt.

Eu. But tell me, I pray you, what age is he
now?
Is he so headstrong that he cannot be tamed?
I warrant you we'll make him both bend and
bow;
We will, indeed, (fear not!) or we'll make him
ashamed.
Phi. An endless labour you then go about;
Can you bend a big tree which is sappy and
sound?
He is too old, I tell you, too stubborn and too
stout;
Take heed what you say, lest he lay you on
the ground!
Eu. A pin for his laying! care I for his
hands?
I'll hamper him, indeed, if he make much ado.
If I ware as you I would have him in hards.
If I were as you, I would have him in bands;
With your sufferance, you spoil yourself and
him too.
Phi. When you meet him, I pray you, do
as you think good;
[Your] policy, I know, is prudent and wise.
[thi]ng I will [tell] you: if he be in his
mood,
[He will not stick to swear and make many
cries].
[Eu.]
[Ph]ilogon[us]
Phi servant Liturg[us]
Who hat h oftentimes secretly
By whose means if myself had
I had eschewed these miseries I w
Eu. If you have tried his trustiness here .
Make much of such a one and spare

A. P. II.

L

A	good servant is worth great rich[es] .
	you lesse him you cannot tell
	Phi. I have another, a simple thing, God
	[wot!]
W	'ho, for his simplicity, a fool's coat [doth
•	wear,]
н	ad as lief have a counter as a querellous sot,
V	et sometimes he whispers a tale in m[y ear.]
	Eu. Children and fools, they say, canno
	l[ie],
Tf	he talks of your son clonsider
Ar	he talks of your son, c[onsider]
V	ou shall perceive somewhat [by]
	Phi. And sometimes also he makes me
	g[reat sport]
R	telling some tale, or singing some song.
	's ma]rvel that hither he doth not resort;
If	he knew I were here, he would not be long.
••	Ca. Founder! founder!
	Eu. Hark! is not this the silly soul that
	doth speak?
	Ca. What, vounder!
	Phi. It is even very he; hark! how the
	noddy doth creak.
	Ca. Where is my vounder?
	Eu. Alas, what mean you? give the fool his
	answer.
	Phi. What is the matter, Will Summer?
It	's marvel but you shall hear him tell a tale o
	his ganser.
	Ca. Vounder! you must come zupper, the
	pig is laid o' th' stable.
	Phi. Alas, poor fool! he means the pig is
	laid on table.
	Ca. Will you not? I will tell my vounder
	Phi. What aileth thee, Will [Summer]?

Ca. Dick Duckling and Will Wasp will not
give me my lowance.
Phi. Give it him, knaves! or I will make
you give it, with a vengea[nce]!
Ca. Chat now! Aliquis intus, the devil
choke him!
[Phi.] Come me, Will, come me.
[now]
[Some lines are lost here.]
[as] your man [ha]
[t]his night you shall [in d do] not
mock
[su]pper there your company [sp]ared.
[sujpper there your company [spjared.
my vounder to-night
ust needs at thy request
s your fare is but homely
the best.
Exeunt Eupelas et Philogonus.
Daving Dapolas of 1 mog miles
[A]CTUS PRIMUS. SCENA SECUNDA.
[CACURGUS.]
[Cacurgus] e
[Cacurgus] e
gone.
ble
[ee]
[d]ead.
I[f I ghi]ng as oft as I think
How [like a fool I p]ut out my head,
With bacon in my hand, and my bowl full of
drink.
Ha, Ha, Ha!
A couple of wice wireads I tell new total
A couple of wise wizards, I tell you; but wot
you what—
God's bodykins! methink we are all scase dry;

I have bepissed my hose, twenty pound to one groat!

I laugh at the old fools so heartily.

Ha, Ha, Ha!

You may perceive what I am, so much I do laugh:

A fool, you know, can keep no measure;
My master is Waltham, and I, Waltham's calf;
A fool in laughter putteth all his pleasure.
A fool! (quoth you) nay, he is no fool.
Did you not see what pity he did take?
He is able to set your doctors to school.
No small point of wisdom for me such gear to

make.

If you knew what delights he taketh in my presence

You would laugh, I dare say now, everyone. He talketh of me, I warrant you, in my absence:

Who but I to make him pastime, who cham his nown son?

And proudly, I tell you, to every incomer

He brags what a natural his luck was to have; What, ho! with his man's voice he calls for Will Summer!

[Wh]ere have you put him? bring him hither, you knave!

[And] when I am come, my properties he tells— [How sim]ple, how honest, how fáithful, and true:

[And sheweth] my points and many things else.

[Some more lines are missing.]
Persuading himself that I tell him all
What I can hear his servants to clatter
[Of Miso]gonus, his son, in kitchen or hall.

[A fool], he think[s], can neither lie nor flatter.
 I tell him that I hear a very good rumour;
 He is wild, but what though? he is not yet come to age:

I know that this tale will delight his humour. Hereafter, they say, he'll be sober and sage. And when I have done, I go show my young

master

What he suspecteth, and bid him beware;
For he is a ruffian, a spendall and waster,
He can do nothing but get strout and stare.
And so, by my policy, he taketh some heed;
And showeth not his madness to his father always,

Which otherwise will cause his part for to

bleed.

And make him his knavery abroad for to blaze. Think you not that I heard their whole communication?

Yes, I warrant you! I ha't every whit.

I have it even from the first salutation.

Well! I'll to my master and tell him of it.

But, before I go hence, I'll bestow some of my points;

Come off, with a vengeance! here is pretty

What, Will! what, Dick! be hanged, stir your joints!

What! will you none? take them then, boys!
As for my pins, I'll bestow them of Joan
When we sit by the fire and roast a crab;
She and I have good sport when we are all
alone:

By the mass! I may say to you, she is an honest drab.

Nothing grieves me but my ears be so long;

My master will take me for Balaam's ass. If I can, I'll tie them down with a thong; If not, I will tell him I am good king Midas.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA TERTIA.

INTRAT MISOGONUS. [CACURGUS.]

Mis. Body of God! stand back! what monster have we here?

An antique or a monk, a goblin or a fiend?

Some hobby horse, I think, or some tumbling

bear—

If thou canst, speak and declare me the kind. Ca. My young master, ho, ho, ho!

Mis. Passion of me! it is Robin Hood, I

think, verily!

I will let fly at him, if he speaks not forthwith; Speak, lubber, speak! or I'll kill thee presently. Nay then, have at thee! shalt ne'er die other death.

Ca. God's armentage! God's denty dear! Can my young master flourish so fine?

Mis. The devil take thee, and all thy fond gear;

A murrain light on that fool's face of thine!

Ca. What, pacify yourself, sir! or we'll have an ostler.

Your man's heart I know, and your cunning in . . .

[You] are a fencer and a very fine wrestler.

[The original is imperfect.]

[Mis.] If thou hadst not spoke when thou didst, as I am true gentleman,

Shouldst ne'er a gone fur, but even like a cow At my foot, out of hand thou shouldst have been [sla]in;

I would have been thy priest, I make God

a vow!

Ca. Sanke that, by my toes! for your sparing so long;

You are courageous, I [know]. But what care I? hark!

If you had struck, I would have kept the throng,

And there have been groping some maidens in

the dark.

Mis. Thou art as full of knavery as an egg is full of meat.

I believe thee, by the mass! but how gattest thou these ears?

Thou wert about some skoggingly feat; Tell me, I pray thee! shall nobody hear's.

Ca. Will you needs know? why then, lay your head to mine.

Mis. What, thou liest, villain! thou be his natural.

Fie of all folly! how blearest thou his eyne? Is my father to fools become so liberal? But did he think thou wert a fool indeed? He were never so foolish to think so of thee.

Ca. Yourself may judge that by my foolish

weed;

Both my cap and my coat he bestowed on me. Nay, I am become his councillor; I can tell you news:

Whatsoever he speaks, he gives me leave to hear:

My company at no time he will refuse.

I will tell you a jest if you will give good ear.

Mis. What's that? for love of God! tell me, good boy;

If it be for my wealth and for my advantage,

Thou shalt be my chaplain, I swear by St. Loy! Or, if thou canst be priested, I'll give thee a pars'nage.

Ca. I thank you; by my halidom! I were fit

for that office,

I could mumble my matins and my dirge with the best;

And if it were not for the impostume in my codpiece,

To lift at a chery I have a buming breast.

Mis. Tush! tell me the news thou talkest on of late

And thou be'st a good fellow; tell me with speed!

Ca. Your father was commoning with a yeoman, ane his mate,

Here in this place, as heavy as lead.

And wot you why the poor man were so sad? Forsooth! for his son that, he feared, was past grace.

O! (quoth he) it's a parlous unthrifty lad; Your gentlemanship utterly he did deface.

Fear not! saith the other, I will bring him to

[Yo]u are to blame; what! you his father;[If] you suffer him, he'll make you a stark foollorn.

[Let] him taste of the rod and ride bayard rather.

[An observation from Misogonus is lost here.]

Ca. Nay, stay a wh[ile, and] then show your manhood.

Your father was pleased, but he durst not so deal.

No, saith the other, you are then but a coward; If I was as you, my fist he should feel.

Mis. Gog's wounds!

Ca. Ye have not all yet: if this gentleman durst.

Your father inquired, to nurture him then. Dare I? (quoth he)—he is not so curst;

I'll hamper him, I warrant you, and all his men.

Mi. By his soul and sides! by his death and
his life!

I'll make the old churl repent his talk!

Hamper me! (quoth you)—where is my knife?
I'll stick him, by the mass! if this way he walk.

Ca. Your knife! fie for shame! you should say your dagger;

God's my arms! stick not to draw your sword.

Mi. (Will I?) I, that I will; a fart for the bragger!

[word.

He shall down if he give me but one buggish Ca. Now I can you thank—that is spoken like a man:

You to be brought of such a lout under!

Mi. I defy him, I, with all that he can!

Let my father take's part and I'll both of them conjure.

Ca. Well said, old lad! but stay your wisdom awhile.

It's here, in faith! I'll go play a pretty prank. I know the way how you may him revile,

And so use him that again he'll ne'er be so crank.

Mi. Ho, Cacurgus! I'll perform thee my promise;

Tell me the way and make thyself priest, And of my honesty thoust have my best benefit, And ever hereafter in my favour be highest.

Ca. Prepare yourself then, in a readiness,

out of hand.

Where be your sarving men? call the knaves out;

Here in this way together all stand.

At last they may help to face out the lout.

Mi. And what wilt thou do, wilt thou get thee hence,

Wilt thou forsake me when I have most need?

Ca. It's bedtime now, I will go to my wench:

Fare thou well for this time, God send thee good speed!

Mi. And thou wilt needs be gone? then farewell frost:

All thy mind, I perceive, is of Joan.

Ca. I did but jest, I'll to take up the roast And cause this gentleman to come out alone.

Exit Cacurgus.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA FOUR.

[MISOGONUS. ORGALUS. EUPELAS.]

Mi. What ho, Orgalus! what, Œnopholus, I say!

Where be these knaves? come out, with a vengeance!

[Come] forth, when I bid you; what, tarry you? [away]!

[Orgal. A]non I come, sir! stand by, [room, I s]ay!

I am, sir, come to know your weriship's pleasure.

I were busied with brushing your velvet

Mi. You'll come when you list, sir! oh, you're a treasure!

I know you of old, you are none of the hastlings.

[O]rgal. I'll do no more till next time, I

pray you forgive me;

I'll be ready hereafter to wait at your heels.

Mi. You can cap now, you were best cap,

I tell ye;

I may hang for you, thee let all go a-wheels.

Orgal. If hanging be the worst youst do well, I hope;

I have been hanged twenty times and catcht no

I care not for hanging, oh my mind like the rope;

Hanging's but a pastime so be it under your arm.

Mi. Now by me, truly, thou art a knave in grain.

But where's Œnophilus, your fellow, become?

Orgal. I think, he's at alehouse, a lickering on's brain:

I am sure, for this half hour, he has taken a room.

Mi. That desperate dick must I needs have; I am to fight a match.

An old cankered churl doth me challenge and dare.

Orgal. You are able yourself a dozen to despatch.

You're a man, by St. Samson, ery length of a spear.

Mi. But how if he bring with him buckler

and sword-

What fence shall I use my head for to save? Orgal. Your cunning is good, man, care not a turd:

You're able to canvas the dastardly knave. Mi. Thou wert wont to tell me pretty feats of war.

My venues to give and my vantage to take. Orgal. For your fencer, I warrant, you need not to care;

With your manly looks you will make him to quake.

Mi. Nay, but I pray thee, show me one cross caper,

And how I should ward my head and my heart: Were I not best, if need be, to draw out my rapier?

Tell me, by the mass! or I'll make thee to fart. Orgal. Cross caper, cross legs, I told you the fence:

Throw the knave down, and with him pluck a crow.

Mi. Thou wert wont to talk of crossing legs with a wench

And make her mine underling, mean you not 502

Orgal. You under stumble me well, sir, you have a good wit;

I must needs commend your good remembrance.

Mi. By th' same token thou taughtest me can you not hit it?-

But go, fetch me the fellow! lest I be in some cumbrance.

Orgal. To do your commandment, sir, I am ready:

But you need no more men, I am sure, for this dust.

M[i]. Go when I bid you, and come again speedy;

. . . your cock's comb, by my halidom! I'll

Exit [Orgalus].

[In original a leaf is missing.]

[Eu.] It's true, I see well, that Philog'nus said.

The gallows groans for this wag as just rope ripe;

Alas, good man! thou must needs be ill apaid; It's no marvel, though sorrows do greatly thee gripe.

But, methink I hear a ruffianly din,
I shall be mischief'd, verily, if here I do stay;
I'll tarry no longer but get myself in;
The bickerings a-breeding, I see, by my fay!

Clamitant intus servi

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA.

[MISOGONUS. ORGALUS. ENOPHILUS.]

Where is he? lay hold on him! knock down with him, I will have one joint someone's flesh.

Mi. See you not, by the mass! the knave's slipped away?

My knighthood is utterly stained for ever;

A thousand pounds I had rather have lost by this day;

Than this should have chanced, I'd have fought myself liefer.

Fie on you, beggars' brats! what a prey have we lost!

A shame take you, slaves! how have you me used!

Marry, sir! this Jack Prat will go boast

And say he hath cowed me: shall I thus be abused?

Orgal. I had rather have found forty pence myself, that I had!

If I take him right fort, I'll pay him o' th' petticoat.

Enoph. Is he gone? Gad's sides! this is too bad;

I'll give him his old fippens if it lie in my lot.

Mi. You valiant vagabonds! why tarried

you so long?

Allege a good cause, or I'll rape you o' th' rags.

Enoph. We could not, but we must have sustained great wrong

And shamed your worship with my beggarly jags.

Mi. Why, is not thy coat made of good Spanish cloth?

Will not this livery your carcase beseem?

Enoph. To tell you myself, I am somewhat loth;

I am so 'fraid that you'll fall in a feme.

Mi. Tell me then, Orgalus, as you fear my displeasure;

Nay, tell me indeed, without any laughter.

Œnoph. Good Orgalus, tell him, if thou hast so much leisure;

If thou need'st, I'll do as much for thee hereafter.

Orgal. I' th' morning to revive his spirits, I think,

And to breed some good blood to th' alehouse he went,

And there called in for a gallon of drink,
Meaning a shilling, perhaps, to have spent.
As he sat there awhile, a makeshift comes in,
Offering to be partaker in the shot;
To fill the cups, Enophilus fresh doth begin,
Whereas the cosener a farding had not.
As I came and found Enophilus o' th' ale-

bench.

[My master] sends for you (said I), you must

. . . . [one] word (quoth he) and then I'll go hence

What's the shot, hostess? he says, I'll begone. Ten groats and your welcome—he looked for his purse:

This cosener had filched it and left him alone
To pay for the reckoning, and that worse.
With that when he saw how the case with him
stood.

He requested his hostess to trust him a week.

Not I, sir! (quoth she) I'll none of that, by
th' rood!

So may, perhaps, my money go seek.

There's no remedy, says he, I myself am beguiled:

This pickpurse hath gotten my money and is fled.

She said nothing, but snatched away, with a wild.

His best livery coat, and in coffer it laid.

For his manner is, when he waxeth over warm,
To cast off his coat and take some cold air;
Sometimes, perhaps, he lays't under's arm
After one ginger bowl, and seldom doth it
wear.

When I saw how unluckily this matter fell out, And the charge that you gave to bring him in haste,

I was fain to go try my friends all about; And so, by this chance, the time I did waste. For truly, if he had come in his doublet and hose.

He would have made everyone your mastership to scorn;

That old churl, I am sure, would have bored you through nose:

This truss in all parts were so foully torn.

Misog. Thou disardly drunkard! thou besilling beast!

I'll bum fiddle thee, in faith! I'll swaddle your skin!

Must you be with your cheery bowls making a feast,

When on me you should tend? will you never in?

Enoph. O mine arms! O my sides! you'll . kill me, by th' mass!

Alas, alas, alas! I pray you, strike not so sore! O my bones! O my ribs! a body and alas! If you'll spare me this time, I'll never do more.

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA 2.

[MISOGONUS, CACURGUS, ENOPHILUS.] Intrat Cacurgus.

Cac. God's sockings! hold your hands,

stay, i' th' queen's name!

I'll be his surety; what, spare him this once! Have a knave betwixt you; then fie, stay for shame!

God's body! what, will you lay me o' th'

bones?

Misog. Nay, thou art well served for taking his part.

Dost thou drink all thy thrift, thou swibbold

swad.

Cac. You ha't me o' th' costard, I beshrew vour heart!

You begin to be as cursed as e'er was your dad. Enoph. I deserved mine, and more too, I confess willingly:

You strike, I am sure, but of courage and

might.

[I] hope to see you past the nine worthies, verily!

[I] ween you, within this year, you shall be dubb'd a knight. Misog. Ah, sirrah! you begin to know your

duty now:

I must needs love thee, i' faith! th' art as good as e'er twang'd.

Œnoph. I thank you that you spared my brains and my brow;

If I can help, sure, the old carle shall be hanged.

Cac. What, did you not feak him? fie, that's

a shame!

.

You promised me that you would, when I sent him out.

Enoph. Cacurgus, I must needs confess myself was to blame;

But let me alone, I'll come meet with the lout.

Misog. Well said, i' faith! but tell me, my
men:

How shall we spend this whole afternoon? *Œnoph.* Marry, sir! I had thought to have told you eren then:

I can help you to hunting of two-legged venison.

Misog. What! canst thou, my son? marry! thou art worth twenty.

Orgal. If thou canst, Œnophilus, tell my master in haste.

Enoph. I'll bring ye to a morsel that is tender and dainty;

She's not so much as my span in her waist.

Cac. By the mass! I know her, she is a good smugly lass;

She a hundred times better than any schemish rig.

Misog. Give me thy hand, thoust have a house and bring this to pass;

I would ask no more of her but one Scottish jig.

Enoph. But one I'll promise ye the getting of a bastard:

Yest have one night at least and more if I can. Cac. If ye be shamefast, she'll count you but a dastard;

You must stick to her and stand to it like a man.

Orgal. She's a smurking wench indeed, I know her of old;

A. P. II.

But when did she make thee this promise, tell us?

Œnoph. And you knew her, you would say so: she's dapper and bold—

Right now, man! in the way as I went to the alehouse.

Misog. What said she, Œnophilus? if thou lov'st me, tell true;

Let me hear her own words as thou wouldest have me do for thee.

Enoph. Come thou, or thy friend, at any time due;

Or thy friend's friend, said she; I think, she did dore me.

Misog. God's fish! let's begone, methink now I have her;

Till I see her, Œnophilus, I shall think the time long.

Cac. What, soft you, Sir! you may yet say:
God save her!

Before I go hence, I must needs have a song.

Misog. A song with a horse-nightcap sing they at list;

Till I see my trull, I'll neither sing nor say.

Cac. Alas, good man! he must needs now
be kissed!

What, I pray you, for my sake a little yet stay. *Œnoph*. Let's ha't then quickly, Cacurgus, or I'll be gone too.

And let's have such a one that will stie up delight.

Misog. Go to! I am content; then sing one and no mo:

Begin you, Cacurgus, and take your tune right. Cac. Fa, fa, fa, sol, sol, sol—cods! that's too low:

La, la, la, me, me, re—by th' mass! that's as high.

Misog. Take heed, Sir! you go not too low for the crow.

Cac. And take heed, Sir! you go not too high for the pie.

Orgal. None of hus, to tell the truth, can sing well mean;

Too high, or too low, we sing everyone.

Cac. Well then, because you take me for your dean,

I'll appoint the parts myself, by St. John!
You shall sing the fr.e..de; I mean—you know what:

And thoust bear the base because thou art rusty;

The counterfeit tenor is yours by your lot; Myself will sing the treble and that very trusty.

A Song to the tune of Heart's Ease.

Sing care away, with sport and play, Pastime is all our pleasure; If well we fare, for nought we care, In mirth consist our treasure.

Let sungir lurk and drugs work,
We do defy their slavery;
He is but a fool that goes to school,
All we delight in knavery.

What doth avail, far hence to sail
And lead our life in toiling;
Or, to what end, should we here spend
Our days in irksome moiling?

It is the best to live at rest,
And tak't as God doth send it;
To haunt each wake, and mirth to make,
And with good fellows spend it.

Nothing is worse than a full purse, To niggards and to pinchers; They always spare and live in care, There's no man loves such flinchers.

The merry man, with cup and can, Lives longer than doth twenty; The miser's wealth doth hurt his health, Examples we have plenty.

'T's a beastly thing to lie musing, With pensiveness and sorrow; For who can tell that he shall well Live here until the morrow?

We will, therefore, for evermore,
While this our life is lasting,
[Eat], drink and sleep and lemans keep;
[Its] popery to use fasting.

In cards and dice our comfort lies,
In sporting and in dancing,
Our minds to please and live at ease
And sometime to use prancing.

With Bess and Nell we love to dwell In kissing and in haking; But whoopho, holly! with trolly lolly! To them we'll now be walking.

Cac. God's breadlings! are the knaves gone, and left me behind them?
I would they were up to the neck i' th' brook, all three.

I may look long enough or ere I shall find them-

So God help me, my master! do you think?—
he did not hear me.

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA TERTIA.

[PHILOGONUS. LITURGUS. CACURGUS.]

Intrat Philogonus e[t Liturgus].

Philog. Is it true, Liturgus, that you told me of my son?

Liturg. It's too true, I fear me, I heard a great noise.

Philog. Alas, ah, ah! God's will! then I am utterly undone.

Art thou sure thou heard'st my friend Eupelas' voice?

Liturg. I am sure he met with your son in the way,

And advertised him to do his duty to you;

After that, I am sure, there was here fought a fray,

And one, as had been sticked, did cry out and low.

Cac. Ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! I must needs laugh in my sleeve—

The wise men of Gotham are risen again! Peter Poppum doth make his master believe That Misogonus, his son, hath Eupelas slain!

Philog. Woe worth the time that ever I begat him!

Such a one, I think, was never yet bred.

Liturg. He did but cudgel him a little, and rate him:

The worst, I hope, is but a broken head!

Cac. I would it were broken, and thine too, by my troth!

Thou may'st chance have thine, if thou takest

not good heed.

How the pickthank doth make the old man wroth,

When, as yet, God wot! he hath little need.

Philog. Was ever man so accursed and unhappy as I?

But one son i' th' whole world, and so graceless to be!

How he should 'scape hanging I can no ways

Or from utter damnation how he should be free. Alas, good friend Eupelas! art thou also beaten?

My heart is sick; truly, I shall never live long. Cac. Die when thou wilt! we'll have an ox eaten;

The sooner the better; thoust do us less wrong. Philog. What heart of flint could abide this mishaps?

[No]t one in all Europe, I thinks, in my case. Cac. Nay soft! thoust have yet some more thunder claps:

I'll make him defy thee, even face to face.

Philog. There's no man, I am sure, that loves his son better,

Or that would fainer bring him to honest living.

A thousand pound gladly I would wish myself debtor,

If yet at the length he would turn to some thriving.

Liturg. Why, Sir! he hath not yet sown all his wild oats;

He is but young, truly; he must needs run his race.

Cac. He'll shortly make thee sing the cuckold's notes;

Thy wife loves him well: in space cometh grace.

Philog. Ah, Liturgus! remembers thou what Thou wert wont to tell me, when he was but young?

Liturg. My word is no gospel; for all that,
I think not

But he will return to virtue or long.

Philog. I pray God, he may! but I am quite out of hope.

What company useth he? tell me in faith!

Liturg. Such company as, indeed, will bring him to th' rope,

If he leave them not: the Scripture so saith.

Cac. The Scripture, you Jack Sauce! a scrip and a staff

Were more meter for such a clumpstone as thou art.

Talk thou of rubbing horses, and of such riffraff;

The sooterly thickskin came but last year from th' part.

Philog. Well, there is no remedy, he'll be my death, I know;

I may suffer awhile, but I cannot long endure.

Liturg. God's above all; though you think
him past ho,

He may yet reduce him: thereof be you sure. Philog. Oh that I had provided him tutors in my youth,

Oh that in virtue I had him first trained!

Education is the best thing that can be, of a truth:

Good Lord! what heart's ease thereby had I gained.

If it were to do again, I know what to do:

I would disciple him, i' faith! I would tute him a good;

He should lack for no masters and governors too;

He should have whipping enough; be sure that he should!

Cac. A cursed cow hath short horns; what, down great heart!

Be good in your office—would you whip him indeed?

He should find some friend that would take his part!

For your whipping, I warrant you, you should have small meed.

Philog. He that spareth the rod hates the child, as Solomon writes.

Whereby, in sparing him, now I perceive I hated him much; for with hate he requites My love, though awhile he did not deceive.

[Yet] I marvel with him how Eupelas hath sped—

[I would] fain know, Liturgus, I pray thee inquire.

[By his talk] he seems rather to be dead [therefore fulfil my desire]

Liturg. I warrant you, I, he is neither wounded nor slain;

Had a little girmumble, I think, and no more.

Cac. Ha ha! now will I go play Will

Summer again,

And seem as very a goose as I was before—

Musch a douch you, vounder.

Philog. The fool thinks, truly, I am still at supper—

What, Will Summer! from whence com'st

thou?

Cac. Cha been so far that cham sore in my crupper;

Cha been saddling my gofe cuckold's cow.

Philog. A wise reason, God help me! that the noddy brings out.

But tell me: didst thou see thy young master

alate?

Cac. He was here right now, and with Jack 'Nophilus fought;

Cham may say to you, vounder, there were a great bait.

Philog. Nay, thou art deceived, it were

Eupelas thy cousin;

Was't not he that I called to supper at night? Cac. Vye vye, no can know him from a dozen;

'Twere he that before put my master to flight.

Philog. Art thou sure of that, Will?

marry! that's good news;

Did he put thy master to flight, canst thou tell? Cac. O't's a grim whoreson, vounder! he made him to muse,

And put him quite to silence: he looked so fell. Philog. The fool's words doth my heart yet somewhat relieve;

But I pray thee, Will, whither is thy master now gone?

Cac. And you'll give me some dingdongs to hang at my sleeve,

I'll tell you, by my troth! both whither and when.

Philog. Marry! that thou shalt, or I'll pull them from my hose;

Hold thee, and tell me true too, and thoust be my lurding.

Cac. Aha! this a trim one, indeed—has a

golden nose;

I'll tell ye vort, a went in right now a-birding.

Philog. A-birding! like enough, I think, to catch a bunting!

Had he any dogs with him or no, knowst thou

well?

Cac. I am sure, I, he is gone a very whore-hunting;

Had a brace of hounds with him that were good o' th' smell.

Philog. But how should I know when he comes again home;

Wilt thou here remain and then bring me word?

Cac. I can tell that, though I be but a mome;

But cham not fothered for all night—had nothing at board.

Philog. What, welcome, Liturgus! thou hast well hid;

How doth my friend Eupelas? is he well and in health?

Liturg. He is well, sir, but at home awhile he'll abide;

Anon he'll come see you, though it be by stealth.

Philog. We'll go home i' th' mean space then and rest us both twain;

To watch for thy master thoust tarry here still. Cac. By my father's soul! I had rather go and come again;

Cham a-hungered, by my veckings! chill have my zoul, that I will.

Exeunt omnes.

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA QUARTA. Interloquitores:

MISOGONUS. EUPELAS. [CACURGUS.] ŒNO-PHILUS. [ORGALUS.] MELISSA MERITRIX.

Misog. Come on, my sweetheart! how fare you? be merry!

What stands your mind to? speak and we'll get it.

Ah! my heart of gold, as sweet as a cherry, What is't you fancy? speak, one shall go fet it.

Melissa. There is nothing, my true love, that I can desire;

I have enough only when you I embrace.

Orgal. God's populorum! she hath set him on fire;

In her love ticks the quene has a passing good grace.

Misog. Tell me, fair lady! will you range in the field.

Will you hear the birds sing and smell the sweet flower?

Melissa. I know the delights that the meadows can yield;

I had rather, and it please you, stay here in this bower.

Misog. What then, my heart root! will you drink some more wine?

Enophilus, go fetch me here a whole hogshead.

Œnoph. You shall have in haste of the best muscadine:

Orgalus, that will be good to supple my cod's head.

Melissa. It's needless (my nown), I pray you, send him not;

I have drunk so much that my belly e'en groans.

Misog. What will you then have? some-

thing shall be got

That will please you-will you have a cast at the bones?

Melissa. And you will, my darling! I am therewith content:

I played not, believe me, this many a day. Misog. Hear ye, my youths! get me dice

incontinent:

At what game, fair maiden, do you most love to play?

Melissa. I care not at what so you have a small stake.

Money, I tell you, with me now and then draweth low.

Misog. Money, woman! there's money. play that for my sake!

If you lack any money, look that I know.

Orgal. There's neither of us two hath a die more or less:

We were never in our lives, I am sure, worse stored.

Misog. God's body! get me dice, or I shall you bless:

If I have them not quickly, I'll swaddle you with a cord.

Orgal. A man may go all this town round about

And find not a die, I think, of my conscience!

Misog. Pack you, ye villain! or I'll slit
you through snout;

And do your deed quickly without any dalli-

ance.

Melissa. It were good also (my joy!), if some mate he could get

That would bear us company, and make us some sport.

Orgal. So I might perhaps through all

the streets jet

And, losing my labour, soil myself in the dust.

Misog. [Go when] I bid thee, and get thee
some one

[Or from my] service I'il turn thee like a beg[garly Jack].

Enoph. Hark, a word, Orgalus! what

sayest thou to Sir John?

Neither cards nor dice, I am sure, he doth lack.

Misog. What should I do with the priest,
thou buzzardly beast?

I'll have some younker, and there be any i' th'

town.

Orgal. How doth he differ, I pray you, from the rest?

He's no more a priest than you are, and he were out of his gown.

Enoph. Disdain you Sir John? as good as you will have his company,

As the fellowliest priest that is in this shire; To all the lusty guts he is known for his

To all the lusty guts he is known for his honesty;

Has not one drop of priest's blood in him, mythink I durst swear. Melissa. Of all loves, I pray, let your man fetch him hither;

I have heard a good report of him, and it be he that I mean.

Misog. Ey, go for him, sirrah! and come again together;

If he be such a one, I would speak with him fain.

Enoph. I am acquainted with him, sir; and you please, I'll go call him;

Both at cards and dice I know him to be skilful:

SKIIIUI;

He'll not stick to dance, if company befall him; In game, with a gentleman, he'll never be wilful.

Orgal. He, Sir! I am sure he is not without a dozen pair of dice,

I durst jeopard, he's now at cards or at tables.

A Bible? nay, soft you! he'll yet be more wise;

I tell you, he is none of this new start-up rabbles.

There's no honest pastime but he puts it in sure;

Not one game comes up but he has it by th' back;

Every wench i' th' town's acquainted with his lure:

It's pity (so God help me!) that ever he should lack.

Melissa. I shall think the time long till I see him come in:

I was beholden to him, I remember—when't was?

Misog. Though the drumbledary be long, at length he'll him bring;

I am sure, my bonny wench! he'll take no nays.

Intrat Cacurg[us.]

Cac. Gad's body! so soon have you found out your minion?

Is this my mistress that shall be? now Saint Cuckold bless you!

This is a smirking wench indeed, this a fair Maid Marion;

She's none of these coy dames, she's as good as Brown Bessie.

Orgal. I befool your heart, sirrah! you're too full of your prate;

Her name's dame Melissa, my master's own spouse.

Cac. Pardon, good madam! will ye have a nutmeg to grate?

A mincing lass, a honeysweet blowse!

Misog. How lik'st thou her, Cacurgus, is she not like a diamond in thy eye?

Is she not a sparking one, dost thou not think her an angel?

Cac. Would you give me leave to get a-near on her, I would do it by [and by];

I would do it with a triss, I swear by the vangel.

Misog. Out, arrant whoremaster! would'st thou meddle with my woman?

What, your nown mistress, your master's nown wife!

Cac. I cry me mercy, Sir! I had thought she had been your [leman].

I pray God send you many and a lovely long liffel.

[Melissa.] What, (my crout!) let him alone! this is your [jester].

[It] doth me good to hear some on 's merry [conceits].

Misog. I' faith, (my coney!) you may know

that by his vesture:

The knave's full of bitchery, has a budgetfull of cheits.

Intrat Enophilus.

Enoph. I've been for you[r] man o' th' church, and wot you where I had him?

I' th' alehouse at whipperginny, as close as a burr.

Misog. And why broughtest him not with thee?

Œnoph. I warrant you, I bade him,

And had plead but thy tricks; he'll come around as a purr.

Orgal. Did I not tell you? I would he were unpriested, by Jis!

There's too few such as he is, he would make you a fine man.

He'll not bash to grope a trull, to smack and to kiss.

We have danced and carded a whole week and ne'er blan.

Melissa. Good Lord, how it grieveth me that so long he doth linger!

Till he come, I shall think ery minute seven year.

Enoph. He hath come twenty times at the becking of my finger;

With a whoop I'll have him now, by and by, here.

What ho! Sir John, Sir John!

Sir J. Here, hostess! here, hostess! I come quater.

Enoph. Come on, Sir John! you have been in some forfeit:

My mistress sends in haste, your pace you must mend.

Sir I. I was so fast in that, I could not thence get;

But where is the gentlewoman that for me did send?

Orgal. Here! [To Misogonus.] I have brought him at your worship's request.

And this be not a right man, yourself be judge. Misog. Welcome, Sir John! now sure, he's a beaking priest;

It's pity, by my Christendom! thou should'st

be such a drudge.

Sir I. If your worship lack a gamester, and a gamester very fair,

For a pound or two I'll keep you company, by day or by night.

At cards, dice, or tables, or anything-I will not spare:

To keep a gentleman compa[ny] I do greatly

delight. Melissa. Now surely, my cockerel! this was good luck

That so honest a copesmate were fetched us to-day.

Cac. What, Master Ficker! I must needs challenge this book;

There's no remedy, I'll have it and my lesson go say.

Orgal. Bestow them on him, Sir John! it's a good merrygreek.

These books by profession of right he must

Cac. I'll find out my lesson or I'll over all A. P. II.

Oh! here I ha't now; here's k, for a knave.

Melissa. What game, master parson! do you now most acquaint?

Let's have some fine game, that game latest up. Sir J. I have many good games, madame! as ruff, maw, and saint;

Or-God-a-mercy, goodfellow! when about

goes the cup?

Melissa. Nay, but I'd rather at the dice have a cast;

Have you any dice? let us see, master Ficker!

Sir J. Dice I have plenty, you shall see them in haste;

Here's even my study, if I hit of good liquor.

Misog. What games can you play at? let's

have those you use weekly.

We trifle the time; let us stick to our tackling.

[Sir J.] [To tick]tack, mumchance, or novum come quickly

... ing anything anything it's my daily

[fackling].

Cac. Nuncle, good uncle, draw a card and thou lovest me;

Draw what thou wilt for a penny, it's thy brother.

Sir J. What, I believe for my cunning thou provest me;

My gown to thine it will fall out another!

Cac. Done, Sir John! twenty pound! I have won the priest's gown;

Look here, my masters! do you not know him by his shanks?

Enoph. God's cheking! the priest's sland,

I'd rather 'a' lost a crown;

The fool has beguiled him with his knavish pranks.

Misog. Come, let us make the match to novum, we five:

Prepare yourselves everyone in even battle row. Cac. On then, a God's name! as many as will thrive:

I pray you, give the priest leave to have the first throw.

Sir J. Set then, my masters; a good luck!
I begin;

Rise winnings luckily, seven is my cast.

Orgal. By the mass! I see well the priest is like to win;

Soft, friend! give me the dice, your turn is past.

Melissa. Halve stake between you and me, this time, Mr. Vicar;

At all this, Orgalus, now happily rise!

Misog. Throw, and thou wilt throw; why throw'st thou no thicker?

Throw, dreaming disard, or else give me the dice.

Enoph. God's sacring! I have lost a noble at two sets;

Why, dice no luck; to-night will all be gone.

Orgal. By the mass, master! I think the vicar will beat's:

Forty shillings, I am sure, at least he hath won.

Misog. How now, mine own blossom! how like you this sport?

Doth not rejoice you such pastime to use?

Melissa. They can have no better, I am sure, of the court; [stews.

I had rather be your wife than one of the Sir J. Now, Marcus Mercurius! help thy master at a pinch;

It's mine and were there forty pounds at the stake.

Enoph. The priest's hand's i' th' mustardpot; the knave, throw at an inch,

Has some dice of vantage, mine oath I durst take.

Orgal. What, luck! wilt thou never turn? why, bones! what mean ye?

I thought 'twould come at length; mass! this was well drawn.

Sir J. Set lustily, my boykins! or else I will stain ye.

By the motherkin a God! that was knavishly thrown.

Melissa. God have mercy for that good dice, yet that came i' th' nick;

One good stake in an hour is worth a many dribblings!

Sir J. What, faint ye, my children? fie, that's a coward's trick!

Let me have round game, I'll none of these nibblings!

Cac. Who wins now? my masters! who pays here to th" bo[xe?]

What, is the priest's hand i' th' honey pot yet?

[Orgal.] Thoust get nothing here unless it be knocks,

Except at this time I can have a good hit.

[Misog.] How now, vicar! ha! how goeth the world on your side?

What, doth Dame Fortune begin now to frown?

Sir J. A pox consume it! It will now all slide,

At every cast I lose a noble or a crown.

Enoph. Priest! down with that ruddock or I'll give over;

I'll not throw a' th' bare board set and thout play.

Sir J. By God, and all the world! I shall never this recover:

There 'tis be lucky yet, it's gone without stay.

Orgal. Nay, I'll none of that, friend! you play not now with boys;

Ery little wagpasty could say: Nought stake,

nought draw.

Enoph. Tut, priest! bring't out! thou hast it! we'll none of these toys.

We are no such sucklings to take lubbun

Sir J. By the body of our Lord Jesus Christ! they're all hab or nabs;

Either now come, or the devil and his dame go with all.

Orgal. Is't my turn? be true to your master then, my babes!

O lively luck! I have won a whole royal.

Melissa. By St. Mary, I beshrew you! your play is too sore;

Your men have a quarrel against me and the priest.

Misog. Thest go like a couple of knaves, I promise them, therefore;

But let them do their worst, thoust not lack, by God's blest!

Sir J. God's sides! will you not trust me? there's my gown for a pledge;

I'll not leave, by th' five wounds! while I am worth a grey groat.

What's his gown gone too? then he may go hang o' th' hedge;

Has the merchant a shilling so soon to ninepence brought?

Misog. Care not, man! I'll be thy surety

theyst do thee no wrong.

Orgalus! play fair; you are but a jangler!

Cac. By St. Sunday! methinks I hear the saunce bell go ding-dong;

Oh Sir John! by th' matins! you must out for

wrangler.

Sir J. I'll play still, come out what will, I'll never give over i' th' lurch;

Let them ring till their arses ache; I know the worst.

worst.

Enoph. Away, priest! by this time they are all come to th' church:

For shame! get thee hence, priest! thout be bonably cursed.

Misog. God's body! is a right man, indeed; priest, keep thy farm!

Is worth you all, by th' mass; now I see he's no starter.

There's money, stick to't; I warrant, thoust have no harm.

If thou mades't a' th' ordinary I'll get thee a

Sir J. By God! I thank you, Sir; my parishioners, I am sure, be content

To miss service one night, so they know I am well occupied.

Cac. It's no matter, parson! so they come of a good intent,

I am sure they care not how little they be noddified.

Sir J. Ha, then, for all Christian souls, a man or a mouse!

Ist win all at this cast, I durst lay my benefice.

[Orgal.] The priest now again's as busy as a body louse;

I'll keep my money while I ha't; I pray he go to service.

Clerk. Dice hic, dice hic!

Is Sir John here at dice, can any man tell? My gaffers be all come a pretty while since.

What, Sir John! did you not hear when I fiddled the bell?

They're all come i' good faith, I pray you go hence.

Melissa. My boy! tell them he is now busy with his friend;

He would come full fain, thou may'st see, if he might.

Sir J. Pray thee, say so, Jack; hold thee! there's somewhat to spend;

And they'll needs ha't, theyst have a couple the next Sunday night.

Misog. Th'art but a fool, priest! to be so obedient;

I would make my clerk serve this once and I was as thee.

Sir J. You say well, sir! as long as 'tis not the holy time of Lent; [for me.

An' thou wilt say, Jack, or theyst have none *Melissa*. Tell him what he should say then, and let him be packing;

The fellow would do it as well as thou, I warrant him, for a need.

Sir J. Faith, Jack! it's no matter, an' all thy lessons be lacking;

Say a Magnificat, Nunc dimittis, and even end with the Creed.

Orgal. What! shall he leave out the Psalms and his Pater Noster?

What good will the Creed do without those and his Ave?

Cac. If they'll ask where Sir John is: we're all here one a-cluster:

Five knaves besides my master and my mistress. God save ye!

Clerk. I'll patter't as well as I can: but if you knew who were there.

You'd leave th' dice with all your heart for one wanton look.

Sir 1. Is Susan Sweetlips come? mass Jack! I'll go see'r-

Pray you, sir, give me leave but even go to turn him my book.

Enoph. Now St. Thais bless ye! would'st thou go to the trull?

Why, man! here's woman's flesh, and that be the worst.

Sir I. I have diced so long now, that my senses be even dull:

Gad! when I came hither, I think, I was cursed.

Melissa. Get you hence, Jack! and thyself do the best:

Care not for thy money, man! and thou lovest me, tarry still!

Cac. By tetragramaton, and the black sanctus! I do the rest.

If thou goest a-foot, sore thy brains I will spill.

Melissa. Let us exercise some new pastime now, this is stale;

The priest and I am weary; we'll no more of this trash.

Misog. Content, my minikin! choose what you will; at no game I will fail.

What say you to dancing, shall we dance a little crash?

Melissa. There's none better (my dear!), come, dare you lead me a dance?

Lead you me first, and I hope the vicar will be next.

Sir J. By St. Patrick, damsel! for your sake I'll out, vance!

It's good to fetch a frisk once a day, I find it in my text.

Misog. Trifle not the time then; say, what shall we have?

What country dances do you now here daily frequent?

Cac. The vicar of St. Fool's, I am sure, he would brave:

To that dance of all other I see he is bent.

Sir J. Faith, no! I had rather have Shaking o' th' sheets, or Sund . . .

Or Catching of quails or what, fair Meliss[a]...
[Melissa.] . . . fool I see by him is given
[wholly to scorn] . . .

[Orgal.] Priest! keep your sink-a-pace and foot it o' th' best sort;

Now close, quod currier; come aloft, Jack, with a whim-wham!

Enoph. O lively with hie, child, and turn thee; ah, this is good sport!

How is't, priest? here's for thy larning a chimcham.

Sir J. How fare you, Melissa? what, methinks you wax weary;

Will you not pause awhile? alas! too sore you do trace.

Melissa. I'm well, I thank you, Sir John; how do you, are you merry?

Of all the priests that e'er I knew he treads the best pace.

Misog. Ah! mine own henbird, I must needs lay thee o' th' lips.

Well vaunted, by th' mass, priest! that's worth a whoop.

Orgal. By th' marry God! how lustily the lubber now skips!

God's precious! the scab with my mistress doth tupe.

Cac. This a close carver, by th' mass! he's a right cock o' th' kind;

The knave's fleshed, you may see, he bites like a cur.

A man might rack hell and scarce such a crew find.

How the stoned priest doth keep with you gossip a-stir!

Who'll laugh now, my masters? and you will, I'll make you laugh;

I'll serve them, a trust, as coltish as they are. I can anger them all and but turn to a scoff. Yest see a hurricamp straightway, I'll set all at a jar.

By promise, as you know, the old Jochum I should certify

When his son from birding home did retire;
I'll go tell him now; the deed itself my words
will verify.

If I make you no good sport, say I'm a liar.

Exit Cacurgus. Intrant Philogonus,

Eupelas et Liturgus.

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA QUINTA.

[Philogonus. Eupelas. Liturgus. Misogonus. Sir John. Œnophilus. Orgalus. Melissa.]

Philog. O, merciful Lord God! what a company is here met,

What a rabblement of rascals and rakehells have we here!

Why, son, these pernicious practises wilt thou never forget?

Alas, Misogonus! wilt thou never leave this gear?

Misog. What, do you fall in your fusting fumes at the first?

Not the worst of us, but for our honesty, with yourself will compare.

Eupelas. Why, Misogonus! into such lewd languish dare you burst?

What! not your father a little can you spare?

Misog. What! are you his spokesman?

meddle you with your old shows!

And he were my father ten times heist have as good as a bring.

Philog. Stay a while, Eupelas; I know our labour we shall lose;

But yet I'll tell the unthrift of his detestable dealing.

Callsta this honest company? or is this an honest sport,

To be revelling and boozing after such a lewd fashion?

I think hell break loose when thou gatt'st thee this port.

Four such thou couldst scarce find in a whole nation.

Melissa. Why, father! what dishonesty can you lay to our charge?

[The|re's none of us wood, you should know, neither thieves no r ho]

[Philog.] . . . her'st thou me, strumpet?

I, speak'st thou so large?

[Out] of my] sight, quean! or I'll cart thee, by God's [bones!]

[Enoph.] Take heed what you say, master! she comes of a good parentage;

Misuse her not, I tell you; she's of worshipful blood.

What! come you in with your Liturg. seven eggs, if I catch you o' th' vantage?

Hold your peace when ye're well, friend! or else ve were as good.

Sir 1. What if this gentlewoman and your son I have married,

May they not then come together without any offence?

Philog. I'd rather thou wert hanged, thief! and he to his grave carried

Than to marry him (varlet!) without my license.

Eupelas. Hast thou married him, priest? then unknit me this knot-

Darest thou keep company with another man's wife?

Thou abhominable sodomite! thou execrable sot!

So God shall judge me, peel'd Jack, it's pity of thy life!

Sir J. Why not, Sir, as long as he himself is in place?

Whatsoever I do proceeds of pure love.

I do but what I should do: that's a clear case;

To love all, and hate none, it doth prelates behove.

Eupelas. Dost thou but what thou should'st do, thou idolatrous beast;

Should'st thou be the ringleader in dancing this while?

A good minister would be at church now, attending on God's hest.

Of all wretches that ever I knew thou art most vile.

Misog. Art thou so cocked again? what hast thou to do to speak?

The priest shall live beside thee: prate till thy belly ache!

Philog. Saucy boy! dost thou think to put us to wreak?

If thou dost not amend this, a drudge I'll thee make.

Misog. Do your best and your worst, I care not a pin for you, I;

I'll keep both her and the rest, in maugre your beard!

Eupelas. Now, of truth, it's marvel the house fall not down suddenly:

He speaks so outrageously, he makes me afraid.

Philog. Keep them? keep hogs! thief! I'll cut thee full short:

Thoust never enjoy one jot of my land.

Misog. With your great words, I tell you, do you greatly me hurt.

When you're dead, let me see who dare me withstand.

Philog. I'll gi't away, for God['s] sake, rather to them that have need.

When thou shalt then whistle and be glad go to th' cart.

Misog. For God['s] sake? marry! so might you do a good deed!

Gi't who you will gi't: I'll ha't spite of your heart.

Melissa. Care not for him, husband, he speaks but in dotage;

He may say what he will, he can do you no harm.

Philog. O Christ! how the drivel doth answer me in mockage!

A cuckstool! (son!) thoust be made thy tongue for to charm.

Misog. Hold your hands! you were best and let her alone;

We're able to make you and your two men to faint.

[Enoph.] God's cruse! both we, yourself, and trusty Sir John—

We four could anger him an' he were a very saint.

[Eupelas.] A man were as good met a shebear in the wood [s]

[With] her whelps at her heels now roaring for [hunger]

.... [stir]red up with such a [furious mood...]

Philog. In thy youth thou never hadst such hellhounds at thy back;

Th'adst other manner of fellows, son, in thy young days.

Sir I. That was but because discretion he -did lack.

It's not best for one, sir, any of us to dispraise.

Liturg. There's no mischief, as they say commonly, but a priest at one end:

It were thy part to admonish him his father to obey.

Sir 1. Whensoever I meet you, sir, look your head that you fend!

A fart for you all! come, Melissa, I'll away! Melissa. I pray you, Philogonus, no longer

contend:

You have given them a thread which they'll never untwist.

Misog. It's but a folly indeed, wench, more words to spend;

Let him say what he will, I'll do what I list.

Come then, let's be gone, I'll never strive with him more:

His lands are mine, as sure as a club knave! let the world wag!

Œnoph. We'll follow to Michol; on afore! on afore!

I'll quaff perhaps first, though here I be lag.

Philog. Did you e'er hear of man in more misery than I?

Was there ever silly soul that was so contemned?

There's no way but one, Eupelas: I shall surely die:

My calamities will not cease till my life hath an end.

Eupelas. I am as sorry for your case as if it were mine own:

Your anguish and vexation is to me a great smart.

But consider, Philogonus! to what end should you groan?

Seeing there's no remedy, why should you take

it at your heart?

Philog. And Eupelas, consider! if your son were like mine.

Could you choose but lament and sith very sore?

Eupelas. I could not choose indeed, Philogonus, I must needs whine;

Than he should be such a one, I would wish him dead before.

Philog. All you that love your children take example by me:

Let them have good doctrine and discipline in vouth:

Correct them betime, lest afterward they be Froward and contemptuous, and so bring you to great ruth.

Liturg. Good, master! yet, I pray you, make not two sorrows of one,

But bear it as patiently as possibly you may. Eupelas. The best is for you to trust in Christ Iesus alone

And by faith in his mercy yourself for to stay. Philog. It's very true, Eupelas, in Him is all my joy;

If it were not so, certes! I had done or this long.

Eupelas. Be you sure, Philogonus, it cannot you greatly annoy;

His power in weakness is ever most strong. Philog. I am sorry that you, Eupelas, so often I have troubled:

Depart home now, I pray you, and make merry with your wife.

[Eupelas.] If I could do you good, I would

wish my pains doubled;

But fare you well; my prayers for you shall be rife.

[Philog. G]et thee home also, Liturgus; I will follow thee straight:

[My] grief here to the Lord, in a doleful ditty [will I vow.]

Liturg. Sweet master! yourself do not over much fret;

At your commandment I am ready, I will go my ways now.

The Song to the tune of Labondolose HotoO mighty Jove! some pity take
On me, poor wretch, for Christ's sake.
Grief doth me gripe, pain doth me pinch,
Wilful despite my heart doth wrinch.
O Christ! thou art my only aid;
If Thou help'st not, I'm quite dismayed.
Spite doth my mind so sore oppress,
That this my care will be endless,
Except thou succourest me at need

And sends me sovereign salve with speed.

My sins, I willingly confess, Hath oft of right deserved no less: I was the cause of this my care, The rod alway sith I did spare. If I in time had him correct, I'd never been thus sore affect. 'Tis I, 'tis I, that am to blame, Myself, myself deserveth shame; I am, O Lord! alone in fault: By suffering this selfwill he caught. A. P. II.

If Phæbus forc'd was to lament
When Phæton fell from th' element,
If Dedalus did wail and weep
When Icarus in seas was deep,
If Priamus had cause to cry
When all his sons was slain in Troy:
Why should not I then, woeful wight,
Complain in a more piteous plight?
Mine doth not onl' himself undo,
But me full oft doth work great woe.

The loss of lands I could well bear,
Or what things else some love most dear;
On worldly wealth I do not stay:
God gave and He may take away.
Disdainful taunts I could have borne
Of any else that would me scorn.
Yea, I could bear't an hundred fold
Better to see him laid i' th' mould
Than thus this life in lewdness spend,
Whereof destruction is the end.

A good example here you see; All parents, O take heed by me! If you detest unquietness, Or if you love true happiness, Nurture your youth in awe and fear, [Let them] their duties often hear.

Whereas now sithes my soul doth sift And ruthful sobs my heart doth rift.

To Thee, O Lord! I do return, Here in this misery as I mourn, Desiring, if it may Thee please, My pains a little to appease. Though it be far beyond my faith, Yet Thou canst help, Thy gospel saith; Help, Lord! help, Lord! help yet in time, And lay not to my charge this crime. Pardon for that is past I crave With hope some help of Thee to have.

Exit Philogonus.

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

[Codrus. Cacurgus. Philogonus. Alison.]

Codrus. Po, po, po, come Jack! come Jack! Heave slow, heave slow!

How now, my masters! did none of you see my souded sow?

There's ne'er a one in our end o' th' town, I'm sure, hath worse hap;

When I set her out to mast, would I had put her to my pease mow;

This luck indeed: both bulchin and sow gone all at a clap!

Now God and sweet St. Anthony, send me my sow again!

And she be gone Ist ne'er be able this winter to keep house.

If I should always eat curds and buttermilk it would be my bane.

Ist not live a week without puddings and souse. What a cockalondling make the whoreson! would you needs begone?

I'll give ye to one that shall spit you, I wa'nt you.

By th' marrikins! will you not leave your cackling? you'll be quarkened anon. By my little honesty! I think there's some foul ill haunts you.

Ho, God be here! where be you maidens? God be here!

What? is there nobody to take my rent hens?

Cac. Hark, how like a calf! there's one speaks: what fowl have we there?

I'll know what that wizard, a God's name! intends.

Codrus. Vool, I was the wisest that my mother had, and we were nineteen.

I have been 'lected for my 'scretion five times constable.

Cac. If you had been but once more, two fools to th' tithe there had been:

A good litter, marry! and men to serve a prince well able.

Codrus. What, William! what, William! give me that hand of yours, I say;

Why, tell me, William, how hast thou done this seven year?

Cac. It's a good while ago, Codrus, since we two eat a bottle of hay.

But tell me, old sincanter! what quick cattle hast thou here?

Codrus. Cha brought a couple of capons in my baskets to my aude mas[ter],

Against Christmas, now to make merry with his friends.

[Cac.] Thy wit runs before thy tongue, thou conceaved Cust[er:]

Thou li'st, old minsimust! they are a couple of hens.

[Codrus.] [It's a] good stumble near horst; I am sure they we[re gelt;] [I dur]st pose o' th' Bible-book, Alison groped vor th' st[ones]

[Cac.] [hor]son coxcomb! didst

. [as true as a]

Codrus. Nay, but hear'st oo, William? won't do one thing for me and thaw . . .?

Won't tell my master: here's t' gof Custer would speak with him vain?

And thou wilt, William, thoust be a good boy and I'll gi' thee a new nothi[ng;]

I'll gi' thee a fine thing that came from London, for your pain.

Cac. Give me thy basket, I'll 'liver them like a tall fellow myself,

And desire him to come to thee here in this station.

Codrus. Set it then, when th'ast done, o' th' cupboard or o' th' shelf.

I hope with him now to have some excommunication.

If he come, I can tell what to say: I'll spur him a whestion.

I'll tell him, grace a God! an my mumbrance do not fail me,

What a talk I heard between Madge Mumblecrust and our Alison;

I am sure, an I knew all the price of my sow, it would 'vail me.

Ye may lay your life he'll be glad when he hears of his tother,

For my young master's as wery a dingthrift as e'er went on God's yer;

He'll not care an aglet for him when he hears of his brother—

And no matter, by St. Cuthbeard! he keeps such a stir.

Intrat Philogonus.

Cac. Here he comes, Custer! hold ta deliver them with thy own hands;

He'll give thee somewhat and thou makest cursy down to th' ground.

Codrus. De good deen, master! cha brought you twe who-chittals in my maunds;

Do you not hear of nobody that my souded sow hath vou[nd?]

Philog. God have mercy, Custer! I'll make thee one day amends;

What be they, I pray thee, are they a couple of capons?

Codrus. Bum vay! I said so, and Mast' William makes me believe they be hens;

God's dinty chil be plain to you: I took them e'en as it happens.

Philog. Take them thou wilt, and carry them forthwith to th' cook,

And bid him fat them well, against I make a feast.

Cac. They were capons till I changed them

-he that list may go look;

A shilling by this match I have got at the least. Codrus. How is't with you, master? methink you look zad.

What, I would have you use mirth and rejoyuce

your heart now.

You'd be sorry, indeed, if my cagin you had; My bulchin turned up his heels at Martinmass and now I lost my [sow.]

Philog. That's a great loss for a poor man;

but mine is much more.

Would I had lost all that e'er I had, condition a I had found one.

Codrus. To lose all, by St. George, master! that would go sore;

Belakins! no, sir! one might shoe the goose an' all were gone.

Philog. God help me, Custer! I know not well what I speak, I am so troubled in my [mind.]

My son, my son's so ungracious: I know not what to say.

Codrus. Why, is't not possible some policy to find?

I would not blin an I were in your coat till I had tried ery way.

Philog. I have tried ery way with him, he's quite past grace;

Would I could try some way now to bring myself consolation.

Codrus. I'll bring you some, I, or else I'll give you my cow with whi[te face].

I can do it and that wightly, I speak without semblation.

Philog. Canst thou do it, Custer? now I would to God, thou could

In that condition I gave thee the price of ten swi[ne]

Codrus. If I do it not, let me never hereafter come in y[our]

By God's zacrament! if I do it not, I'll be bound

[P]hilog. Let me hear then, Custer, what comfort cans[t bring]

Doubt [no]t of my promise, thou know'st me of [old].

[Codrus.] An you knew as much as I know, I'm sure you'd both laugh and sing;

You'd be in jocundare cum amicis an you had

all told.

Philog. Why, what is it, Codrus? I pray thee, tell me without delay;

Beside that I give thee, I'll be thy friend all the

days of thy life.

Cac. If I say I can tell, I can tell, indeed—what day is to-day?

How long is't since the death of my mistress,

your wife?

Philog. Is this the comfort Ist have? by thy talk thou mak'st me in a greater quand[ary.]

This thy remembrance of her, Custer, is a

corsy to my heart.

Codrus. A, God rest her soul! God have mercy of her soul! and St. Mary;

Is there a qualming come over your stomach?

I warr'nt you youst bear't.

Philog. Thy foolish words have made me more heavy than ever I were:

Tell me to what end of my wife thou mad'st mention?

Codrus. I wottle well enough how she served you; did you never hear?

Though I be a fool i' my talk, chave always some 'tention.

Philog. Why, how did she serve me? declare it me plain;

Pray thee, tell me quickly without 'tracting of time.

Codrus. I'll go fetch our Alison and come straightway again;

She ha' wit enough to tell you; her capidossity is better than mine.

Philog. Alas, good silly soul! has told me a tale here o' th' man i' th' moon;

Some matter he talks of—if I knew what he meant!

Codrus. Moss! I'll tell you, though I lack retorumes; and sheist mend it soon—

Why, master mine! did never hear yet whither your son was sent?

Philog. Sent? why, whither should he be sent? he never went abroad.

I ween thou art tipsy; didst not come from th' alehouse a-late?

Codrus. Yea, yea, faith! he has been far than e'er oo have, on Taleon ground he ne'er trod;

And for bibbling, I would you should know I do it foully hate.

Philog. Be not angry, Codrus; thou hast brought me, truly, in a great suspense.

I pray thee, speak so at one word as I may understand.

Codrus. I'll speak plain English now: he's gone a thousand mile hence;

And you'll not trust me, call Alison and hear the matter scanned.

Philog. That is unpossible to be, unless thou talk'st of another;

Thou mak'st me, without doubt, wonderfully to mase.

Codrus. Why, God's duty, master! I meant all this while the tother;

Do you think that such loudly Custer Codrus could face?

Philog. What other meanest thou? I had never mo sons than one.

I am at my wits' end with thy talk, by God's mother!

Codrus. Why, an you'll believe me, I'll go fetch our Alison;

You shall see and she doth not tell you that my young master has a bro[ther.]

Philog. There never was poor mariner

amidst the surging seas,

Catching a glimmering of a port whereunto he would sail,

So much distract twixt hope of health and fear his life to lose,

As I even now with hope do hang, and eke with fear do fail.

[Codrus.] Alison! what, Alison! what mean'st, woman? sits all day by th' fire;

Come! thou mak'st good haste thus; thou wouldst serve me an I lay a[mayd.]

God's my arms, Alison! should'st trick thee with thy best 'tire;

Thou look'st as though thou had'st been in some heap of ashes l[aid.]

[Alison. Wh]y, what's the matter that thou wouldst have me so fine

[Thou] wert wont to like me well enough [in my] . . .

Codrus. For that sow that's gone I'll help thee to ten, if the fair be no . . .

Come, thou must go to my master, he sends for thee, by cock!

Alison. What, didst tell him of the matter we talked on last week,

How many miles he were hence, and that he were his eldest son?

Codrus. I 'clared it as well as I could, and he would needs have me thee go and [seek].

Prove it true and weist have sows enough;

Alison, come, let us run!

Lo! here she is; now, Sir! simple though she be, for the fault of a better,

She's not bookish, but she'll place her words as 'screetly as some [of those] . .

Philog. That's no matter a rush, Codrus;

an she know ne'er a letter,

If she can make manifest this thy talk, that's enough for me.

Alison. I am glad to see your worship's worshipful mastership in good heal.

What is the cause, saving your reverence! that for me you do send?

If it be for your own commodity, or for the commonweal,

I will tell you with all my heart, as God shall me mutterance lend.

Codrus. Nay, she's aligant indeed, she would chant this extrumpery a whole day:

I had rather than the best sheep I had my

tongue were but half so nimble.

Philog. Thy husband here taunts of my wife, and of a son I have, gone a great way;

Speak in this case what thou knowest, and do

not dissemble.

Alison. My sweet mistress! now, our sweet Lady of Walsingham be with her sweetly sweet soul!

I have bid many a prayer for her both early and late.

Codrus. Faith! and so have I; there's ne'er a day but I have her in my bead-roll;

I say a De profundus for her ery night according to th' old rate.

Philog. Pray for her no more, but rather give God praise;

Your prayers are but superstitions and she I hope's at rest.

You love her, it seems; so did I, and shall do all my days.

But now to pray for ourselves here, while we live, I count it best.

Codrus. Lo you, Alison! wer master is o' th' new learning; did not I tell you before?

You'll not be ruled, you; ye ne'er larned that of me.

Philog. Some other time of these matters you may debate more.

Whither thy talk tends, Alison, let me now see.

Alison. Custer, did you tell my master anything before I came hither?

Speak, if you have; when you made an end, I'll begin.

Codrus. As well as my mother wit would serve me, I told him all the curcumstance together;

I did it prettily well, but I'll have thee do't, vine, vine.

Alison. Ah, master! it was as love child as ever woman bore:

It went to my heart when I saw it sent quite away.

Philog. Why, whither was it sent, Alison? my child was ever within door.

Your talk doth so astonish me, I cannot tell what to say.

Alison. Goodly lord! are you so ingrum, did you ne'er hear of Polona land?

And did you never know your wife's brother that there doth dwell?

Philog. Yes, marry! that I do, all this I do well understand;

But what mean'st of that country and of my brother me to tell?

Alison. What mean I? marry! thither your son and heir was [sent].

Philog. What, my son?

Alison. Yea, your son, I tell you, I am in no drunken f[it]!

Philog. Say'st thou that my son and woman to [Polona went?]

[Alison.] I said it, I.

Philog. [By that] saying thou mak'st me [almos]t out of [my wit.]

[C]odrus. How say you now, master! do not our Alison and I agree—in one tale jum[p?]

Ye may see, we are as true as steel, we both

on's scorn to lie.

Alison. Care not, master! yest not need for this exstory to be in a dump;

This a true as the Gospel, there's mo can tell as well as I.

Philog. Thou say'st it's true; but how can't be true? I had never mo wives tha[n one,]

And she, after Misogonus was born, within a

week took her death.

Alison. I talk not of 'Sogonus, I talk of your tother son.

What a blindation are you in! why, my mistress had two babes at a bir[th.]

Philog. O merciful Lord God! if I might crave it without offence.

Grant that these tidings may be true which I

Codrus. God's blessing of thy sweet heart, Alison! now I'll say, th'art a good wench;

I'll bestow a penny in apron-strings on the next

market for this gear.]

Though I say't and should not say't. I was her midwife, I:

I can show you good tokens and arglements that this is so.

Codrus. By th' same token that he had two thumbs on one foot; tut, she stood by;

Pounder matter? well! if she should not know't, who should know?

Alison. What, dost tak'h' tale out of my mouth? sha't tell then for Alison?

And thou't needs ha't, tak't thyself and say no more, but tell true.

Codrus. God's blothernails! dame, where had we you, are you now in your crileson? And thou say'st I lie, thou liest; as thou bak'st. so sha't brew.

Alison. Ay, list thou me, cuckoldy knave! I'll ha'e thee in my memorandum,

I may chance make thee lie i' th' dust ere long for thy lying.

Codrus. Th'art a crow-trodden whore: I'll not suffer thee an thou wert my grandam.

And th'ast not for this talk, ne'er trust me ill kiving.

Alison. Threaten's' me, old-

Codrus. Hold thy tongue! comination gom! Alison. Nay, I'll decry thee to th' officials, as I am true maid, thou nantipack!

Codrus. Decry me to th' fisheals? nay, then

have at thee, tom-boy, tom!

Thou a maid? th'art a jadge; before I knew thee thou wert an old ridden jack.

Philog. Nay, good neighbours! no more of this rule, but to th' matter return.

Leave me not now i' th' briars, you have told me thus much of my son.

Codrus. By this light that shines, master!

all the fault you may see's in her;

I would ne'er have had foul word and she had not begun.

Alison. And I had gone forward in my tale and thou had'st not egged me like a fool.

Codrus. I neither egged thee, nor collop'd thee; if I had egged ye, thou might'st yet chese.

Alison. I'll tell on, master, if ye can make him keep in his fool's bolt.

Philog. Be quiet awhile, Codrus! I'll bestow on you both a good liberal fees.

Alison. Where left I last—at Polonia or at my mistress' deliverance?

Philog. At this, pardy! thou talkest of two children she had at one birth.

Alison. Till I can prove this true, an you will, lay me fast in dura[nce.]

Codrus. How, by this, master, do you not now 'gin to feel some comfort and mirth?

Philog. Whether it be for mirth or for sorrow, I'm ready to weep;

My mind doth now languish in such a wonderful perplexity. [Alison.] Fear you not, sir! I hope to reduce you from your sorrows most [deep]

[To tr]anquillity of mind and most blissful felicity.

[My] mistress, I say, had two sons whereof in good time be it spoken—

. . . . she sent away closely to her brother

far hence.

. . . . toes on h[is ri]ght foot which may be a good token.

. . . . [of his foots she had some] For she was counselled (as she said) by a

certain learned man:

If she had two sons, th' eldest to send to her brother's afar,

Telling her of his good destiny; which she, rememb'ring then,

Conveyed him close away, making none but me only aware.

Philog. O God! which in mercies art infinite and also most just,

Can these news be true which of this woman I hear told?

Thou never failest them, I know, that in Thee put their trust,

Which makes me in giving credence to her somewhat more bold.

Codrus. I did but jibe, Alison: I love ye well enough, wench, for all that;

For the good disorder that thou keeps i' thy tale I must needs give thee a buss.

Alison. Away, whoreson! I must answer my master; now here's no time to chat.

When we are alone i' th' cellar, soon we may one another cuss.

Philog. What proof can you bring of this matter; you were not eye witnesses [both?] This thy tale, beside thyself dost thou know

any that will justify?

Alison. By this fire that burneth, that's God's angel, I swear a great oath:

It's as true as I am true, in me you shall ne'er find dishonesty.

There was not many present indeed, when this fate were done;

My mistress only of his sending away me privy did make.

But that she had another, and that he were her eldest son,

Two of my gossips knoweth also, which to be true their oath will take.

Philog. It's twenty year since this was done; why keep'st it so long close?

An this so wonderful a thing be true why didst not tell me of this?

Alison. I'd not told you now, but that my husband begun; I do it now perforce.

She swore me so sore, and you know what a great thing an oath is.

Philog. But who be thy other gossips that can testify the same?

I would gladly hear of as many as could witness this tale.

Codrus. Cock! Caro's wife and Isbell Busby, I can tell you their name;

Though we're poor, yet we're true and trusty
—it's no tale of Jack-a-male.

Alison. An you'll have the truth tried, send to your brother out of hand;

That's the best and the surest way that I can devise.

Codrus. By th' mouse foot! do so, master; fetch him to his own natural land.

Let him be no longer 'yond sea, master! an you be wise.

Philog. I'll follow your counsel, by Jesu! Liturgus shall go forward to-morrow.

I hope, if the wind serve him, within this month he'll come again.

Codrus. I trust now, sir, you'll let me half

a score of your sows borrow.

Lady blessed! this was all long of me; chope you'll consider my pain.

Philog. Put no doubt, Codrus; thoust have sows, I promise thee, plenty;

An if my son come in safety thoust ne'er pay me penny rent.

Codrus. By St. Bridget, Alison! bacon and pork flesh is dainty.

Say you me so, master? by my trullit! we'll then have one merri[ment.]

Philog. Here's somewhat onward; depart home for this time

An' look you be ready to bear witness, if need shall re[quire.]

Codrus. Mass, Alison! for my master's sake at P'lonia we'll

But let's home now and have a pot o' th' best with a toast [in the fire.]

[Philog.] O happy man! if this be true, O thrice and four t . . .

Before the fatal sisters three have woven my

[If] this, I say, be true, I hope t' joy some . . .
. . . [to and fro with fear and hope my life]

Mock on, Misogonus! if thou wilt; if God another sends

I care not, I: he, as by right, shall have my goods and lands.

I'll set the light, I warrant thee, till thou these faults amends.

Which yet, if thou'lt repent, thoust find great courtesy at my hands.

But I'll now go send Liturgus to my brother in great haste,

Desiring him by a loving letter to demise my son and heir.

After that I'll show my friend Eupelas what tidings, at the last,

God hath revealed by a miracle most wonderful and rare.

Exit.

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

[CACURGUS. MISOGONUS.]

Cac. It's time, I trow; here has been a prattling with these old fools.

Get ye hence, with a hot murrain to you all three!

That old lizard has no more wit than the weathercock of Poules;

A shame take him! had he none to make his packhorse but me?

I had not worse luck of a day, I cannot tell whan;

Must that old cokes tell him this news, with a pest'lence!

I was cursed, I think truly, when that message I began;

It's now out, I can never be kept more in silence.

This has been kept in hugger-mugger a good while,

There has been blind talk of another son, I dare say, this seven year;

But what say'st thou to thyself, Cacurgus, hast thou no wile?

Ah ha! it shall go hard but, ere we sleep, we'll have somewhat here.

I'll trust all curmudgeonly foxes worse for his sake,

And had been happy, I might have given him his answer and sent him away;

An he will not deny it again, his arse shall surely quake;

It will make the old trot believe his skin I will flay.

Misog. Did no man meet Will Summer here this way a-late?

I have longed to talk with the counterfeit fool this sennight.

Cac. Will Summer? nay, nor Will Winter neither; tell ye, I'll none of that.

Yeist call me by my christian name or I'll not answer, by St. Bennett.

Misog. What, art thou so near, Cacurgus? I had thought thou hadst not heard.

What news canst thou tell me of now, my old child?

Cac. Heavy news for you, I can tell you, of a cowling card;

It will make you pluck in your horns an you were ne'er so wild.

Misog. Pluck in my horns, say'st thou? he plucks in my horns has good luck;

I overcame my father, man! here with all his front.

Cac. I' faith! I know a thing will cool you and ye were ne'er such a wild buck;

It's no matter for your father, you must bide yet a worse brunt.

Misog. There's ne'er a golia in this shire that shall scare me.

My heart is even big enough, man! to fight with a score.

Cac. There will be in this shire shortly that will go near to mar you;

And you take not heed, I tell you, i'll turn you out a-door.

Misog. He that can do that, Cacurgus, is not in Italia;

But tell me who thou meanest, without more ado.

Cac. He that will do that, Misogonus, is in Apolonia;

There's one, I tell you, that will quickly you cow.

[Misog.] And if he were a giant, could scarcely bring me under.

But name him, that for him myself I may prepare.

[Cac. . . u]f, leave such words, it's but a folly thus to thunder:

[Yo]ur brother, your brother, your father's son and heir.

[Misog. Tell'st] thou me of a brother? thou know'st I have none.

[If any] come and say he's my brother, I'll cut's weasand

[Cac. . . . th], know, yes, [you know y]ourself you [have one;]

. . . [ye can, else the land is surely his own.]

Misog. Go-go-go-go-gog's! what treachery
have we here;

What villain was he that told my father of

this?

Cac. He that told him, and it had pleased God, I would he had laid o' th' bier:

An old crabtree fast carl, because a sow he did miss.

Misog. I have heard a whispering of such a thing, I must needs confess;

What think'st thou? I hope it's but a tale of a

tub.

Cac. Whether he be alive or no I know not; ye had one, it's questionless.

If he be, Liturgus brings him as sure as a

Misog. What, is Liturgus gone for him? Soul! what shall I then do?

I'll colefeke him myself for't, come out what will.

Cac. Why, knew you not that he went forward a fortnight ago?

It's not best for you to fight, lest ye one another kill.

Misog. What should I do then, Cacurgus? what remedy is left?

My heart would even burst for anger if I should so be served.

Cac. I would work some wile if I could catch the old mithers eft;

If I take him right, heist to that he hath deserved.

Misog. But what shall I be better, canst thou him defeat?

Help me now, Cacurgus! and while thou livest thoust never lack.

Cac. What if the deeds of his lands I get away with a fleet?

You need not care a pin, if you ha't in white and black.

Misog. Fie! they're under a dozen locks; thou canst never them get.

Try some other way rather, if thou hast opportunity.

Cac. Get you hence, and let me alone! I will play some fet;

I will work him some displeasure—be bold, and that speedy!

Misog. I will repair to her then awhile from whence I came,

And come see thee again within less than an hour.

Cac. If that old neat should 'scape scot-free for this, it were a shame;

I'll dust him for't one day, if e'er it lie in my power.

ACTUS 3. SCENA TERTIA.

[ISBELL. MADGE. CACURGUS.]

Intrant Isbell Busbey et Madge.

Isbell. Come, gossip! let's hie's betime, lest all the sows be gone.

Why should not we ha' some as well as that chattering jay?

If we should not, all the backhouse would be too li'le for her alone.

We can say as much i' th' 'claration as she can say.

Madge. Gogle-gogle-gossip Bub-bub-Busbey! I'd go full fain

And make a 'sposation as well as I could.

But here in my cho-cho-chops I have such a pain,

That I cannot conclare it, though I would.

Isbell. I have tongue enough for's both, Madge; I lack but a good felt

For to tell him how't was; I can serve the turn.

Pray thee, do so much as lend me but e'en thy red cap and thy belt;

Ist ne'er look him i' th' face else, my parel is so worn.

Madge. Saint Mary Man-Man-Madeline, Tib! mine is but wold;

But if thou couldst help me away with my toothache,

I'll gi't thee, I, Tib-tib-tib-there 'tis, hold! Cause I would myself a speakclation make.

[Isbell.] Some phisicary I'll seek, but I'll have some remedy;

I'll bestow a penny for casting thy piss!

[Madge. Na]y, it shall ne'er be ca-ca-cast, though I ne'er spea

[I would ra-r]a-rather myself be speechless.
[Isbell.] There be some good men an one

could light on them, Which would do't for Godsake without prying

in a pisspot.

Madge. If I could get such a one, I were a
happy wo-wo-woman;

I could once a said Our Lord's sa-sa-salter by rote.

Cac. Good Lord! what great diversity and alteration

Is there in the manner of diverse people and countries!

I am here derided of the men of this nation,

Because my garment is pied not like to their guise.

If they were in my country, all men would them scorn,

Because they are all in one hue like a company of crows.

For of the best gentlemen there diverse coloured garments be worn;

We most delight in pied gowns and little care for hose.

I am, by my country and birth, a true Egyptian;

I have seen the black Moors and the men of Cyne.

My father was also a natural Ethiopian.

I must needs be very cunning, I have it by kind.

I have been one and twenty mile beyond the moon.

Four year together I touched the sun when it rose.

Where I was born, when't is midnight, it is here noon.

I was five years with them that with their heels upward goes.

By profession I am a very good physician.

Before I could speak I had learned all arts liberal.

I am also a very skilful soothsayer and magician.

To speak at one word: I can do all things in general.

There is no sickness, disease or malady,

But I can tell only by viewing of the hand.

For every grief I can prescribe a present remedy.

I have all things that grows in the Indian land.

I can cure the ague, the measles and the
French pock,

The tetter, the morphew, the bile, blain, and

weal,

The megrim, the maidens, and the hitchcock, The toothache or anything at one word I can heal.

My head is so full of the supermundal science That I am faint to bind it, lest my brains should crow.

This nightcap was given me when doctor I did commence;

Good Lord, good Lord, what things do I know!

Neither do I care for any great gains winning; I do all for Godsake and not for any gain;

And before I do deal, if any man doubt of my cunning.

cunning,

That they may know't, I will tell their thought, certain!

For by my liberality I have in visiogmony [I can] tell the cogitations and thought of the

mind.
... [y] my great spec-lation I have in exstronomy

[Both thing g] past and things to come of men I do find.

Therefore, if there be any man or woman in this country

That would have their pains and aches now cured.

Let them come: I will judge of it only by palmistry,

Which if I can, that I can help them they may be assured.

[Madge.] What a wise man 'tis, what a learn'd, what a far travelled man 'tis!

Isbell. O Lord, Lord! one would take him for a fool by his gown and his cap,

And he is too fulls a profundiditis as any is i' th' whole wound.

Madge. One would think as so pra-prapractised a' came from Go-Go-God a-mighten's la[p;]

Wa'nt him [h]as been at Cambridge, good

land, good land!

Isbell. By th' meckins, Madge! I'll go put in on my holiday-face

And wheston with him for thy toothache, and thoust tarry behind.

God speed you, Master Physicary! God save your doctorship's grace!

I beseech you, to my symplication let your ears be inclined.

Cac. Good wife! did you not hear when I made protestation

Of my intelligible experience in the art medicinal,

To the intent to heal good folk, and I showed that declaration?

For I ken now all things by cunning artificial.
You come not for yourself, but for a neighbour
of yours

Which is pained, in her mandible, with a wormeaten tooth.

Sister! come near, sister! I will help you within this three hours:

If you doubt me, I will tell your very thought, in good sooth!

Isbell. A talks so fathermillerly 'twould do thee good at heart-root.

Come. Tib! I see by him he's a wise man in-

deed.

Madge. I'll be your bedewoman, Master

Doctor, and you'll do't;

'Ze-ze-ze-zeech ye, if ye can, do't with speed.

Cac. If I can, saystow? why of my cunning dost thou doubt?

I'll tell thee all thou hast done, since day thou

wast born,

And even at this present what thou now go'st about.

If need be, I can prophesy what thou shalt do to-morn.

Isbell. What we intend now, sir, by your skill are you wotting?

We'll say, ye're an excess doctorable man, if that you can read.

Cac. To bear witness you are now both toward your landlord trotting,

That his wife of two children at once was brought to bed.

But take heed what you do, lest you damn yourselves quite;

For the one was not a christian child, as you thought it to be,

But a certain fairy there did dazzle your sight And laid her changeling in the infant's cradle, truly;

Hoping, thereby, your mistress' child to have

And to leave her changeling there in the stead; Which, when she saw in a week she could not, She fetched it away, when you thought it were dead.

An overthwart neighbour, too, of yours now a-late

Tells him whither 'twas sent, as though true it had been;

But she's a gayt, you know well, and a very make;

And the fairy, from that day to this, was ne'er se[en]!

But take you heed both, I give you good warni[ng]

Lest you be stricken hereby either lame or d

If you will, by conjuration, I will show you . . .

[Isbell.] Nay, good master! leave your magication craft;

It's as true, I know, as it had comed out of God's own mouth.

Madge. I gi-gi-give defiance to you so-so-so-so saft-saft;

I'd rather you'd tell me some drink for my tooth.

Cac. Dost thou believe that I can heal thee now? speak!

If thou dost, thy pain within three hours I will qualify.

Madge. I am sure, if you list, you can mend my toothache,

And I 'que-que-quest you to do it and not dallify.

Cac. Open thy mouth then, let me feel with my instrument

What is the cause that works by this pain.

Madge. You'll ga-ga-gag me, by God's testament!

Your mo-mo-monkfork doth make me so gayn.

Cac. I have cured a thousand of these in

my days;

This I can cure with the value of farding.

Know you not an herb called envy that grows by th' highways,

And hypocrisy that grows in e'ry garden?

Madge. I know them well, I use them e'ry day in my porridge.

Go-go-gossip Busbey! this fellow hit's nail o' th' head.

Isbell. And wert not good also to take a little borage?

She might fare well so and crumb them with bread.

Cac. Fie, no! take them, I tell you, with two drams of lechery,

One dram of Venus here, infidelity, and stone new.

Isbell. Do you not mean that herb which we country folks call siphory?

I ne'er went to leachcraft, but I know that to be true.

Cac. That same, that same!-mixed all these with an ounce of popery,

Then boil them in maiden's water with a fire of haste.

Ishell. That's a weed, I think, we lay people call poppy;

Is't not that you mean, which the good corn doth waste?

Cac. That-tat-tat-tat, by my faith! thou hast good skill;

Use them but one night and thoust mend then apace:

And hereafter, I will warrant thee, thoust never feel ill,

So be't thou ne'er usest aqua vitae and herba grace.

Madge. Ye've e'en we' ni' lick'd me whole wi' your talk, wha'll you take for your pains?

Mythink, I speak a great deal be-be-better than I did.

Cac. Sister, I do not respect my market or any gains,

But only the commodity of them that be afflicted.

Madge. Now God and our blessed Lady reward you for your good physication!

I'll pray for you truly and betterly for't once a day.

Cac. If thou be'st asked, as I know thou shalt, by prognostication,

Whether he had two sons or no, look thou say'st nay.

[Madge.] Nay, as sure as that good face of yours I do behold,

I nay't and nay't again and fousand times nay't,

[An]d before I say't, I'll both rail and scold;
. [y] well restrain me, but I will ne'er say't.
[Cac.] ye do a godless and uncharitable work.

. . . . [w] well for this time, I must depart. [s]close, an't were to th' great Turk

.... [me] to Madge art thou better than [thou wert?]

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

EUPELAS ET PHILOGONUS. [CODRUS. LITURGUS. CRITO. EUGONUS. ALISON. ISBELL. MADGE.]

Eupelas. Now, surely, Philogonus, but that I know God's providence,

In showing mercy to his servants is always usual.

This wonderful thing I could not credit any human evidence;

It is so strange, that otherwise I would perceive in denial.

Philog. Indeed, Eupelas! but that we must not marvel at the works of the Lord,

It is so strange, that the like, I think, were never heard

If we should all histories of ancient writers record;

Neither, I dare say, the like shall be seen afterward.

Eupelas. Praised be the Lord that ever is in mercies most rich,

And within His appointed time His chosen folk doth aid!

Philog. In time, indeed, Eupelas! or otherwise I'd been i' th' backhouse ditch;

Yea, rather, if He had not helped, in grave I had been laid.

Eupelas. I greatly do rejoice that yet, at length, your sorrows are dispatched;

And that double and treble joys your calamities do requite.

Philog. I joy likewise, but under hope; my chickens are not hatched;

I nil to count of him as yet, for so presume I might. [(sexies)!

Alison. A comes! a comes! a comes

Philog. Methinks one says my son doth
come: my spirits are in a damp.

Now, truly, Alison hath waited at the town's end for his coming.

Codrus. I'll go tell my master; I'll go tell my master (quater)!

Eupelas. Without doubt, Philogonus, my heart is in a sudden tramp.

Behold! is not this father Codrus which is hither running?

Codrus. Hail ye! hail, hail, hail! give me, master and I'll tell you news of your [son;]

Will you not say: fa' Custer's a good boy an he come at town's end?

Philog. I will say that; thou all my joys and heart's ease hast begone

And I'll give thee enough to spend one year; spend while thou wilt spe[nd.]

Codrus. I am sure, 'Turgus is come, for I saw his brindle dog,

And our Alison saw a brace of striplings come with him.

Eupelas. It is impossible this silly thing should either lie or cog;

Without doubt, Philogonus, in that he spoke you may believe him.

Isbell. Now, Margery, you have served me a-trust; yea, mass! would all thy teeth were [out.]

An't had not been for thee, saddlebacked grumbold! I'd got well by this shift.

Madge. Would thy tongue were out, withered witch! didst not thou keep all the rout?

It's all about town, fause ge-ge-gib! what saidst to Sir John at last [shrift]?

Isbell. Wert not 'long of thee, susukes!

that I went not to my master,

'Twould a been in my way XXs. thick, thou worm-eaten morell.

Madge. 'Long a me? thou liest! that thou

dost; 'twere 'long o' th' wate[r.]

Didst not go of thine own mind, thou grumbold? [go]

[Isbell.] The Devil cast him and thee too,

like vile wretches a[s]

I'll neither trust thee, nor such as he is, for't while I [h]

[Th]y tongue's made o' th' devil's thing or else thou wo[u]

[That scurvy] scrub won't ne['er leave thy fe]

[Codrus.] Lo you! mark, master! how you

covetous scolds here chide;

It grieves them that they did not tell, because now it's known.

Philog. That I may hear what they'll say, I'll stand a little aside. [sit down.

Eupelas! I would we had some chairs here to Codrus. Would I had my settle and my boust stool, ye should both sit:

Ye shall see how wisely I'll 'xamine them, I

could a chopped logics once.

Isbell. An' I were as yonk as e'er I were that Scottish knavery I would quit, and you too, grannum.

Madge. Would you? I might chance rattle

your bones.

Codrus. Why, how now, neighbours! what's matter? ha! where's your womanhood?

Leave this brawling and wawling! for shame! gup! kiss arse! will you, none?

Isbell. You mought have told's, when ye [h]ad gone yet, and ye'd had any neighbourhood. [with a spoon!

West get nothing for you now—yes, a little Codrus. Why, faith, Isbell! what talks? Ist not have past a couple of shots?

And thou knowest what casualties I had in my beasts last Hallowmass.

Madge. By th' meke, Isbell! I would think I were happy and I could get a couple of groats,

And I would fare the better for't too, e'ry day this Curstmas.

Isbell. Bow wow! why should we have less than he? are not we the needier?

And did not we, when he were born, both rock him and cradle him?

Codrus. Well and you'll be content, Isbell, I may chance help you to a breeder;

Though I did not, our Alison a-sennight together did swaddle him.

Intrat Liturgus.

Liturg. Now, you be welcome, Eugonus! as I may say't, into Laurentum town.

Behold! at you same turret which you see is your father's place.

Codrus. Ho, ho! my young master is come indeed now, by God's nown!

Ken him well! does he not 'xample my mistress in 'plexion and his face?

Eupelas. O high Jehovah! which dost rule, with Thy almighty power,

All things within the sacred skies, and eke in seas and land—

I give to Thee, redoubted King, in this so luck an hour. my country sand.

All thanks for that Thou hast me placed upon Codrus. Ye're welcome home, master! gi' me your hand! how ha' ye dout this many a day?

I am as glad for you as 'twere either for my

Robin or Tom.

Liturg. This is one father Custer, my master tenant; he loves you well, I dare sa v:

He was the first man, I tell you, that caused

you to be fetched home.

Codrus. I am more than half your father, master, I caused you to be fatch'd.

By cock and pie! I dissuaded him to send

'Turgus for you.

Isbell. Ye're welcome to our town; did ye not remember since I sat by you and watched.

When my mistress lay in and we sang Lullaby

baby, and bore ye?

Eugonus. I can say nothing but by information of nuncle and my naunt,

And the testificats which Liturgus from my

father did bring.

[Codrus.] His 'membre[n]s were but slippery then, fool! though he be now all in a flaunt.

Wherefore, and you say't, we'll have some probabilation of e'rything.

Intrat C[rito.]

[Crito.] Well said, father! let's have out of hand some undoubted trial.

Tell thy master, Philogonus, that he may hear the matter discussed.

[Codrus.] be long. What, Alison! what, Alison! so methinks with lie and all, . . with a wannion to my master—here thou com'st, as th'adst no lust.

[Alison] Saint Swithin bless him! has even my mistress face up and down.

. . . [e] as bold as e'er I was, by my troth! ye should be kissed.

[Eugonus.] . . . now quite out of all your knowledge grown.

. . . what name I had, when I was baptised?

[Madge.] me.

Codrus. You mought let your betters speak before ye, Margery, . . .

Your goodman was but thirdborough, as goodly as you make't.

Madge. Be go-go-good in your office, I speak by my master's leave;

Thou seek'st to have all to th[ee], dost? if thou canst have all, take 't.

Eugonus. Give her leave to speak to Codrus; it may hap she knows that thou dos[t]....

To take thy neighbours vardit in such a case thou must not stick.

Madge. It speaks in our mother tongue; that you were a go-go-good son, well I wot!

But I ca-ca-ca-ca-cannot think on't, for 'twere a vile hard word in Hebric.

Alison. Hebric! nay, it was but Greek; yet, as God would hav't.

As cunning as ye are, ye missed cushion once yet, Margery.

Codrus. Towa, Alison! towa, towa hour! Crito. As long as she hits interpretation,

though she miss the name, it's no great fau[it.] [for Greek, it's plain doggery. Codrus. No, may; but 'tis to say Hebric's

Alison. First letter of your name's Eu, by th' same token of my knuckle fasteen;

T'other part, as I take't, is e'en much like my young master, 'Sognus.

Liturg. By my faith, Alison! that's well remembered; all this is true.

Canst thou tell, if I name him?

Alison. Ay!

Liturg. How say'st, wert not Eugonus?

Alison. 'Twas indeed!

Isbell. 'Twas so!

Madge. Faith, 'twas! [deed! Codrus. God's drabs! a hight Eugonus in-Crito. But can ye tell whether your mistress' son had any privy mark?

If ye can answer me to this point, I'll say, he's

his son without fail.

Isbell. All we can tell: had a toe more than a should ha', and so can the priest and the clerk.

Codrus. Shall she, Alison, shall she take her up for halting? God, I would she were i'th' [jail!]

Alison. An ye be my mistress' son, gentleman, ye've six toes o' th' right foot;

I have told them, many a time and often, they stand even all bidene.

Eugonus. It cannot otherwise be; I'm even the same ye talk on, without doubt;

And, for a certainty, if ye will, yeist have my foot seen.

Codrus. May'e content, master! come, a God's name! dance me off your hose;

Alison! remember thyself well, and take thy mark right.

Eugonus. I rather ye would for this time rip them, and so view my toes;

I'd be loth to have them plucked off till I go to bed for all night.

Codrus. Here, Alison! take my penknife then; it's as sharp as a razor;

Look thou ripp'st it i' th' seam, and take heed thou hurt'st not his foot.

Isbell. God's blue'ood! let's see too, I pray you; what, were your father a glasier?

Let's have some room too, or else I may chance give thee an arsebut.

Crito. How many year ago is't since he were born? can any of ye tell?

Lay all your heads together and make true account.

Codrus. It were after the rising 'rection i' th' north, I remember well.

Where was corn then, Alison? let's see how that will mount!

Madge. I gathered pe-pe-pescods at Ba-Ba-Ba-Ball's Bush then, I'm sure,

And brought them to my mistress, when she was with child.

Codrus. Thou wert neither o' th' court, nor o' th' counsel—speak, Alison

How say'st? were not Piper's Hill then the rye field?

Alison. Ay! may'e wa'n't.

Codrus. Why, umber't then—it's at least a score.

Three and three, three and three, what's all Alison. Three't no more; I ha't now: he's twenty and fo[ur.]

Our Tom were born but a year after, I can

[Liturg.] This agrees, believe me, too;

what should we say . . .

[Codrus.] Why, she has augrim in her, she would tell ye [what's] thirty and thirty... Crito. What time o' th' year wer't, when

your mistress him bore?

Codrus. I'm sure, Alison, when thou cam'st from her labour, thou wert all

Alison. Custer, Custer! dost remember we clemented, when she were ?

And thou best remembered, a Saint Clement's Day, I were sent her gossips to [seek.]

Codrus. Mass! it's true, and we had penny dole i' th' honour of St. Nicolas, when sh

An a good token: St. Steven's Day that year

fell just in Curstmas [week.]

Eugonus. Say no more! here's proof enough; depart you, a God's [name!] home; [content.

I will see that my father shall you liberally Crito. Codrus! go you tell your master that his son now is come.

Ha! here's a letter which his brother from

Apolonia hath sent.

Codrus. Letter! good God! where be my wits? I could once a letter'[d] my pat'noster.

I ha' sung yet, Cum spiritu tuo with priest i'

th' kirk, when we'r' howling.

And what said my father? What said a? may thoust be a man one day, Cust[er].

God's ludd! I ne'er left my book till I came to the hour a catawauling.

Alison. An thou wouldst not, another would; I could a had, shouldst know, as good as thou; [trod on neat's leather.

I could 'a' had as upright a fellow as e'er Codrus. Why, and all the wenches i' th' town were earnest and bream of me, thou know'st well enough;

When I were in my lustiness there 'a' come to me twenty wo sillibouks together.

Philog. I can suffer no longer, Eupelas!

Codrus. Here he comes!

Liturg. According to your worship's commandment.

Philog. I heard all, Liturgus!

O welcome, my son!

Eugonus. O my father!

Philog. O my son!

Eugonus. Bless me, my father! Philog. God bless thee, my son!

Eternal God! which only guid'st th' imperial pole aloft, [affairs,

And also this terrestrial globe with all human Though frowning fortune with her force doth tip and turn us oft, [awares.

Thou canst miraculously help thy servants un-If twenty tongues and twenty mouths I had to sound thy praise, [quence,

Or if I had King David's vein or Nestor's elo-They would not serve me, at this time, due thankfulness to raise [ful beneficence.]

Towards me, for thy unspeakable and wonder-O welcome home, my son! my comfort and my joy! [my care.

Thou art the length'ner of my life, the curer of Hereof my house possession take, and all my

lands enjoy;

I think myself as happy now as if a duke I were.

[Eugonus.] . . . [u]se have I, Lord! to rejoice whom thus thou hast preserved

. . [and] lands even from my youth far from my native soil.

. . . [Nept]une's rage and Eolus' force I

might have well been starved.

e'ry broil. [fathe[r find.]

[And now], when I am home reduced, such a

[Who t]end'reth me so lovingly that one me he

doth be[stow] [so kind.]

His lands, and counts it happiness: he is to me O father dear! O father dear! what shall I say or do? [heart for gladness s[o d]oth melt.

[Philog.] I am able to speak no more, my Eupelas! I pray you and the rest to accompany us [in.]

Eugonus. The like inward motion of all your well willers here is felt; [begin. Our gaudeamus I speak for us all is not now to

Intrant Misogonus, Orga [lus et] Œnophilus.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 2.

[Philogonus. Misogonus. Orgalus. Œnophilus. Eugonus. Eupelas. Codrus. Liturgus. Crito.]

Misog. God's precious body! this counterfeit skipthrift is come already;

Draw your weapons like champions and keep him from possession.

Eugonus. Liturgus! is this my brother thou talk'st on, that come this way so heady?

Lord! what meaneth he? will he bar my father from his habitation?

Philog. Away, away, thou brainless fool! wilt thou never be wise

Stand out of my way, waghalter! or I will breech thee nak'd

Misog. What, som[wh]ere he be that challenges anything here? I'll indite him at the 'size, [threshold, as stout as ye ma[k't.]

Ist keep you from setting a foot within this Eugonus. Alas, brother! I come for no lands; I come to see my father, I, [become.

And to do my duty unto him, as it doth me Misog. Brother? thou landleaper! thou runagate rogue; ay, brother'st me? [thumb.

By all the devils in hell! I will surely thee *Eupelas*. Fie upon thee, Misogonus; wilt thou not yet be wiser?

Shame the devil rather, and repent ye of thy wickedness!

Philog. Hang and thou wilt, knave! I care not, I; be a card and a dicer!

I'll ne'er know thee for my son hereafter, because thou art so graceless.

Codrus. God's trunnion! Alison, go thy ways and fetch me hither my goose-spit;

'Sognus will ne'er be well till he has some on's wild blood let out.

Liturg. Good masters both! let me request one thing at your hands yet:

You've to forgive your son, sir! and you to do your duty, as ye ought.

Philog. So he'll ask me forgiveness, I'll pardon this once him, I'm content,

And he shall have a child's part too, for all his stubbornness.

Misog. A child's part, quod ye, and ask forgiveness? nay, soft! I ne'er yet that [meant.]

Am I now come to my child's part? nay, then

veist have more frow ardness.]

Philog. Go. shake thy heels, then! with a devil's name! come, follow me, my m . . . !

We'll be merry within; I'll ne'er take so much

thought, as I ha' done.

Exeunt Philogonus, Eupe. Eugo. Li.

Crito. Co. Al[i.]

Misog. Ha! ye let them slipped by ye, you hedgecreepers! come, I'll tell ye to

Did I trust you to keep this way, and you let them be gone?

[Orgal.] Hold your hands when ye're well, sir! what, man! ne'er be so

It's a shame for ye, would ye have us to do that yourself . . . ?

[Enoph.] Ye may fly up to th' roost with Tackson's hens, come

Go sing Benedicite! give me one blow, by th' mass!

[Misog.] Ye hennardly knaves, you cry me a-mercy, or I'll

What, ye coistrels! answer ye me thus, your [Orgal.] As fine as I see yourself may now

go a-delvin[g] . . . [W]e a-begging? we're worthy [to be en]ter-

tained a[t]

[Enoph.] [a]re you in your Pilate's voice still, I'll [not tak't as I did.]

. . . [s]hall needs serve, I'll serve for some vantage, [av, I will.]

[Misog.] [Yo]u catching caterpillars! either do hereafter as I [shall ye bid,]

[Or] else avoid even presently and get ye hence to th' devil!

[Orgal.] Marry! there would I ha't. Come, Enophilus! I know whither to [go;]

There's a gentleman within this mile and half hath sent for us thrice;

There's ne'er a gentleman in this shire but will be glad of the worst of us [too.]

If they would not, we're able to live, man! with cogging at cards and at dice.

[M]isog. How say ye to these vipers? have I brought them up to this end:

When they have trained me to this state, then like whiteliver Jacks to fly?

If God be God, I'll be revenged, though all that I have I spend;

Happen what will tone of them or my brother shall surely die.

What Hercules could abide to be thus trodden under foot?

The devil's asleep, I think; heart! all all goes against here.

To humble myself to my father now it would nothing me boot,

And to go t' law with this newcomer I should be ne'er the near.

O God! O devil! O heaven! O hell! my heart now rents in twain; [desperation.

A comes, a comes! a comes! I shall die in To hang myself, surely, I think, now I must be fain; [salvation.

I have sinned so much, that I'm quite past hope

Exit Miso[gonus.]

ACTUS 4. SCENA 3.

Intrat CACURGUS.

Cac. (Alta voce) Ay laud, laud! (decies) how shall I do? (toties) Ay well-a-d[ay!] (sexies) I'm undone! (toties) (gravi voce) O, O, O! (tanquam castrator porcorum vociferarum emunge nasum et singulties clama aliquando.)

Ist be turned out a service now, e'rybody says; And why? may'e, because I have been an old servant i' th' house, trusty and true.

When I do all that I can fo'm, they make me

a fool i' my old days;

They'll ha' the old fool no more; now they say they'll have a new. [you can tell? What were I best to do now, sirs? which on Is there any good body among ye will take me in for God sake?

And there be e'er a gentleman here would have a fool with him dwell, [very fool take.

Let him speak, an[d] a my word! a shall a
And I might be but wintered this year, I would
ne'er care; [need.

A God help to William now! th'art put to thy Will nobody take pity on a stray fool? here long enough I may stare,

And there were yet a crier to help me at a

proclamation to read.

Is there ne'er a crier among you? good Lord! what lucks 'tis? [ha' me, I'm sure.

An you knew my properties somebody would I'll cry as well myself as I can, and I pray you pardon me, a[n I]...

I dare swear it would win your heart and ye

heard me but [lu] . .

O, O, O, O, yes. . . [If th]ere be any gentleman, Or anyl gentlewoman, In towln or o' th' country That, flor Saint Charity, Will have a str ay fool: One is here on this stool. Tha[t c] . . . And that can [peel] That can chair . . And that c[an] peke pies, That can rock the cradle And that can bear a bable, That can gather sticks And that can chop leeks, That can turn spit And that can by th' fire sit, That can ring a bell And that can tales tell, That can whoop at noon And dance when dinner's done. That can wash dishes And that can make rings a rushes, That can hold a candle And that can babies dandle, That can thresh malt And that can chop salt, That can hold his finger In a hole and thereby linger, That can lay down maidens' beds And that can hold their sickly heads, That can play at put pin, Blow point, and ne'er lin, That can know my right hand And tell twenty and ne'er stand, That can find a titman's nest

And keep a robin redbreast,
That can eat, and drink, and play,
Sing songs both night and day,
That can go to th' windmill
And that can do whats'e'er you will:
And now for all this my task
Small wages I will ask—
A cape only once by th' year,
And some pretty coloured gear;
And drink, whens'e'er I will,
And eat my belly full—
For more I will not seek.
He that will have me, let him speak!
What say ye, masters? speak! will nobody

take me up for poor p[ity?]
Nobody care for th' poor now, poor's always

thrust to th' wall!

Fools now may go a-begging, e'rybody's become so witty.

Now a God's name! ye would laugh, I think, and ye should see me fall.

Alas, good William! how do thy elbows? what, more anger yet? [patience.

Faith! what remedy? I know none but e'en Ay! but for all that you were wont, after a fall, to have a good hi[t:]

This is e'en that last time of asking; speak! and ye'll ha' me, or [he] . .

Well, ye'll not ha' me, ye say; bear witness then: I'm [the wi[nd?] . . . Let me see now, William! which way stands

Is there ne'er a wizard among you can tell?

I'll [another wa[y]

Mass! this gear will not cotton; I must Stand, I [pray] thee! I would but ere see which

w

[They] say it['s good] luck to seek one's fortune [I think I] must [play the fool still] [we] young [master] [ww] young [master] . . [will not] away some [pelf] . [when I ha' done; if an]ybody [will se]nd their wenches to [me: I t]each a sew[ing] . [this time and you] have any more for me, yeist say't [your]self.

Exit [Cacurgus.]

ACTUS 4. SC[ENA 4.]

[Liturgus. Misogonus. Philogonus. Liturgus.]

Intrant Liturgus et Misogonus.

[Liturg.] I w[ar]rant you, i-faith, master,
I myself dare undertake

That your father shall forgive you, even from

his very heart;
He loves you full dearly, Miso.; both for your own and my mist[ress' sake—]

Doubt you not! he will interpret each thing in the best part.

[Misog.] What a villain am I, Liturgus! that have him so lightly esteemed;

Nay, that have reviled him and derided him to

O Christ! how often have I the blessed name of God's majesty blasphe[med!]

That I am now deservedly in state of perdition, every man saith.

[Liturg.] Nay, good master Miso., let such fancies go out of your head.

A. P. II.

Take heart of grace, man! that was but a cast of youthfulness.

Though you were by the frailness of your flesh

in your sins almost dead,

Yet you may, as St. Paul saith, by the spirit of God live again unto right[eousness.] [Misog.] Thou puttest me in good comfort,

Liturgus; I will never despair;

My trust, I thank Christ, in his merits is assuredly fixed.

But my life hath been so lewdly led that I shall ne'er be without care;

I can have no mirth but it will be with miseries continually mixed.

[Liturg.] You harp all of one string; I pray you, leave that fond speech;

Though your brother he hath found, he loves you ne'er a whit less. [home I did fetch:

I know what he hath said to me, since him If he knew you repented, you might have at his hands even what ye would [wish.]

[Misog.] I am so ashamed that I dare

ne'er come more in his sight,

And I'm stricken with such a terror that I dare not give him one word.

[Liturg.] Yeist be as well entertained as e'er you were: I'll wa'nt ye this night.

Humble but yourself to him and you shall sit down presently at his own board.

[Misog.] I dare not, I dare not! pray thee speak on it no more.

I will rather run quite away before I'll go with [Liturg.] Why, I'll entreat him for you, and then to you bring him out a-door;

If I do not reconcile you, lay all the blame in me.

[Misog.] God give grace, that my father's anger by his persuasion may be mitigated! If he'll now take me to mercy, I'll never here-

after displease him any more.

Who would e'er have thought that my courage so soon should have been aba[ted?]

A! vile wretch Misogonus! couldst thou not have taken heed of this [before?]

O, all ye youthful race of gentle blood, take heed by this my fall;

Trust not too much to your heritage, and fortune's vain allurements:

Take heed of ill company, fly cards, and dice, and pleasures bestial:

Eschew a whore as ye would a scorpion, and beware of her enticements!

Children! obey your parents with due reverence and fear: [but momentary.

Care not for your vain pastimes, for they be Scholars! your masters' good lessons often read and hear; [world are but transitory.

Beside godliness and learning all things in this Intrant Phi[logonus] et Lit[urgus.]

[Philog.] Will he, thinkes[t] thee, Liturgus? [Liturg.] . . . with all his heart, master. [Misog. I hav]e sinned in the sight [of] God and against you, dear father! most g[rievously,]

[Many] times in stubber[ly] misusing of you,

both in word and deed.

[And] now I repent, and thee which I lament most bitterly [and help [m]

... e though u[n]worthy you to fo[rgive]me [Philog.] ... [speak from my heart, Misogonus, Mis]





[Reduced Facsimile of Title-page of "Godly Queen Hester," from Copy now in the Library of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth.]



The encounte of Onerne Hefrer. A whyle in the world there is any they leade, year they world and two this pre dayly renewe, but at the tength Fallwre you in dode, They fauld and fatteded wyll come absede, whiche hall be to them more bytter than gail. The hygher they cignie the deper they fail, Allewerus.

Let be then celle they connocatione, and this tyme dynolue this congregation. Defer.

That ly he as here they have found demontly, So god granns them in heaven to lyue eternally, Aleways.

To the which we committe all this company.

HILLS

Imprented at London by ideligan Pickerings and Thomas Hacist, and are to be folde at they convers



[Reduced Facsimile of the last page of "Godly Queen Hester," from Copy in the Library of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth.]

A NEW INTERLUDE

Drawn out of the Holy Scripture, of Godly Queen Hester, very necessary, newly made and imprinted this present year molesi

Come near virtuous matrons and womenkind, Here may you learn of Hester's duty; In all comeliness of virtue you shall find How to behave yourselves in humility.

The Dames of the Players :

THE PROLOGUE PRIDE

KING ASSUERUS ADULATION

THREE GENTLEMEN AMBITION

AMAN HARDY DARDY

MARDOCHEUS A JEW
HESTER ARBONA
PURSULVANT SCRIBA

Imprinted at London by William Pickerynge and Thomas Hacket, and are to be sold at their shops.

W. P.



THE INTERLUDE OF THE VIRTUOUS AND GODLY QUEEN HESTER

THE PROLOGUE.

Divers philosophers, ancient and sage,
Their clargy and cunning to put in practice,
Oft have disputed, by learning and language,
To whom greatest honour men ought to demise:

[arise]

Or, for what cause, high reverence should And amongst many, some were there doubtless, That concluded honour due unto riches. Some also to noble blood and high parage, Affirmed honour duly to pertain; And some to policy and wisdom sage; And some to power and superial reign—Each man his reason said in certain. Over this some said, that virtuous demeanour To be excellent, and of most honour.

The king sitting in a chair speaketh to his counsel.

King. Of these my lords we would be glad to hear,

Which is most worthy honour to attain; By your high reasons we think it may appear; To speak, therefore, we pray you, your sentences plain;

And, as ye determine, so shall we certain

Advance to honour, and to promotion apply Always the best, and that be most worthy.

The first gentleman [enters.]

Primus generosus. Most dread sovereign, King Assuerus, to your doughty weighty and sured:

Of riches, power, wisdom, virtue, or noble blood—

Which is most sovereign, and of highest Meseems as virtue none can be so good,
Not riches nor power, wisdom nor gentle blood. For where virtue faileth, the other be not sure, But full unstable, and long cannot endure.
Whoso will labour stories to peruse,
And them with diligence often will read,
May see and perceive how vice did confuse Many noble princes, which were, indeed,
Of such magnificence, that we not need
To doubt of their riches, power and wisdom;
And yet, for lack of virtue, vice them overcame.

Secundus Generosus. Nabuchodonozor, Senacherib, and Salmanasar, Nero, Dyoclisian, Maxentius also,

All these princes of high honour were, Of riches, power, and wisdom; also Of noble blood; yet these and many mo, For lack of virtue, to vice did fall,

To their own destruction and their subjects all. Tertius Generosus. But then, as me-

seemeth, it were expedient, Among all virtues appertaining to a prince, That same to know by some reason urgent; Which is so necessary to the province, That without it in no wise he can convince,

Neither sin nor sinners that unjustly deal, Nor in good order keep his commonweal. Primus Generosus. In mine opinion, that is Justice-

A virtue as excellent as may be. For all things it ordereth in such wise, That where it is, is peace and tranquillity, Good order, high honour, wealth and plenty; And, where it faileth in the prince or king, The commonweal decayeth without tarrying.

Secundus Generosus. Beside Justice there

must be diligence,

In his own person that same to put in ure: Or else some time, such coloured sentence Under cloak of Justice, ye may be sure [cure; Craftily shall proceed from them that have the Which, in process, may bring to downfall The king, his realm, and his subjects all.

The judgment of Solomon, in his own person, Between two women of living unchaste, So feared Israel that utterly none Durst once rebel, but they thought it waste In any wise to attempt, either first or last, Anything of displeasure to his majesty royal, Fearing his wisdom and Justice so equal.

Tertius Generosus. If by his lieutenant had

been done the same,

His honour should never have sprung so far, Nor so much renowned by noble fame, As it is now, and that both here and there. Nor yet his subjects to such awe and fear, He could have driven, by no means at all, As he did by his justice personal.

And over this many a noble man, At the prince's will and commandment, To employ justice, did the best they can. And yet the commons unneth could be con-

tent-

And why? for in their mind they think verament

That, either for riches and honour, Justice will do; [to.

And he only, for the zeal that to Justice he hath Wherefore, noble prince, if in your own person will ye

Employ Justice, the more your honour shall be. King. My lords, we thank you for your counsel:

As ye have said, so think we, verily,

That Justice maintaineth the commonweal; And namely the prince must needs himself

apply

Unto the same, or else utterly Shall follow decay, by war or else death, Quoqz, si princeps malus populus coruet.

And over this, if that his lieutenant
Shall happen to square from truth and justice,
Albeit his fair words and good semblant,
The prince must needs be circumspect and wise,
That no ambition nor covetise,
Through great wealth and riches inordinate

Do erect his courage, for to play checkmate; For though it be as well as it may need, It shall be thought nay, I assure you indeed—Sir, what is your name and progeny?

[One of the gentlemen must answer, which you will.

Aman. I am Aman, son of Amadathy,
Of the stock of Agag, born lineally.

Assuerus. Your learning and reason pleaset

Assuerus. Your learning and reason pleaseth us well:

And ye seem to be of discretion.

We bear ye, therefore, our favour and zeal, So that, without means of intercession, We make you our chancellor—take heed to this lesson:

See ye do justice and truth ever approve,
Or, to your destruction we shall you soon
remove. [was,

Aman. My duty is more now than ever it Truly to serve your most noble grace, Both night and day; here and in every place.

(Et exeat.)
Assuerus. My lords! as now, thus stands

the case:
We are comfortless for lack of a Queen,

Which should be our joy, and chief solace;
And, to say truth, it hath not been oft seen
But the prince with a princess matched hath
been, [defend!]

Lest default of issue should be, which God Therefore, your counsels first had, to marry we do intend.

Primus generosus. Then let your officers peruse this realm,

And of fair maidens, that be virgins pure, Of most goodly personages that may be seen, Gather a great number, that we may make report

Unto your grace; then may ye be sure To choose the best, when ye have them seen, And that is fittest to be your queen.

Assuerus. Call to us Aman, our trusty chancellor!

Here entereth Aman with many men awaiting on him.

Aman. If it please your grace, I am here.

Assuerus. Aman, this is the counsel of my lords all,

That our officers in haste we should send

To peruse this region universal,
From the beginning unto the end; [kenn'd,
To seek fair maidens, where so they may be
And of most goodly personages that may be
seen, [queen.
To the intent among them we may choose a

To the intent among them we may choose a This is our mind, more to speak it shall not

need,

In all that ye may, see it be done indeed.

Here the King entereth the traverse, and
Aman goeth out. Here entereth Mardocheus and a maiden with him.

[Mard.] I am Mardocheus, born in Jerusalem, The son of Jair, and of the stock of Benjamy; By Nabuchodonosor brought into this realm When he did subdue our king Jechony, And translated the Jews by conquest and

victory.

Both I, and other, in number many one, Were brought in captivity, into the realm of

Babylon.

I have here a maiden of the same nation, My brother's daughter named Edissa; But Hester is her common denomination, And by that well known, nam a deo missa. God grant her grace! that persevere she may In wisdom and womanhead faithful to be, Her espouse to love in perfect amity. So is it now our king Assuerus Divers Pursuivants, in great haste, hath sent Over all his realm in these parties near us. To seek fair maidens is his intent, To choose among them one convenient To be his queen and Lady Sovereign, In love and honour with him for to reign. And, forasmuch daughter Hester that you

Among other are appointed for one, I think it according, therefore, now To give you mine advice and instruction. Attend ye, therefore, without interruption, And by faithful mind and steadfast memory, That I shall say, learn it diligently. Hester. Noble Mardocheus, my father most

To that ye shall say I will apply my mind.

Mardocheus. Then, if the king choose you to his queen.

It is of his goodness, bounty, and grace; And for none your merits, the truth to be seen. Therefore, to him repay must you needs obedience,

True love, and kindness, above persons all, Not forged nor feigned, but with affection cordial.

Break not the course that queens have had. In this noble region most part of all. They have aye been good, and none of them To their prince ever sure, just and substantial; And good to the commons, when they did call By meekness for mercy, to temper the fire Of rigor ouls justice in fume or in ire. [pure,

Hester. This counsel is perfect, and also so I grant it, therefore; and promise you sure It is my whole mind and hearty desire That same to fulfil, as reason shall require.

> Here entereth Pursuivant with many maidens.

Pursuant. I have here of maidens a fair

Of comely stature and goodly visage, Which, to the king, I think by and by, For to present, and to his counsel sage, For their promotion, wealth, and marriage. Save before, with Mardocheus the Jew, I must speak for Hester, that is so fair of hue. Mardocheus. She is here, ready, and doth attend

The king's commandment to fulfil;
And at your pleasure, forth shall she wend
Without resistance, and by her good will.

Pursuivant. Then shall I bring her the king
until.

Come on, lady Hester! and follow me—
To the king shall ye go with your company.

Here Aman meeteth them in the place.

Aman. Sir Pursuivant, have ye these maidens brought

For the king, like as ye had in commandment?

Pursuivant. Yea, sir, and for them far have
I sought.

Both in village, town, and tenement—
I trust I have done true service and diligent.

Aman. So are ye bound, by very duty
Of your allegiance and fidelity—

See that ye follow us with your whole company.

Pursuivant. As ye have said, so shall it be.

Aman. Pleaseth it your grace, according

your mind
We have made search all your region
For goodly maidens, of nature fine and kind,
And of them have found, in mine opinion,
A number right fair, and of complexion
So pure, and of so fair visage,
That they surmount all other in personage.

Then they go to the king.

Assuerus. Are they also of such competent age,

Of such demeanour and gravity, That they be fit for our marriage? Aman. Upon approof, your grace shall hear and see,

As well their wisdom as their beauty.

Assuerus. Certes they be fair and goodly,

each one;

And, as it may seem by their first countenance,
Both by look and gesture, nature and complexion, [ance;
In them should be kindness mirth and delli-

In them should be kindness, mirth, and dalli-Wisdom, sadness; and, in love, perseverance; Constancy knit with comeliness, joy to increase; [in presse.

Virtue with good demeanour, pleasure to put But ye, fair damsel! of the highest stature,

And of most ripe age, as should seem Of all this company, of most finest nature— Tell us your lineage; for, as yet, we deem Your looks be so lusty, and in love so breme,

If that your demeanour hereafter be seen To that according, ye shall be our queen.

Hester. Most noble Prince! as for my

lineage,

Nor yet my country, certes I cannot say.
My parents deceased in mine nonage,
So that I never heard yet, unto this day,
What coast or country, what land or lay
I was bred in, brought forth, or born—
It is to me unknown, as aye hath been beforne.

Notwithstanding, I have had food and fostering

Of Mardocheus all my life days-

Whom I called father in my young age, And so intend to do eftsoons and always—

Whom, for his friendship, I have good cause to praise,

Beseeching your grace, and that most meekly,

To my said foster-father, good lord for to be. Assuerus. Call in Mardocheus, that we may see his face. your grace. Mardocheus. I am here, to attend upon Mardocheus! what call you your daughter? name is Hester: Mardocheus. If it please your grace, her

Assuring you, she is a virgin pure, A pearl undefiled, and of conscience clear; Sober, sad, gentle, meek, and demure; In learning and literature, profoundly seen: In wisdom eke semblant to Saba the Queen; Fit for any prince to have in marriage, If his pleasure agree to her personage.

Ye say right well; then, we Assuerus.

think it expedient

Somewhat to prove, by communication, Her learning, and her language eloquent: And, by some problem of high dubitation, To know her answer and consultation. How say you, Hester, have you ought read or Of virtues that be best, and fittest for a queen? Hester. To speak before a king—it is no

child's play;

Therefore, I ask pardon of that I shall say. Assuerus. We pardon you, whatsoever ye

Hester. Then, to be bold right well I may: No queen there is but by marriage of a prince, And under covert, according to the law; So that the jurisdiction of the whole province To the king pertaineth—this is the true saw. Albeit, sometime more for love than for awe, The king is content to be counselled by the queen, In many sundry causes, as oft hath been seen; Which sentence is sure and grounded with reason.

But yet, notwithstanding, this is not all; But eftsoons it may chance, at sundry season, The king with his council, most part of all From this realm to be absent, when war doth call.

Then the Queen's wisdom sadly must deal, By her great virtue, to rule the common weal. Wherefore, as many virtues be there must, Even in the Queen as in the prince; For fear lest, in war, some treason unjust The realm should subdue, and falsely convince.

The Queen must safeguard all the whole province;

And so, as much goodness aye must be seen, As in the king, to be in the Queen; And how many virtues long to a king, Like unto your grace, I cannot make reckoning.

Assuerus. Then, I doubt not, but the wisdom of us two.

Knit both together in perfect charity, All things in this realm shall compass so, By truth and justice, law and equity, That we shall quench all vice and deformity.

Hester. Then, at my beginning, I besech your grace [and space. That I may show my mind, while I have time Assuerus. Speak at your liberty, I will hear it gladly. [hath no peer:

Hester. Then I will be plain, for verity And for a principal of this my tale—And eke his subjects, both great and small, In honour and wealth—yea, all the province—So rich and so strong that they may convince All their enemies, wheresoever they dwell,

That would invade, resist, or rebel.

And where God's service and hospitality
Doth decay, and alms to the poraille—
There may be wealth in places two or three,
But I assure you, the most part, in general,
Neither have meat, nor money, nor strength
substantial

Fit to do you service, when ye have need— Which is no good order, methinks in very deed.

Let God alway, therefore, have His part,
And the poor fed by hospitality;
Each man his measure, be it pint or quart;
And no man too much, for that is great
ieopardy:

A mean to lose all, as I do fear me;
For, when all is gathered together on a heap,
It may soon be conveyed—carriage is good
cheap.

This I speak with true heart and mind,
Beseeching your grace to take it in good kind.

Assuerus. Of these matters, another time,
more at large

We shall speak, and of divers other mo.

Aman! see our servants do accomplish their charge

To await upon our Queen; and that, also, In haste, unto our wardrobe, see ye go For rich apparel of gold and pall, As well for herself as for her ladies all.

Here departeth the Queen and Aman and all the maidens.

Aman. Then, if it please you to license the Queen,
As to her pleasure awhile shall besene.

Assuerus. And we, for a season, this business will cease,

And ourself repose for our pleasure and ease.

[Here entereth Pride singing, poorly

Here entereth Pride singing, poorly arrayed.

[Pride.] To men that be heavy, and would fain be merry

Though they feel smart:

Oft chance such reckoning that, with their mouth they sing,

Though they weep in their heart.

Sometime they dance, with merry countenance, When they had liever sleep: [ween, Eke they laugh and grin when, by this sun! I In the heart they weep.

Whoso will accord with this double world

Must use such arts:

Outwardly kind, in his heart a fiend—

A knave of two parts.

Outward honesty, inward infidelity-

Both rides on a mule:

In peace he is bold, but in war he is cold,

That soonest will recoil.

Many be that proffers, but few that offers Devoutly in their heart: [befall, They say they can do all, but when need doth They begin to start.

He that is double loves alway trouble,

And at no time will cease:

And yet he will not fight, by day nor yet by night,

In war nor in peace. [cattle,
But such men by battle may get corn and
Bullion and plate: [it—
And if they once get it, let us no more crave

By God! we come too late

Either to beg or borrow, except shame or sorrow.

Displeasure and hate. Sirs, my name is Pride, but I have laid All my goodly array:

Ye ween I lie—there is a cause why

That I go not gay:

I tell you at a word; Aman, that new lord, Hath bought up all good cloth, And hath as many gowns as would serve ten Be ye never so loth: And any man in the town do buy him a good He is very wroth; apparel

And will him straight tell, the statute of

Shall teach him good:

Wherefore, by this day, I dare not go gay; Threadbare is my hood.

Pride was wont to be a man of jollity.

Of high countenance and face:

And since Aman reigned, no man him retained, Almost in any place. Self For Aman, that elf, would no man but him-Should be proud indeed.

For as men say, all pride he taketh away-

Well, God send him good speed!

Adulation. And as for Adulation, must change his occupation,

It is not worth a pease.

Ithat he can-Pride. Why so? Adulation. For my lord Aman doeth all I assure you without doubtclatterers To take up all flattere[r]s, and all crafty That dwell forty mile about. substantial. Pride. Yea, but the law shall, by order Punish all those. flaw now, and flattering Adulation. Yea, I will tell you one thing:

Aye together goes.

Pride. Why so? [adulation, in his chest Adulation. For all law east and west, and Aman hath locked fast; [into flattering; And, by his crafty pattering, hath turned law So that, first and last,

The client must pay or the lawyer assay

The law for to clatter: [by this light! And when ye ween he said right, I assure you, He doth not else but flatter.

Pride. Why so? [shrinks, Adulation. For if Aman winks, the lawyer And not dare say yea nor nay. [daw: And if he speak the law, the other calls him No more then dare he say.

So that was law yesterday, is no law this day, But flattering lasteth alway, ye may me believe.

Pride. Divines that do preach, methinks they should teach

And flattering reprove.

Adulation. Sir, they have left preaching, and take them to flattering

Most part of them all.

Pride. I marvel of that. [tell Adulation. Do ye marvel? marry! I will you A cause substantial.

When they preached, and the truth teached,

Some of them caught a knock,

And they that should assisted, I wot not how they were bristed,

But they did nothing but mock.

And that saw they, and gat them away

As fast as might be.

They sold their wool, and purchased a bull, With a plurality.

And left predication, and took adulation,

And what by mendation, and dispensation, They gat the nomination of every good benefice.

So better by flattering, than by preaching, To wealth they did arise.

But yet ye must beware.

Pride. Whereof? [beyond the mark; Adulation. That they do not square far For, if it be a good fee, Aman sayeth that longeth to me;

Be it benefice or park.

If he espy to that promotion he will straight

give him a portion,

A lap of a thousand marks. [treble nor mean, He shall be purged clean, he shall sing neither Nor yet speak one word.

Pride. Is he well seen in adulation?

Adulation. He is warden of the occupation, without all jesting boord;

And no man so hardy, but by his authority, The same to use.

Here entereth Ambition.

Ambition. No, for if he do, he were better

His brains he will confuse.

Pride. Why, who art thou? [to work. Ambition. He that can tell how Aman used

Pride. Is not Ambition thy name?

Ambition. Yes, for [e] God the same!—I was wont to be a great clerk; [mule But sin Aman bare rule neither horse nor But is as wise as I.

Adulation. How so?

Ambition. For all rules and laws were made by fools and daws,

He sayeth verily.

Ordinances and foundation, without consideration,

He sayeth, were devised. [fashion Therefore, his imagination brings all out of And so all is disguised. [be empty,

Sometime where was plenty, now the barns And many men lacks bread. [none to get, And where sometime was meat, there now is

But all be gone and dead.

Beggars now do ban, and cry out of Aman,
That ever he was born. [food;
They swear by the rood, he eateth up all their
So that they get no good, neither even nor
morn. [to door

And many that be poor—though not from door

A-begging they did go-

Yet had they relief, both of bread and beef,
And drink also. [can we get
And now the door stands shet, and no man
To work, neither to fight.

Wherefore if war should chance, either with Scotland or France,

This gear would not go right.

Adulation. And where is all this become?

Ambition. As for that—Dominus vobiscum!

—I dare say nothing but mum,

Not till another time. [done by reason, Pride. All this is out of season, and nothing

Nor yet by good rhyme.

Adulation. How say you, Ambition, have ye not provision for to get promotion as ye were wont to do? [lord, Aman, Ambition. No, by my halidom! for my

Handles all things so

That every office and fee, whatsoever it be, That may be seen and foundBy his wit he will it fetch, and or it fall he will it catch

That never cometh to the ground. So that I repent that ever I went

Unto the schools: [bition, For his large commission, maketh me, Am-To dwell among fools.

Pride. And is there no remedy?

Adulation. None that I can spy, while he doth reign. [till we die, Ambition. Then let us make merry, even

And drive away pain:

Pride. I heard once a friar—as true a liar As any in the country—

He preached, verament, that our testament Alway ready should be. [lack breath,

Adulation. For at our death, we shall And then farewell we.

[tide,

Ambition. Then master Pride, begin this Let us hear your fashion. [the plain text Adulation. And ye shall hear next even Of me, Adulation. [plainly,

Pride. Then, by and by, ye shall hear Without impediment, [until: The tenor of my will if ye take heed there This is my testament. [ride, All my presumptuous pride—whether he go or

Now or else than-

My heart and courage, for power and language, I give it unto Aman. [divide Let him keep of my pride what he will, the rest Among his whole guard. withal—And when they have it all, what they will do Advise them afterward.

If pride have a fall, let them be content withal

As I am now:

For, as for Pride lasteth but a tide, I assure you.

If to it long shame, let them a God's name! Take them both:

For, as I fear me, so must it needs be,

Be they never so loth, [fashion Adulation. And I, Adulation, of the same

At this time present,

To record every man, give unto Aman

By this my testament:

All my subtlety, and forged fidelity,

To him and his espies.

I wot they will it use, true men to confuse, And that craftily. speed. And if they do, indeed, I pray God they may Even as honestly. Watering As he that, from steyling, goeth to St. Thomas

In his young age. So they, from pitter patter, may come to titter Even the same pilgrimage. mission Ambition. And I, Ambition, had a com-

By force of a bull,

To get what I could but not as I would,

Neither of lamb nor wool.

The bull nor the calf could please the one Of my fervent desire. Thave had But ever I thought, by Gad! there was I would

When I was never thee near. [commission Therefore, all my ambition, together in a

Under my seal,

I give it to Aman, to the intent that Sathan

May love him well:

That while he is here, he may still desire And yet never the near: sometime to be, And when he goeth hence, he may with him

dispense

By a large faculty.

That for his sins seven, or he come to heaven, Without boord or game,

Sometime or tide he may, for his pride,

Suffer some shame.

Pride. Now, by Wade's mill! every man's will

Is wondrously well. [be wisdom; Adulation. And, by my halidom! I ween it For folk often chat how men die in estate,

But so shall not we. [lord Aman, Ambition. No, by Saint Ann! but yet my

Never the better shall be.

Pride. No force, so God me save! if we

our will might have

We would he should never thee. [content Now made is our testament, I pray you be Some mirth to devise.

Adulation. Let us begin with singing, and conclude with drinking—

It is the new guise.

Ambition. Then let us begin a song, that will last even as long

As hence to the tavern door. (Et exeunt.)

They depart singing, and Aman entereth.

Aman. Most noble prince, and of highest wisdom!

I do not doubt of your consider[a]tion, [I am, But that you know what I have been, eke what Both in will and words, and occupation, Of assured thought without adulation, And as glad to do service unto your grace As ever I was to live any time or space.

And, for the same great malice I do sustain, Both of your nobles and communalty, To my great grievance and marvellous pain. And eke further, I fear the jeopardy
Of my life, goodness, credence and honesty.
To cease their malice, unless you put in ure
Your power royal, I cannot long endure
The slanderous reports, the lies that be made,
The feigned detractions and contumelious,
The rhymes, the railings so far set abroad,
Both painted and printed in most shameful
wise.

And, God to record! all is but leasings and lies; Was never made on man like, as is on me, Only for applyment of law and equity.

Insomuch that of late now, indeed, Before all the commons, upon mine and me, Most damnable reports were set abroad, To my dishonour and shameful villainy; And all that were there of that company, As I might see, by their countenance and voice, That same allowed and greatly did rejoice. Wherefore, noble prince! I beseech your grace Let me be removed, another to have my place.

Assuerus. Aman! we heard with delibera-

Uttered, and pronounced by language clean,
A very elegant and prudent oration
Of you, as evertofore was seen;
By whose tenor we know what ye mean.
And, have ye no doubt, so shall we for you provide

[side.

That your enemies shall damage you on no We know right well the lords envious to be, One against another for fee and office; But, that to regard, in no wise need ye, As long as ye observe truth and justice. From the which we would that, in no wise, Ye should digress; for if ye do, indeed,

Your own destruction shortly ye shall breed.
But, for your comfort, hark what I shall tell;
And, for more assistance in this that ye do fear,
We make you lieutenant to rule Israel.
Take here these robes—see ye do them wear;
Eke this golden wand in your hand to bear,
A token of honour and of estate royal— [all?

God send you continuance and well to do with Aman. Noble prince! according as I am bound.

I will do you service till death me confound.

Assuerus. For a season we will, to our solace,

Into our orchard or some other place.

Here the king entereth the traverse and Hardydardy entereth the place.

Hardydardy. A proverb, as men say: a dog

hath a day

Whensoever that it chance.

He that will drink wine, and hath never a vine,

Must send or go to France.

And, if he do not, endure he cannot,
He must needs shrink. [pain
Shrink? yea, say that again! for it is a great

To be without drink.
In such case am I, I swear, by God's pity!

I lack both drink and meat.

But, as I say, a dog hath a day; For now I trust to get.

My time is come for to get some,

If I be not let. It is the common word, Aman is a lord,

And Aman is of price; And hath, perdy! all this country

At his rule and device.

And I trust to be one of his yeomanry,

To wear his badge and mark.

An office I would bear and it nought else wear, But the keeper of his park.

Aman. Meseems ye are not fit.

Hardydardy. Ye ween I lack wit, it may be so well!

Yet a fool, when it doth hap, may sometime

chance to stop a gap

When wise men will not mell. [their thought. Aman. Fools largely will boord and tell all Hardydardy. And wise men will not speak one word till all become to nought. [sore. Aman. Fools will tell all, and that troubleth Hardydardy. And wise men will say nought at all till all be gone and more. [prest. Aman. Fools to idleness, all ways be Hardydardy. And wise men use such business it were better they were at rest.

Aman. Fools let the reformation of common

weal.

Hardydardy. And wise men be so full of imagination

They wot not how they deal.

Aman. Wise men would do right

And fools say nay. [when wise men run away. Hardydardy. And fools be fain to fight Aman. Fools spend all till they nought have. Hardydardy. And wise men carry all till they dare no more crave.

Aman. Ye are a fool, ye do but clatter.

Hardydardy. Many go to school till they can flatter. [tardy.

Aman. Leave your clatter, lest ye come Hardydardy. It makes no matter, for my name is Hardydardy.

Aman. Is your name Hardydardy?

Hardydardy. Yea, that is it, verily! I would, if it please ye,

Be one of your yeomanry.

Aman. As for that, let it pass; we take you for our solace,

And mirth sometime to ken.

Hardydardy. I ween, by God's grace! one fool in a place

Doth well among wise men.

Ye must needs laugh among; and, if a fool sing a song,

I hold you then a groat [the pain Some wise man must be fain sometime to take To do on a fool's coat;

And then, perchance, it is not ready.

Aman. Well, ye can speak merrily, wherewith I am content. [walk—Sirs, tarry you a season! see that far ye not I will to the king secretly to talk.

[To Assuerus.]

Most victorious prince, and of highest

Primate of the world, and president chief!
By whose wisdom, and politic demeanour
All the world at this day takes relief— [brief,
Both king, page, and lord; yea, in sentence
No realm nor region able were to stand
Unless your counsel with them be at hand.

Who compelleth lords to maintain their nobility:

Who learneth knights their feats martial; Or, who religion subdueth to humility; [all—Who have crafts and labourers the world over In civil city, or village royal;

Compelleth each man to his order and place; But only the wisdom and policy of your grace. Your strength defendeth, your wisdom saveth all.

Your plenty relieveth almost every man.
Such is your honour and order royal
That none other counsel, at this day, can
Reach nor attain to know, how or whan,
Like good order or honourable guise
As you, by wisdom daily, do devise.

So is it; your grace, from very base parage. And poor estate, me to high honour have

brought;

For none my virtues nor wisdom sage, But only your goodness have made me of

nought.

God is my judge! it is, therefore, my thought And daily study, above all worldly treasure, That thing to do that is your wealth and pleasure. [hear

And, if it please your grace, therefore, to One thing as I shall make rehearsal.

When I have said I think it shall appear
To your pleasure and profit substantial.

And, to be plain, this is it first of all. [dwell;
A great number of Jews within this realm do

A people not good, nor for your commonweal.

They be dispersed over all your province,
Within themself dwelling, dissevered from our

nation.

By their new laws they think to convince, And eke draw unto their conversation, And unto their ceremonies and faction, Of our people as many as may be, Intending to subdue all gentility.

Moreover, the precepts of your law They refuse, and have in great contempt; They will in no wise live under awe; Of any prince but they will be exempt; Whereby good order may soon be interempt; And occasion is, as I do fear me,

Your subjects to rebel in hope of like liberty.

And your grace knoweth it is expedient Their malice to increase thus by sufferance; For by that may chance great inconvenience; And to all your realm importune perturbance. For their possessions be of substance [length, So great, and so large, that I fear, at the They will attempt to subdue you by strength.

My counsel, therefore, to avoid jeopardy, Is that your grace, by your power royal, Shall give sentence, and plainly decree To slee these Jews in your realm over all; None to escape—let your sentence be general. Ye shall by that win, to say I dare be bold, To your treasure ten thousand pound of gold.

Assuerus. My lord Aman! we have heard

right well

All your oration, which is so elegant,
And so well touched that needs we must feel
And perceive your mind; your words be so
pregnant.

And, as touching the Jews which be so valiant, Both of good and great possession,

We do agree unto their suppression.

We right well perceive that unto them draw Much of our people and gentle nation; Which, to our honour, and also to our law, Must needs be a great derogation, A mean to bring all out of fashion. [well; To quench them, therefore, we be contented In token whereof, hold here a ring and seal.

Aman. Of your sentence there shall not

lack one clause,

But all shall be done and that without pause— The Pursuants call to us shortly.

Pursuivants. If it like you, we are here!

Aman. These letters devised we would ye should apply

To bear forth, and that diligently, With as much haste as may be, To the rulers of every town and city,

Straightly commanding them all that they may The same to execute at their prefixed day.

Pursuivants. To his high pleasure we shall make us prest,

And till it be done, we will take no rest.

Aman. We be glad we have attained our purpose:

I trust it shall abate the high courage Of Mardocheus, and eke all those That be his clients bring to repentance.

Hardydardy. Marry, sir! they be like to take penance;

It would grieve any man, young or old of age, Without his head to go on pilgrimage.

Aman. They have deserved it, and they shall have it:

It is for them according. [men do say, Hardydardy. If I should bewray that some It were a mad boording.

Aman. Say what ye list. [not angry. Hardydardy. So would I, if wist ye would Aman. Ye have liberty, as ye pleased be,

To stand or tumble. [lose your head; Hardydardy. Men say, indeed, ye shall And that would make you stumble.

Aman. Why so?

Hardydardy. They say it is convenient should be fulfilled the testament

Of Ambition, Adulation and Pride:
They gave you all their pride and flattering,
And after that, Saint Thomas Watering, there
to rest a tide;

And men think at host, with them was the

Holy Ghost,

Their testament was made so holily, [said Wherefore all that they said cannot be take or But as a prophecy.

Aman. Well, ye are verily disposed merrily

Now for to talk;

And I am surely minded secretly

For my solace to walk. Et exeat.

Here entereth a Jew and speaketh.
[A Jew.] O Lord! what a thing is credulity
When to it is annexed covetous and pride!
It destroyeth both town and country,
Eke all regions on every side;
All is for him too little, his mouth is so wide;

All is for him too little, his mouth is so wide; His rigour ravenous spares not to spill Both man and child to have his own will.

This ravenous wolf—Aman I do mean—That hath persuaded the king to kill and slee, And from all this province to avoid clean All men and women and children that be Jews born, and of the Jews' consanguinite. The precept is set up men to remember, And it shall be executed the thirteenth day of December.

Alas! that ever should fortune such rage
From so cankered a caitiff to proceed.
It is his mind, my head I lay to gage,
All those to slay, I assure you, indeed, [feed—
That will not by flattery his presumptions
He would be glorified above creatures all;
And yet, I trust, as Lucifer deep he shall fall.

Another Jew. The Mantuans thought it a great punishment
To be proscribed from their goods and land,
As reciteth Virgil, that poet eloquent.
Much more is our pain, ye may understand,
That shall lose our lives, unless God take in hand

Us to deliver, or else me not can Avoid the murder of this carnifex, Aman. Another Jew. He shall by this murder our goods win.

And himself enlarge, his pride to advance; And when he hath all he shall be new to begin, Evermore to get by some other chance.

Mardocheus. Yet, at the last, all shall come to mischance:

For, both him and his, God shall make tame; And, for their pride and pillage, send them worldly shame.

Hester. Mardocheus! with your company, We have heard your lamentation,
To our grief and displeasure, verily!
Yet we trust, by meek supplication,
First unto God by humble oration,
And then to the king by desire cordial,
A mean to find for to safeguard ye all:
Call in the chapel to the intent they may
Sing some holy himpne to speed us this day.

Then the chapel do sing.

After this prayer and our former abstinence To the good Lord I call for comfort, To inspire the prince, and his mind incense; That I may obtain now, at my resort, To redeem the Jews, all the whole sort. Eke to disclose the falsed, favell, and fraud Of this cruel Aman, to Thy praise and laud.

Assuerus. O goodly Hester, our most noble Oueen!

Of personage peerless, and in wisdom alone; In courage and countenance none like is seen; So discreet in dalliance was never none.

Where is your comfort? care can be none—
Lo! here our wand, approach near to this
place [brace.

That we may kiss you, and in our arms em-Here they kiss.

What ask you, lady? and what do you demand? Half our realm is yours if ye command. [dear! Hester. Noble prince, and our espouse most Since that to ask ye have given me liberty, I beseech your grace, with heart most entire, That it may please you this day to dine with

me;

Eke my lord Aman I would be glad to see At the same banquet, for to take repast.

Assuerus. Call us in Aman that we may go in haste: [your grace!

Aman. I am here, ready to attend upon Here must be prepared a banquet in the place.

Assuerus. Then let us go while we have time and space.

Lady Hester, our most beloved Queen! So pure and so exquisite is this repast,

Both of wine and meat that no better may been; [attaste, Your mirth eke, and manners so pleasant to That for to depart we make no manner haste; Eke our presence we know is to your pleasure Far better than gold, or any worldly treasure.

Wherefore, as we said, we would ye should

demand,

And at your pleasure your petition make.
The one half of our realm, if ye it command,
We shall with depart, only for your sake,
And of it to you a plain surrender make;
And the more ye ask, with loving intent,
The more we shall give, and the better be
content.

Hester. Noble prince! your high magnificence,

Your bounty, and especial grace,
So oft and so kindly doth incense
To make request some profit to purchase,
So that longer delay were in me great trespass;
And by that also your grace right well may it
think

That finally your love unto my heart did sink. Wherefore, this favour since I have obtained Of your grace to have any my request, This I do ask with true heart unfeigned And with charity, of all virtues best: [west, That through all your realm, both east and As many as be of the Jewish nation [tion. Your grace will them pardon, at my supplica-Assuring you I am of that nation,

Born and eke bred in Jerusalem; Yet I, and all they, by one condemnation, To death are determined through all this

realm-

No remedy: lest your pardon us redeem. We would rather we might be sold to bondage. Than thus to perish, by fury and outrage.

Assuerus. What is he, or what is his authority,

That is so bold this act to attempt?

Hester. It is Aman that, by cruel envy, Is our mortal enemy, and would us interrupt,

That our life and goods from us were

adempt:

Then would he rule all, and if he might, to all get; set.

And all should not suffice, so high his heart is His pomp and his pride so much is, indeed, That if he had all, it could him not suffice: At this time his treasure yours doth exceed, And yet content is he in no wise. But to get more daily he doth devise: The commons he extorteth till they be lame; He takes the profit, and ye bear the name. But better it were that he should suffer pain Than thus, by craft, your honour to distain; By his false leasings he putteth other in blame, Deluding your grace, when he list to fain: And no man so worthy for to suffer pain As he himself, that by his poison and gall Hath deceived you, and eke your commons all.

Assuerus. He signified unto me that the

Jews did

Not feed the poor by hospitality. Their possessions, he said, were all but hid Among themselves, living voluptuously; Thinking the same might be, verily, Much better employed for the commonweal Where now it little profiteth, or never a deal.

Hester. Noble prince! as for hospitality Of the Jews dwelling in your region, It is with them as always hath been Since the beginning of their possession, Which God to them gave, of His mere motion: Eke great knowledge, both of cattle and of grain, Itain. That none to them like household could main-

Is not of Abraham the hospitality

In Scripture noted, and of noble fame? But one honouring when he received three, The Trinity figured in the same. Both Isaac and Jacob had a like name, Of whom the twelve tribes descended be, Whichever did maintain hospitality. Since God, therefore, hath begun their house-And aye hath preserved their hospitality, I advise no man to be so bold The same to dissolve, whatsoever he be. Let God alone, for He shall orderly, A fine ad finem, both here and there, Omnia disponere suaviter. [dissembler! Assuerus. O caitiff, most crafty! O false With thy flattering tongue thou hast deceived

All noble princes by me may beware
Whom they shall trust and put in authority;
Eke whom they shall promote to riches and dignity.

[tude,
But we shall teach thee good for thine ingrati-

And by thee all other their prince to delude.

Aman. O lady Hester, most noble princess!
Of thine honour and goodness sovereign,
Extend to me that pity, or else, doubtless,
To death I am dressed, and mortal pain.
I wot I have deserved it for certain,
And against thee my offence is great.
Wherefore, unneth I dare thy goodness entreat.
But truth is, the merit of this is better,
And God it more accepteth a thousandfold
Against whom the offence is greater,
And of them that of injury could not tell me.
Wherefore, to speak somewhat it makes me

To increase thy merit and reward heavenly-

Save my life, and I thy servant shall be.

Hester. Aman, this matter so heinous is, indeed, [speed.

That of our honour we will neither speak nor Aman. Alas! then am I utterly marred; I must straight die—it cannot be deferred.

Assuerus. O, thou caitiff! canst thou not be content

With the mischief by thee done before,

But the queen wilt oppress, we being present? What need we call for evidence more? [sore; Make him sure and fast, and thereto bind him We will that our counsel shortly devise,

How we shall bestow him, according to justice. *Arbona*. There is in the house of this traitor,

Aman,

A pair of gallows of fifty cubits high;

Upon them he had thought, either now or than, To have caused Mardocheus to die. [by and by,

Assuerus. Lead him hence, and upon them, See that ye hang him, and so stop his breath—Without favour see he suffer death.

Hardydardy. Other folks be tardy, as well

as Hardydardy.

By this reckoning [else—A, sir—beside bells, bacon, and somewhat Must needs have hanging. [that deserve Assuerus. Hanging do serve, when they Are false faitors. [herrings and sprots,

Hardydardy. And it comes to lots of Which be no traitors, [cloak To hang in the smoke till they change their

To hang in the smoke till they change their From white to red. [they do not hong Assuerus. But such do no wrong; wherefore

Till they be dead. [it toucheth the quick Hardydardy. Ye speak somewhat like, for

To be hanged in good heal. [wise and ware, Assuerus. Yet none need to care, that is And truly will deal. Ovid. Hardydardy. Have ye not read of Naso

That eloquent poet?

Nor Valery, which tells merrily

The proper feats,

How the smith Perillus, like a tuta vilus,

Made a bull of brass?

He had thought, i-wis, to have pleased king Phalaris.

But vet he did much worse,

Assuerus. Why so? Hardydardy. I ween, by God! he made a For his own arse. shet-Phalaris could not get within the bull to Lo here begins the game. Wherefore, indeed, he took for need

Perillus, maker of the same.

In he did him turn, and made the fire to burn, And greatly to increase; He cast him in such heat, and eke in such He fried him in his grease.

Assuerus. What mean you by this?

Hardydardy. I will tell you, by Gis! my whole intention.

I mean, my master is the first taster

Of his own invention.

The gallhouse he made both high and broad,

For Mardocheus he them meant;

And now he is fain himself, for certain, To play the first pageant.

Assuerus. He that deserves pain is worthy,

Even for to have it.

Hardydardy. Therefore, God send all those that will steal men's clothes,

That once they may go naked.

Arbona. If it please your grace, this traitor, Aman,

We have put to death as was your commandment. [as we can,

Assuerus. Then shall we straight, as well Bestow his goods, for he made no testament.

Lady Hester! this is our intent:

The house of Aman, with all his treasure, We give it you; do with all your pleasure.

Hester. I thank your grace, with heart entire.

Now, dare I be bold to show you the plainness Of my mind, since Mardocheus is here. If it please your grace, the truth is, doubtless, Albeit or now I did it not confess; This Mardocheus is, for certain, My father's brother, no longer I will it leyne. A gentle man he is, for lineally

He is born of the stock of Benjaminy.

Assuerus. We be right glad we know his

lineage;

His truth to us before was known well. We will him advance according his parage. Hold, Mardocheus! here is our ring and seal; It is our trust ye will with justice deal; [cretion, We commit, therefore, unto your wise dis-Of all this province judgment and correction.

Mardocheus. I thank your grace, trusting

ye shall not hear

In all things but as justice doth require.

Hester. Noble prince, and our espouse most

dear!

I beseech your grace, at my supplication, The precept your grace sent, at Aman's desire, Against me and all the Jewish nation,

May be revoked; and upon convocation Anew devised by them that can do best, And that sent forth, to set the Jews at rest. Moreover, let the realm be perused By them that be of your high council, And if any have the law abused Of all the Iews within your common weal. Let them not spare correction to deal, And straightly constrain themself to address To observe that law God give them by Moses. The Jews be the people of God elected, And wear his badge of circumcision; The daily prayer of that whole sect-As the psalms of David by ghostly inspiration; Eke holy ceremonies of God's provision-To God is vailable, that nothing greater, And all the whole realm for them fares the better. ye near;

Assuerus. Stand ye up, Lady! and approach Your petition we grant it gladly.

Hester. Then, if it please your grace to hear, This epistle is made to the sealing ready.

Assuerus. Let it be read, that it may, by and by,

Be sealed and consigned, and so forth sent; And then I trust ye shall be content.

Here the Scribe doth read the king's letter. Scribe. We, Assuerus, king and high regent From India to Ethiopia plain,
Send greeting, and straight commandment
To all the heads and rulers certain;
Willing they should, upon a great pain,
In a hundred provinces, and seven and twenty,
All men compel to this our decree.
Although it be so our precepts that be sent

Be of diverse nature, and plain repugnant,

When we know our mind ye shall be content To think it no lightness, nor wit inconstant, But the necessity of times variant; And as cause requireth for the utility Of our whole realm heeds and commonalty. And to the intent ye may know our plain mind, The son of Amadathy called Aman, A Macedon born, and like to their own kind, Not of our nation, as all men tell can; Which, by his subtlety, both now and than, Our gentleness so infecteth for certain That near we were like all Iews to have slain. We favoured him that he was called Our father, and all men did to him honour. But his heart with pride so strongly was walled That, by his slight and crafty demeanour, Had we not espied his subtle behaviour, He would have destroyed Queen Hester, our wife.

And from us, at the length, have taken our life. But as for the Jews, we found them innocent And without all blame, though to death they

were dyth.

Wherefore Aman, we thought it convenient To hang him till the death, according to right, Within Susis, our noble city of might. [fate Not only our deed, nor yet their chance nor But God's own Justice, whatsoever they prate.

This our precept and high commandment We would to all cities ye should declare. This is our purpose and very intent: The Jews to their laws themself should prepare Duly to keep them, and not from them square; And no man to hurt them, see ye remember, As it was meant the thirteenth day of

December,

Dated at Susis—this is certain—
The fourth day of December the third year of our reign.

Assuerus. This is well! see it be sealed anon, And that every city of them may have one. Now, madam! I trust ye be content.

Hester. Yea, and that verament!
May it now please you yourself to repose?
Assuerus. Very well; save first we will disclose

Part of our mind, which we think necessary;
If it be well heard we trust it shall edify.
My Lords! by this figure ye may well see
The multitude hurt by the head's negligence.
If to his pleasure so given is he,
That he will no pain take nor diligence,
Who careth not for his cure oft loseth creA proverb of old some time in usage; [dence;
Few men that serve but for their own advantage.

Hester. And yet the servants that be untrue, Awhile in the world their life may they lead; Yea, their wealth and worship daily renew; But, at the length, I assure you, indeed, Their favell and falsehood will come abrede; Which shall be to them more bitter than gall: The higher they climb the deeper they fall,

Assuerus. Let us then cease this convoca-

And this time dissolve this congregation.

Hester. That like as here they have lived devoutly

So God grant them in heaven to live eternally, Assuerus. To the which we commit all this company.

FINIS.



TOM TYLER

AND

His Wife.

AN EXCELLENT OLD

PLAY,

AS

It was *Printed* and *Atted* about a hundred Years ago.

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The second Impression



LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1661.

IJ

The Pames of the Players:

Destiny, a sage person

Desire, the vice

Tom Tyler, a labouring man

Strife, Tom Tyler's wife

Sturdy, a gossip

Tipple, an ale-wife

Tom Tayler, an artificer

Patience, a sage person



TOM TYLER AND HIS WIFE

THE PROLOGUE.

My duty first in humble wise fulfilled,

I humbly come, as humbly as I am willed,

To represent, and eke to make report,

That after me you shall hear merry sport;
To make you joy and laugh at merry toys—
I mean a play set out by pretty boys.

Whereto we crave your silence and goodwill,
To take it well: although he wanted skill

That made the same so perfectly to write,
As his goodwill would further and it might.
The effect whereof it boots not to recite,

The effect whereof it boots not to recite,

For presently ye shall have it in sight.

Nor in my head such cunning doth consist, They shall themselves declare it as they list.

But my goodwill I promised them to do,
Which was to come before to pray of you,

To make them room, and silence as you may, Which being done, they shall come in to play.

Here entereth in Destiny and Desire.

[Desire.] I represent the part that men To be a plague to men in many a sort. [report, Destiny. I am, which as your proverbs go, In wedding or hanging am taken for a foe, Whereas indeed the truth is nothing so.

Be it well or ill as all things hap in fine, The praise or dispraise ought not to be mine.

Desire. I am glad I met you. Destiny. Whither jet you?

Desire. I jet, I tell you true, to seek and see

To tell you such news as I cannot choose.

Destiny. I pray you what is that?

Desire. Sirrah! know you not Tom Tiler your man?

Destiny. Yes, marry! what than?

Desire. He made suit to me, his friend for to be.

To get him a wife, to lead a good life. And so I consented, and was well contented To help him to woo, with all I could do, And married he is.

Destiny. But what for all this? [is a shrow; Desire. Marry! that shall you know, his wife And, I hear tell, she doth not use him well. Wherefore, he speaks shame of thee and my name. [name blamed,

Destiny. If you so framed, to have your Or your deeds be naughty, what am I faulty? I know no cause why.

Desire. No more do I.

I did my goodwill, and though he sped ill, I care not a fly.

Destiny. Let them two try.

They match as they can, the wife and goodman, In wealth or in woe, as matters do go. And let us not mind, their lot to unbind, But rather forget them.

Desire. Marry, so let them!

For as for my part, though it long to my art Men's hearts to inflame, their fancy to frame; When they have obtained, I am not constrained

To do any more.

Destiny. Content thee, therefore, And let thy heart rest, for so it is best. And let us away, as fast as we may, For fear he come to you.

Desire. Marry, have with you!

Here they both go in. Tom Tiler cometh in singing.

A Song.

The proverb reporteth, no man can deny, That wedding and hanging is destiny.

I am a poor tiler in simple array,
And get a poor living, but eightpence a day,
My wife as I get it, doth spend it away;
And I cannot help it, she saith; wot we why?
For wedding and hanging is destiny.

I thought when I wed her, she had been a sheep, At board to be friendly, to sleep when I sleep. She loves so unkindly, she makes me to weep; But I dare say nothing, God wot! wot ye For wedding and hanging is destiny. [why?

Besides this unkindness whereof my grief grows, [shrows; I think few tilers are matched with such Before she leaves brawling, she falls to deal blows

Which, early and late, doth cause me cry That wedding and hanging is destiny.

The more that I please her, the worse she doth like me; [strike me; The more I forbear her, the more she doth

The more that I get her, the more she doth glike me; [cry Woe worth this ill fortune that maketh me That wedding and hanging is destiny.

If I had been hanged when I had been married,
My torments had ended, though I had miscarried; [tarried;

If I had been warned, then would I have But now all too lately I feel and cry That wedding and hanging is destiny.

The song ended, Tom Tiler speaketh.

T. Tiler. You see with what fashion I plead my passions: wife, By marrying of Strife, which I chose to my To lead such a life, with sorrow and grief, As I tell you true, is too bad for a Jew. She hath such skill, to do what she will, To gossip and to swill, when I fare but ill. I must work sore, I must get some more, I must still send it, and she will still spend it, I pray God amend it, but she doth not intend it. What should I say, but hie me away, And do my work duly, where ich am paid truly? For if my wife come, up goeth my bum, And she should come hither, and we met together, I know we shall fight, and eke scratch and bite.

I know we shall fight, and eke scratch and bite.
I, therefore, will go hie me, and to my work
As fast as I can. [ply me,

Here Tom Tiler goeth in, and his wife cometh out.

Strife. Alas, silly man! What a husband have I, as light as a fly? I leap and I skip, I carry the whip, And I bear the bell; if he please me not well I will take him by the poll, by Cock's precious soul! [smile;

I will make him to toil, when I laugh and I will fare of the best, I will sit and take rest, And make him to find all things to my mind. And yet sharp as the wind, I will use him unkind.

And feign myself sick; there is no such trick, To dolt with a daw, and keep him in awe. I will teach him to know the way to Dunmow. At board and at bed, I will crack the knave's

head, If he look but awry, or cast a sheep's eye:

So shall I be sure, to keep him in ure,
To serve like a knave, and live like a slave.

And in the mean season, I will have my own reason; [me
And no man to control me, to pill or to poll

Which I love of life.

Sturdy entereth.

Sturdy. God speed, gossip Strife!
Strife. Well met, goodwife Sturdy! both
And ever I thank ye! [welcome and worthy,
Sturdy. I pray you go prank ye;

Ye are due, old huddle!

Strife. The pig's in the puddle. But now welcome, indeed! and ye be agreed Let us have some chat.

Sturdy. Marry! why nat?

For I am come hither, to gossip together,

For I drank not to-day. Strife. So I hear say.

But I tell you true, I thought not of you, Yet the ale-wife of the Swan is filling the can With spice that is fine, and part shall be thine If that thou wilt tarry.

Sturdy. Why, yes, by Saint Mary!

Else were I a fool.

Here entereth Tipple, with a pot in her hand, and a piece of bacon.

Tip[ple]. Marry! here is good rule.

A sight of good guess.

Strife. Never a one less, now Tipple is come.

Tipple. And here is good hum, I dare boldly say.

[day?

Sturdy. Why had not I some of this tother Tipple. Make much of it now, and glad that ye may.

Come, where shall we sit? and here is a bit

Of a gammon of bacon.

Strife. Well said, by Laron!

Sit down even here, and fall to it there:

I would it were better for ye;

As long lives a merry heart as a sorry! [he? Tipple. Where is Tom Tiler now—where is Strife. What carest thou where a dolt should he?

And where is your goodman?

Tipple. Forsooth! nought at home; he is abroad for pence.

Sturdy. Well, I had need to go hence,

Lest my goodman do miss me. [me, Strife. I would teach him John come kiss

If the dolt were mine.

Sturdy. Alas! are you so fine? [you here! Would God in all your cheer, Tom Tiler saw Strife. What and if he did? [be too hot. Tipple. Marry, God forbid! the house would Strife. Now by this pewter pot,

And by this drink I will drink now, God knows what I think now!

Sturdy. What think you, gossip Strife? Strife. I had rather than my life My husband would come hither, That we might busk together-Ye should see how I could tame him. Tipple. Alas! and could ye blame him If that he were displeased?

Strife. He shall be soon appeared,

If either he gaspeth or glometh.

Tom Tiler cometh in. Sturdy. By God's blue hood! he cometh. Away, by the Mass, away! he will us all else fray.

T. Tiler. These summer days be very dry. Strife. Yea, that is a devil a lie!

A knave, what dost thou here?

Ich should have a pot of beer, and

go to work again.

Strife. Yea, knave! shall honest men Go hire thee by the day, and thou shalt go away To loiter to and fro? I will teach thee for to know

How fast the hours go. One! two! and three! She beateth him.

T. Tiler. I pray thee let be. [some sticks! Strife. Four! five! and six! Lord, that I had I would clapperclaw thy bones, To make you tell your stones, The worser while I know you.

T. Tiler. Good wife, I beshrew you!

I pray you leave tumbling.

Strife. Yea, knave! are you mumbling? Hence, ye knave, hence! bring me home pence Afore ye go to bed, or I will break your knave's head

Till the blood go about.

T. Tiler. Now, our Lord keep me out From this wicked wife.

Tom Tiler goeth out. Sturdy. Why, how now, Strife? here is pretty rule. for me; Strife. Hold your peace, fool! it is no news Let this talk be, and fall to your cheer.

Tipple. Here is good beer—quaff and be merry!

Strife. I am half weary with chiding already.

Sturdy. Keep your brains steady,

And fall to your drinking. Idance. Tipple. Nay, fall to singing, and let us go Strife. By my troth! chance, and let us begin:

Rise up, gossips, and I will bring you in! Here they sing.

> Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler. More mortar for Tom Tiler.

> > Strife singeth this stave.

As many as match themselves with shrows May hap to carry away the blows. Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler. As many a tide both ebbs and flows, So many a misfortune comes and goes. Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Tipple singeth this stave.

Though tilers climb the house to tile, They must come down another while, Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler. Though many a one do seem to smile, When geese do wink, they mean some guile, Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Sturdy singeth this stave.
Though Tom be stout, and Tom be strong,
Though Tom be large, and Tom be long,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler,
Tom hath a wife will take no wrong,
But teach her Tom another song,
Tom Tiler. Tom Tiler.

Here they end singing, and Tipple speaketh.

Tipple. Alas, poor Tom, his cake is dough! Sturdy. Ye may see what it is to meet with a shrow.

And now we have sung this merry fit, [wit: Let us now leave gossiping yet. Strife. Hold your peace, fools! ye have no Fill in and spare not; swill in, I care not. This drink is ipsy, to make us all tipsy. And now, gossip Sturdy, if I may be so worthy, Half this I drink to you. me, anon: Sturdy. The headache will sting you, I fear Therefore, let us be gone, I heartily pray you. Tipple, what say you, will you drink no more? plain; I have tippled sore I promise you Yet once and no more—have at you again! Strife. Ho, pray God, ho! Sturdy. So, so, so!

Here they sing again.
ANOTHER SONG.
The mill a, the mill a,
So merrily goes the merry mill a.

Let us sip, and let us slip, And go which way it will a, Let us trip, and let us skip, And let us drink our fill a. Take the cup, and drink all up, Give me the can to fill a: Every sup, and every cup, Hold here, and my goodwill a.

Gossip mine! and gossip thine!
Now let us gossip still a:
Here is good wine, this ale is fine,
Now drink of which you will a.

Round about, till all be out,
I pray you let us swill a:
This jelly grout is jelly and stout;
I pray you stout it still a.

Let us laugh, and let us quaff, Good drinkers think none ill a: Here is your bag, here is your staff, Be packing to the mill a.

Here they end singing, and Tipple speaketh first.

Tipple. So merrily goes the merry mill a-

Hold, here is my can!

Sturdy. Nay, I beshrow my heart than. I must depart; therefore, adieu! [you. Strife. Then tarry and take us all with Come, gossips, come!

Here they go all in, and Tom Tiler cometh out.

T. Tiler. I am a tiler as you see, a simple man of my degree, [and dry; Yet many have need of me, to keep them clean And specially in the summer-time To pin their tiles, and make their lime, And tile their houses to keep out rain, Being well rewarded for my pain.

And where I work by week or day,
I truly earn it and they truly pay;
I would desire no better life,
Except that God would change my wife.
If she were gone, and I were free,
What tiler then were like to me? [javel,
For howsoever I travel, she uses me like a
And goeth from house to house, as drunk as a
mouse;

Giving and granting, checking and taunting, Bragging and vaunting, flouting and flaunting. And when I come home, she makes me a mome:

And cuts my comb, like a hop on my thumb,
With contrary biting too dear of reciting.
But this is the end if I could get a friend
Some counsel to give me—you would not believe me

How glad I would be.

[Enter Tom Tayler.
T. Tayler. The wiser man he. Tom Tiler, how now?

T. Tiler. Tom Tayler, how dost thou?

Tayler. After the old sort, in mirth and jolly sport,

Tayler-like, I tell you.

T. Tiler. Ah, sirrah, I smell you! [please, You have your heart's ease to do what you But I have heard tell, that you have the hell.

Tayler. Marry, that is well! But what if I have? [turn,

T. Tiler. May not I crave one friendly good While the fire doth burn, to put my wife to such ill fare?

Tayler. In faith, I do not care! But what meanest thou by this?

T. Tiler. To live in some bliss, and be rid of my wife.

Tayler. Why are you at strife, what is the cause?

T. Tiler. When I come in her claws,
She guides me for ever; but help me now or
never:

As I told thee before.

Put her in hell, and I care for no more.

Tayler. Why, foolish knave! what hell should I have?

With a wild evil, am I a devil?

Thou art out of thy wit. [am vext with a fit T. Tiler. No, bum fay! not yet, though I Of a liberal wife, that will shorten my life. And thou be no devil, take it not evil; For I heard tell, that thou hast a hell. And I have a wife, so devilish in strife,

Which cannot do well; and, therefore, meeter for hell

Than here to remain.

Tayler. If the matter be so plain
Then what wilt thou say, if I find the way
By words to entreat her, and after to beat her
If she will not be ruled?

[many shrows]

T. Tiler. She is too well schooled with too

To receive any blows-never think so!

Tayler. If she be such a shrow, something at her throw!

Stand to it, foolish calf! I will be thy half.

What, will she fight?

T. Tiler. Yea, her fingers be very light, And that do I find; her checks be so unkind, Always and ever, she is pleased never; But fuming and fretting, buffeting and beating Of this my silly costard,

Tayler. A whoreson dostard! And what dost thou than?

T. Tiler. Like a poor man,

Desiring her gently to let me live quietly.

Tayler. Now, of mine honesty, I like thee
the better.

And wouldest thou let her? [true, T. Tiler. Yea, and so would you, I tell you

If you were in my case.

Tayler. Nay then, by God's grace! [ceive I will prove, by your leave, if she can me de-By any such sort—ye shall see a good sport. Put off thy coat and all thy apparel,

And for thy quarrel I will make speed;

And put on thy weed, come on and unray thee.

T. Tiler. And what now, I pray thee? Tayler. Come, give me the rest!

T. Tiler. I ween you do jest. What mean you by this?

Tayler. No harm, sir, i-wis!

Now get me a cudgel—this is wondrous well. Now am I well armed if now I be harmed; I may chance to beguile her, for beating Tom

Now, Thomas, my friend! this is the end: You say your wife will fight, her fingers be

so light; [sprite, If she have such delight, I will conjure the If she come near, while I tarry here. [me cry, Therefore, stand by! and when thou hearest Come help me to cheer me!

T. Tiler. Nay, I must not come near thee;

Be certain of that.

Here Tom Tiler goeth in awhile.

Tayler. Well, if you will not, make no more debating.

[Enter Strife.

Strife. Ye knave! are ye prating? [lurk? When you should be at work, do you loiter and Take that for your labour! [pay you again: Tayler. Nay, faith! by your favour I will

There is for me to requite your pain.

Strife. Yea, knave! are you striking? Tayler. Yea, whore! are ye greeking?

Strife. In faith, ye knave! I will cool you! Tayler. In faith, ye whore! I will rule you! Strife. Yea, knave! are ye so fresh?

Tayler. Yea, whore! I will plague your flesh!

Strife. And I will displease thee a little Tayler. And, in faith! I will not die thy debtor.

How now, how like you your match?

Strife. As I did ever, even like a patch.

Ah, knave, wilt thou strike thy wife?

Tayler. Yea, marry! I love this gear alife. Strife. Hold thy hand and thou be a man! Tayler. Kneel down, and ask me forgiveness, then.

Strife. Ah, whoreson knave! my bones is sore.

Tayler. Ah, unhappy whore! do so then no more. [thy will.

Strife. I pray thee be still, thou shalt have I will do so no more, I am sorry therefore. I will never more strike, nor proffer the like.

Alas, I am killed! [hast been ever. Tayler. Nay, thou art ill-willed, as thou But trouble me never, I advise thee, again.

For I will brain thee then.

Now praise at thy parting. [I knew, Strife. Woe worth overthwarting that ever

I am beaten so blue, and my gall is all burst. I thought, at the first, he had been a dolt. But I bridled a colt of a contrary hare; Sour sauce is now my cheer. [play: Therefore, I will away, for I get nought by this And get me to bed, and dress up my head— I am so sore beaten with blows.

He fireth in. Tayler. It is hard matching with shrows. I see well enough the damsel was tough, And loth for to bend. But I think, in the end, I made her to bow. But where is Tom now? That he may know how all matters do stand. T. Tiler enters.

T. Tiler. Here, sir, at hand! How now,

Tom Tayler?

Tayler. Much ado to quail her. But I believe my girds do her grieve, I dare be bold she longs not to scold, Nor use her old sport, in such devilish sort.

T. Tiler. I pray thee, why so?

Tayler. I have made her so woe, so black and so blue:

I have changed her hue and made her to bend That, to her life's end, she will never offend In word nor in deed. Therefore, now take heed

She strike thee no more.

T. Tiler. Ich will stroke thee, therefore; And Tom, God a mercy! coming in. Tayler. She looked arsy-versy at her first

And so did begin with sousing of chows,

And fell to fair blows.

But then I behied me, and she never spied me, What I was, I am sure. Therefore, get thee to her:

A. P. II.

And get thee to bed, whatsoever is said.

And care not a straw, for thou hast her in awe. She is so well beaten, she dare not once threaten,

Nor give thee any ill word at bed and at board; But grunting and groaning, thou shalt find her

moaning

Her piteous case with a Saint John's face, I warrant well painted; for I struck till she fainted,

And paid her for all ever,

Till she said she would never be churlish again.
T. Tiler. Let me alone with my damsel, then;
And if I be able, without any fable

I will quit thee.

Tayler. If she crossbite thee,

Henceforth evermore, beswinge her, therefore; And keep her up short from all her old sport. And she will not be ruled, let her be cooled.

T. Tiler. But, I dare say, she will think of this day

All her life long.

Tayler. Shall we have then a good song, For joy of this glee betwixt her and thee?

T. Tiler. By my troth! if you will—I shall

As much as I can.

Tayler. Let us sing than

The Tying of the Mare, that went out of square.

T. Tiler. By my troth! any you dare—go to, begin!

Here they sing.

Tie, tie, tie the mare, tie! Lest she stray from thee away; Tie the mare Tomboy! Tom Tiler singeth.
Tom might be merry, and well might fare,
But for the haltering of his mare,
Which is so wicked to fling and fly—
Go, tie the mare, Tomboy! tie the mare, tie!
Tom Tayler singeth.

Blame not Thomas if Tom be sick, His mare doth prance, his mare doth kick; She snorts and holds her head so high— Go, tie the mare, Tomboy! tie the mare, tie!

Tom Tiler singeth.

If Tom cry Hayt! or Tom cry Ho, His mare will straight give Tom a blow. Where she doth bait, Tom shall abie— Go, tie the mare, Tomboy! tie the mare, tie!

Tom Tayler singeth.

Tom, if thy mare do make such sport,
I give thee counsel to keep her short.
If she be coltish, make her to cry—
Go, tie the mare, Tomboy! tie the mare, tie!
Here they end singing, and Tom Tayler

first speaketh.

Tayler. Well now, to your charge, Let her run no more at large. But now she is so well framed, If she do ill you must be blamed; Therefore, take good heed.

T. Tiler. Yes, that I will, indeed.
And I thank you for your pain,
As I am bound, I tell you plain.
Tayler. Well, Thomas, fare you well,

Till you come where I do dwell!

Tom Tayler goeth in.

T. Tiler. Ah, sirrah! this is trim, that my wife is cooled by him.

I marvel how she took the matter;
And how she will look when I come at her;
And whether she be well or sick;
For my part, I do not stick
To do my duty as I ought,
Yet will I never die for thought—
I will go hie me home.

Tom Tiler goeth in. Here entereth

Sturdy and Tipple.

Sturdy. Farewell, good honest mome!— How likest thou this match?

Wouldst thou have thought the patch

Would have beat his wife so black and blue, from top to toe,

Being such a simple fool? [school; Tipple. Belike he hath learned in a new Whereat I cannot choose but laugh— The still sow eateth up all the draff:

Beware of such wily pies.

Sturdy. But she, an she be wise, Will seek some way to rook him.

Tipple. It is too late to break him, if now he get the better.

Sturdy. If she can do so, let her;

I dare be bold to say she will do what she may.

Lo! here she cometh creeping; Alas, for woe and weeping! The truth will now appear.

Enter Strife, fair and softly, wailing and weeping.

Strife. Alas, and wellaway!

How ill have I been used, my bones be all-to bruised.

My flesh is plagued vilely, and my head is wounded highly.

My arms be black and blue, and all my sides be

Sturdy. Though all this be with you, gossip, discomfort never.

Tipple. He watched ye once for ever,

But trust his hands no more.

Strife. Alas! I am so sore [wit; I can neither stand nor sit, but am beside my And never well apaid, till that I may be laid To ease me on my bed.

Sturdy. Bind this about your head,

And hardly lay you down—we must into the town;

And after that, surely, then we will come to you again;

And I pray you be of good cheer.

Tipple. I am sorry to see you here In such unhappy case; but take some heart of grace,

Good gossip, I pray you!

Strife. Alas, neighbours! I stay you [nap, From your business, perhaps; but I will take a If I can, where I lie. [by.

Sturdy. Then we will see you again by and Sturdy and Tipple goeth out, and Tom Tiler cometh in.

T. Tiler. I heard say my wife is abominable sick:

Indeed, she was beat with an unhappy stick. God's! look where she lies, close with her eyes; That is well said. I will get me to bed.

And lay me hard by her; and yet, not too nigh her.

For fear I awake her; a good year take her For using me so!

Strife. Out, alas, oh, oh!

My bones, my bones! fall in pieces at once! Alas, alas, I die! O husband, husband! why

Why have you done so? I was never your foe So much as you make me; and so you may take me-

If I have you offended, it shall be amended. Alas! wherefore should ve beat me so sore? T. Tiler. You would be still never, but buffet me ever:

And gossip at will, when I must work still. And take ill your pleasure, and brawl without

measure:

And now you may see, as the old sayings be: God sendeth now short horns to a curst cow. I come home merrily, when you sit, verily! Lowering and pouting, gnawing and louting; And I was your noddy, as much as no body.

Strife. Alas! what than? you, being a man, Should bear with my folly; and you being holly Might counsel me, though not beating me so. I thought I should find you loving and kind;

And not of this mind.

For us to wax foes, for such cruel blows, I tell you plain, I married my bane When I married thee, as far as I see.

T. Tiler. Wife! I am sorry this ill is be-

fallen ye.

But I tell you true, the fault was in you. For, till this day, I dare boidly say, I never did proffer you such an offer; It was your own seeking.

Strife. I beshrew such striking. So, close by the ribs, you may strike your Tibs

So, well enough!

T. Tiler. This rage and this ruff Need not to be, wife, if ye love me; Let us agree in love and amity, And do so no more; I am sorry, therefore, I take God to my judge! that ever this grudge Should happen to be between you and me.

Strife. Alas! I may moan I might have been won [vokes With half these strokes; but curstness pro-Kind hearts to dissever; and hatred, for ever, Most commonly grows by dealing of blows. Therefore, blame not me if I cannot love ye

While we two have life.

T. Tiler. By my halidom, wife!
Because you say so, now shall ye know
If you will content you, that I do lament you.
For I will tell you true, when I saw you
Ever brawling and fighting, and ever cross-

biting— [do— Which made me still woe, that you should thus At last, hereafter, I complained the matter

To Tom Tayler, my master, who taking a waster [it;

Did put on my coat, since ye will needs know And so, being disguised, he enterprised To come in my stead; and having my weed You—pleading your passion after the old fashion

Thinking it was I—struck him by and by.
Then straight did he, instead of me,
Curry your bones, as he said, for the nonce,
To make you obey.

Strife. Is it even so, as you say?

God's fish, you knave! did you send such a slave

To revenge your quarrel, in your apparel? Thou shalt abide as dearly as I. I thought, by this place, thou hadst not the face To beat me so sore. Have at thee once more! I now wax fresh to plague a knave's flesh

That hath so plagued me; for every blow, three Be sure I will pay you, till you do as I would

have you.

Ah, whoreson dolt! thou whoreson, subtle colt! Son of a ox! how like you your knocks? The piles and the pox, and the poison in box Consume such a knave, and bring him to grave!

The crows and the pies, and the very flesh

flies

Desire to plague thee. In faith, I will plague thee!

T. Tiler. O wife, wife! I pray thee save my life.

You hurt me ever, I hurted you never-

For God's sake, content thee!

Strife. Nay, thou shalt repent thee
That ever Tom Tayler, that ruffian and railer,
Was set to beat me; he had better he had eat
me.

I hope for to find some tosser so kind
To curry that knave, for the old grudge I have,
As now I do thee; there is one more for me.
Kneel down on your knee, you hoddy-doddy!
I will make you to stoop though you set cock

on hoop [her. For joy of Tom Tayler, that he could beguile Take that for her sake, some mirth for to make,

Like an ass as you be!

T. Tiler. Why should you strike me For another man's fault?

Strife. Because thou art naught,

And he a vile knave.

Enter Sturdy and Tipple.

Sturdy. What more can ye have? Enough is enough, as good as a feast.

Strife. He shall bear me one cuff yet more like a beast.

Tipple. Gossip, content thee, and strike him no more!

T. Tiler. All the world wonders upon her, therefore. [her sight!

Sturdy. Away, neighbour Thomas, out of T. Tiler. Alas, she hath almost killed me outright!

I will rather die than see her again.

Go in T. Tiler.

Strife. I promise you, I have a great loss then.

How like ye now this last overthwarting? It is an old saying: praise at the parting. I think I have made the cullion to wring. I was not beaten so black and blue, But I am sure he has as many new.

My heart is well eased, and I have my wish, This chafing hath made me as whole as a fish. And now I dare boldly be merry again. [then.

Sturdy. By Saint Mary! you are the happier My neighbour and I might hap to abie, If we should so do as he suffereth you:

But we commend you.

Strife. I can now intend you

To laugh and to quaff, and lay down my staff, To dance or to sing. [madness.

Tipple. There were no such thing after this

Sturdy. And ye say it in sadness

Let us set in, on a merry pin, [wife, The story of the strife between Tom and his As well as we can.

Strife. Shall I begin then to set you both in?

For I can best do it.

Sturdy. Now, I pray thee, go to it.

Here they sing. Hey derry, ho derry, hey derry dan! The Tiler's wife of our town Hath beaten her goodman.

A SONG.

Tom Tiler was a trifler. And fain would have the skill To practise with Tom Tayler, To break his wife's will. Tom Tayler got the victory, Till Tiler's wife did know It was a point of subtlety; Then Tom was beat for woe. Tom Tiler's wife said evermore I will full merry make, And never trust a man no more For Thomas Tayler's sake. But if Tom Tiler give a stroke, Perhaps if he be stout, He shall then have his costard broke. Till blood go round about. Though some be sheep, yet some be shrows, Let them be fools that lust: Tom Tiler's wife will take no blows, No more than needs she must. If Tom be wise, he will beware Before he make his match, To do no further than he dare, For fear he prove a patch. Here they end singing.

Strife. Gossips! godlige for this merry song; Pray God we may long keep such merry glee! Sturdy. Yea, marry! say we.

God grant all wives to lead the like lives

That you do now. [pass; Tipple. I know not how that may come to But, by the Mass I good handling doth much

But, by the Mass! good handling doth much. Strife. For a fair touch my will shall not want.

Sturdy. Would God I could plant

My eyelids in such sort, to make such a sport, And live so at ease, to do what I please.

Tipple. Always the seas

Be not like mild, but wanton and wild; Sometime more higher than need shall require; So may the hap be with you and with me.

Strife. Let all this be, for we will agree;

And let us away; for, I dare say Tom Tiler is gone to make his moan

After these strokes, like a wise cokes—

But all is one. [to go. Sturdy. Come, let us be gone; it is time for Tipple. I think it be so; come on, have with

you!

Here they go in, and Tom Tayler, Tom
Tiler, and Destiny enter.

T. Tiler. If Destiny drive poor Tom for to

For ever in strife with such an ill wife, Then Tom may complain, no more to remain Here on the earth, but rather wish death; For this is too bad. [with thee?]

Tayler. Why, how now, my lad, what news

T. Tiler. In faith, as ye see! After the old fashion, pleading on passion.

If Fortune will it, I must fulfil it; If Destiny say it, I cannot denay it.

Destiny. Nor I cannot stay it. [lorn. For, when thou wast born, thy luck was for-

Therefore, content thee, and never repent thee. T. Tayler. I cannot lament thee. [shrow For, I am sure you know I charmed your With such cruel blows; by the faith that now goes!

I thought she would die.

T. Tiler. Then, happy were I. Tayler. And a good cause why

But you may now go for bacon to Dunmow.

T. Tiler. Yet fain would I know of Destiny
now:

How long, and how, my life shall it pass?

Tayler. Why, foolish ass! that were but a folly;

For he is too holly to tell any news.

Destiny. I do not use to tell or I strike,

I suddenly gleek or men be aware. [hand, Tayler. Then I can declare, if I look in thy How thy fortune will stand. Hold forth thy fist!

T. Tiler. Here, do what ye list!

Tayler. By my troth, I wist it, and have not missed it!

He striketh him on the cheek.

By the sign that here goes! you are born to take blows.

Tarry, let me look again!

Tom Tiler. Nay, beshrew my heart, then! Tayler. Ask Destiny hereby and I make a lie.

Destiny. No, you do not, indeed.

T. Tiler. Then I will change my weed, And tile it no more, if my chance be so sore As you two do make it.

Destiny. We do not mistake it. [hold: Thereof, be you bold, and this hope you may

If your fortune be to hang on a tree
Five foot from the ground ye shall never be
drowned:

So, if you be born to hold with the horn, Howsoever your wife jet it, you cannot let it; And if you lead an ill life, by chance of your wife,

Take this for verity—all is but your destiny. And, though your deeds prove naught,

Yet am I not in fault. [eschew T. Tiler. Then let me be taught how to

Such dangers as you enforce to a man.

Destiny. Yea, but who can instruct you thereon?

For all is no more than I have said before. But howsoever it be, learn this of me: If you take it not ill, but with a good will, It shall never grieve you.

Tayler. No, faith! I believe you, That is even all. He that loves thrall

It were pity he should lack it.

T. Tiler. Then I must pack it
Between the coat and the skin;
As my fortune hath been ever yet in my life,
Since I am married with Strife.
Hap good hap will; hap good, hap evil;
Even hap as hap may.

Tayler. That is a wise way.

Never set at thy heart thy wife's churlish part; That she sets at her heel, such sorrows to It would grieve any saint. [feel—

Enter Strife.

Strife. Take a pencil, and paint your words in a table,

That the fool may be able to know what to do. Destiny. Here is one comes to woo—

By the Mass! I will not tarry.

Destiny goeth in.

Strife. I would it were muskadine for ye To stand prating with knaves.

Tayler. Hark! how she raves; she longs

for a whip.

Strife. Yea, faith, goodman blabberlip! You pricklouse knave, you! have you nothing to do Theads.

At home with your shreds? a prayer of wise I promise you, you have! But, you doltish

Come home, or I will fetch you! Tayler. Now a halter stretch you,

And them that sent you!

Enter Patience.

Patience. Good friends! I pray you content Wife? you. Whence cometh this strife, I pray thee, good

Be patient for all.

Strife. And shall the knave brawl, [and me? And make discord to be between my husband Patience. Why so? are you he

That setteth debate, and disposed to prate?

I pray you, be still!

Tayler. Marry, with a good will! As God shall save me, I did behave me As well as might be, as these folks did see, Till this gigish dame into this place came; But she is too-too bad.

Patience. And I count him mad. That for any fit will compare his wit; And, with a foolish woman to wander,

He is as wise as a gander.

You are too much to blame; and you too, for shame!

Leave your old canker, and let your sheet anchor

Be always to hold, where I, Patience, am bold; If things hap awry, to fall out by and by, It doth not agree, though Destiny be Unfriendly to some, as he hits all that come,

In wealth and in woe: I am sure you know

There should be no strife between man and
wife.

Ifriends:

And thus my tale ends: I would have you all And I would have Tom Tayler to be no railer; Nor Tom Tiler to chide, which I cannot abide; Nor his wife for to shew any pranks of a shrew.

T. Tiler. Ich would God it were so, for I bid the woe.

Ich wish it for my part, even with all my heart. For howsoever it goes, I bear the blows, Which I tell you I like not.

Tayler. Though I chide, I strike not,
Your mastership doth see. [last struck me.
Strife. I beshrew his knave's heart, that
Patience. Well, once again, let this foolishness be.

And, as I told you, so I pray you hold you;
For I will not away till I set such a stay
To make you gree friendly that now chafe unkindly.

Come on, Strife! I find your churlish kind You must needs bridle, if it be possible; For else it were vain to take any pain. Take Tom by the fist, and let me see him kissed.

Strife. If Patience entreat me, I will, though Tom beat me.
T. Tiler. Well, wife, I thank you.

Patience. Nay, whither away prank you? Tom Tayler also shall you kiss, ere you go; And see you be friends.

Strife. I would he had kissed both the

ends!

Tayler. Nay, there a hot coal! Patience. Now, see this wild foal!

Be quiet, I pray you, for therefore I stay you.

And Destiny, to thee—thou must also agree As well as the rest.

Destiny. I think it, too, best-

Be you agreed all?

Now speak altogether, except Patience.
All speak. We are, and we shall.
Patience. Then take hands, and take chance,

And I will lead the dance.

Come sing after me, and look we agree.

Here they sing this song.

A Song.

Patience entreateth good fellows all,
Where Folly beateth to break their brawl,
Where wills be wilful, and Fortune thrall,
A patient party persuadeth all.

Though Strife be sturdy to move debate, As some unworthy have done of late, And he that worst may the candle carry,

If Patience pray thee, do never tarry.

If froward Fortune hap so awry,

To make thee marry by destiny,
If fits unkindly do move thy mood,
Take all things patiently, both ill and good.

Patience, perforce! if thou endure It will be better thou mayest be sure, In wealth or woe, howsoever it ends, Wheresoever ye go, be patient friends. The end of this song.

> Here they all go in, and one cometh out, and singeth this song following all alone with instruments, and all the rest within sing between every stave the first two lines.

The concluding song.

When sorrows be great, and hap awry, Let Reason entreat thee patiently.

A Song.

Though pinching be a privy pain,
To want desire that is but vain;
Though some be cursed, and some be kind,
Subdue the worst with patient mind.

Who sits so high, who sits so low?
Who feels such joy, that feels no woe?
When bale is bad, good boot is nigh—
Take all adventures patiently.

To marry a sheep, to marry a shrow, To meet with a friend, to meet with a foe, These checks of chance can no man fly, But God himself that rules the sky.

Which God preserve our noble Queen,
From perilous chance that hath been seen,
And send her subjects grace say I,
To serve her Highness patiently.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN,



A NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

INCLUDING

CONTEMPORARY REFERENCES, BIBLIOGRAPHY, VARIORUM READINGS, NOTES, &c., together with a GLOSSARY OF WORDS AND PHRASES now Archaic or Obsolete; the whole arranged in ONE ALPHABET IN DICTIONARY FORM.

A FOREWORD TO NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

Reference from text to Note-Book is copious, and as complete as may be; so also, conversely, from Note-Book to text. The following pages may, with almost absolute certainty, be consulted on any point that may occur in the course of reading; but more especially as regards

Biographical and other Notes,

Contemporary References to Author and Plays, Bibliography,

Variorum Readings.

Words and Phrases, now Obsolete or Archaic.

The scheme of reference from Note-Book to text assumes the division, in the mind's eye, of each page into four horizontal sections; which, beginning at the top, are indicated in the Note-Book by the letters a, b, c, d following the page figure. In practice this will be found easy, and an enormous help to the eye over the usual reference to page alone in "fixing" the "catchword." Thus 126a=the first quarter of page 126; 40c=the third quarter of page 40; and so forth.

Abbreviations.

J. Jacob and Esau. Y. Youth.

A. Albion, Knight.

M. Misogonus.

H. Godly Queen Hester.

T. Tom Tyler and his Wife.

[Note.—My acknowledgments, in regard to this volume, are specially due to Prof. Bang (Youth); to Prof. Brandl (Misogonus); to Mr. W. W. Greg (Godly Queen Hester); and generally to Halliwell's Dictionary. Nares' Glossary, and the Oxford English Dictionary. The Note-Book having already far exceeded all ordinary limits, a few of the commoner and better-known words and phrases have been omitted. All such, however, have already been noticed in other volumes of this series.]



NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST TO SIX ANONYMOUS PLAYS

(SECOND SERIES), VIZ.:

The History of Facob and Esau—Youth—Albion, Knight—Misogonus—Godly Queen Hester—Tom Tyler and his Wife

A, (a) "as good as a bring" (M. 187c)—"a went . . . a-birding" (M. 170a), he. "Bounce would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come."—Shakspeare, 2 Henry IV. (1598), iii. 2. See Bells. (b) "A knave" (T. 207b), ah!

ABACK, "Aback, fellows, and give me room" (Y. 94b), probably addressed to those in the "place," the open space where the performers stood. Thus the stage-direction in Godly Queen Hester (256b), "Aman meeteth them (the maidens) in the place." A similar injunction is found in Thersites (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., Ser. I., 195b), "Aback, give me room, in my way do ye not stand; For if ye do, I will soon lay you low."

ABHOMINABLE, "thou abhominable Sodomite" (M. 188d), abominable: by Shakspeare's time the pronunciation at least appears to have become "fine"—as witness the satire of Love's Labour Lost, v. 1, 25.

A-BIRDING, "a went in . . . a-birding (M. 170a), bird-catching, fowling. "Birders should (in their birding endeavour) take up their gins."—Heywood, Works (E.E. D.S.), 11., 151b.

ABUSION, ABUSED, "in apparel is great abusion" (A. 120b)—"so abused is thy light apparel" (A. 119d)—"to print such abusion" (A. 131d), abuse.

- According, "according your mind" (H. 256c), Mr. Greg in Materialen thinks the omission of to "unusual," and that "it may be an error of the printer." But ellipsis is a pronouncedly common feature in early plays: other examples in Godly Queen Hester are by no means few in number.
- Acquaint, "What game . . . do you now most acquaint" (M. 178a), i.e. are you cognisant of, familiar with. "As things acquainted and familiar to us."—Shakspeare, 2 Henry IV. (1598), v. 2.
- Addresseth, "Esau addresseth him to the forest" (J. 10d), gets ready, prepares for; cf. the military usage where address=to make military (or naval) dispositions; whence generally to prepare for any enterprise or work; sometimes used reflexively. "It lifted up its head, and did address... to motion, like as it would speak."—Shakspeare, Hamlet (1596), i. 1.
- ADEMPT, "our life and goods from us were adempt" (H. 280a), taken away: Latin, ademptum=to take to oneself, to take away.
- ADO, "I pray ye have ado" (Y. 101a), "have done": still dialectical.
- ADVERTISED, "advertised him to do his duty" (M. 165c), admonished. "My griefs cry louder than advertisement."—Shakspeare, Much Ado about Nothing (1600), v. i.
- AFFEARED, "affeared of thy old name" (A. 126c), frightened, afraid: "this word (says the Ency. Dict.) still exists among the uneducated"; was it not Latham who said that nowadays "the vulgar were the great conservers of the Anglo-Saxon speech of our forefathers"?
- Affect, "sore affect" (M. 193d), affected, troubled: see Correct.
- AFRESH, "she is afresh" (Y. 104a), this should be as in the original a fresh: a=an=one.
- AGATE, "let us be agate" (Y. 106c), on the way, a-going.
 "Is it his 'motus trepidationis' that makes him

stammer? I pray you, Memory, set him agate again."
—Brewer, Lingua (1580), iii. 6.

AGLET, "not care an aglet" (M. 197d), properly a tag of a lace, a point, a spangle; hence a small standard of value.

ALATE, "didst thou see thy young master alate" (M. 169b; M. 201b), lately. "Seemed alate to pay . . . some tribute pence."—Return from Parnassus, Part I., iv. 1 (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., Ser. 9).

ALBION, KNIGHT (Text. pp. 117-132). Only a fragment of six leaves has come down to us of this chronicle play of political and satirical intent. Probably, with the exception of Bale's King John (E.E.D.S., Works, 171-204) and Sackville and Norton's Gorboduc (E.E.D.S., Works, 85-153), it is the earliest extant play of its class; and in its character is undoubtedly unique in the annals of early English drama. This fragment of twelve closely printed pages in black-letter is part of the famous Devonshire collection. It "comprises the outer fold of Sheet B and the whole of C." It was found in the pasteboard of another book where it had been used by a binder as end paper. Mr. Collier states (H.E.D.P., ii. 370) that "Mr. Douce had a fragment of a single leaf, Aiij, possibly belonging to the same production." Mr. Collier's History was published in 1831, and when he reprinted the Devonshire fragment for the Shakspeare Society in 1844 he made no further reference to the fact. Recent search made among the Douce papers and books in the Bodleian has also resulted in a failure to unearth any such fragment. Little, indeed, is known concerning Albion, Knight-its author, its date, or whether it was acted or not. It was probably printed; that is, if we may regard it as the same play as that licensed to Thomas Colwell (Registers of the Stationers' Company for 1565-6) entitled "A mery playe bothe pythy and pleasaunt of Albyon Knyghte. A play called Albion appears in Archer's catalogue for 1656, and in Kirkman's for 1671 (but not in Kirkman's list for 1661, attached to Tyler and his Wife. As regards date, opinions differ; and probably will continue so to do. Little internal evidence on this point can be traced, and still less that

is available of an authoritative character. Oldys, in his MS. notes, gives 1593, an obviously impossible date. Mr. J. P. Collier (Shakspeare Soc. Papers, 1844), while admitting the slender grounds on which he bases his suggestion, surmises that it may be the play referred to in the Cotton MS. Vitellius F. v. (Camden Soc.), which met with such an unfavourable reception at Christmas, 1559: "The same day at nyght at the Quene's court, there was a play afore her Grace, the which the plaers plade, shuche matter that they wher commandyd to leyff off, and con-tinently the maske cam in dansing." Mr. Collier admits that the writer does not say he was present, that there is not the smallest hint as to the title of the play, but yet "we may perhaps infer that it was political . . . and suppose it was . . . Albion, Knight: those who read will see abundant ground for believing that if it were exhibited at Court, or indeed anywhere else, in the very outset of the reign of Elizabeth, it could not be acceptable." Surely the flimsiest grounds upon which to base even a surmise? Apart from the fact that a large slice of the pre-Shakspearean drama has been lost, it must be remembered also that other plays have been unacceptable and suppressed. For example, Misogonus (q.v.) has been attributed to Richard Edwards (who certainlysee Prologue to Damon and Pithias-was keenly sensitive and nervous on this score), and also identified with the play which was stopped by the Queen's command at the Court Revels at Christmas, 1559. Schelling (The English Chronicle Play, 276-278) gives the date as 1566; Prof. Gayley (Rep. Eng. Comedies, lxxxv.-not lxxxvi. as given in the index) speaks of it as "a political fragment acted between 1560 and 1565," but he gives no reason for it; and where is the proof that it was ever acted? Internal evidence on this point is likewise of the scantiest; and, if of any weight at all, it points rather to a much earlier date. If, as Prof. Brandl thinks, there is traceable the direct influence of Lyndsay's Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis, the upward date could not have been earlier than 1539; except, of course, the position is reversed and Sir David Lyndsay had Albion, Knight, in mind when penning his satire! A brief analysis of Albion, Knight, shows

that England, personified by Albion, is racked by dissension, discord, and discontent. There is ill-feeling between the commonalty and the nobility; and the lords temporal and the lords spiritual are jealous one of the other. Injury complains that Justice is not treated with due equity. If loss to Principality (the personification of the royal power) be involved, "that loseth all." If the lords spiritual or the lords temporal are touched, "then farewell! the bill may sleep, it is naught but for to wipe a pan." Such was the new equity. Principality was also at great debate with Justice: he would have the law after his liking: the commons' hearts arise against him when he asks in time of need for money; they are in altercation on this matter; Principality neglects to defend Albion by sea and land; the thieves and raveners daily true men pursue; the laws are not impartially administered; and so forth. If this be a picture of the times it is strangely unlike the conditions prevalent at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign; but, contrariwise, there is a strange likeness to those which characterised the early years of Henry VIII. The King's Council was divided by faction-the temporalty against the spiritualty; the King, when he had exhausted his treasure by pleasures, empty pageants, or vain treaties and expeditions, extorted money by loans, benevolences, and confiscations; when he applied to the Commons they rebuffed him by granting only half supplies; the secular and ecclesiastical courts were at variance; bills sent up by the Commons were set aside by the Lords; judges were more concerned to maintain their jurisdiction than to do justice: all this seems curiously portrayed in Albion, Knight. This, of course, would put back the date of the play a good many years. Perhaps more careful analysis and study of the drama than is possible in, or within the scope of, these notes would throw light on the subject.

ALE, "we will go to the ale" (Y. 106a), ale-house. "When they drynke atte ale, They telle many a lewd tale."-Caxton, Desc. Brit. (1480), 40.

ALE-WIFE, "the ale-wife of the Swan" (T. 295d), a tapstress.

- ALIFE, "I love this gear alife" (T. 304c), excessively. Usually a (or a-) life: a=on—on [my] life=a mild imprecation. "I love a ballad in print, o' life."—Shakspeare, Winter's Tale (1610), iv. 3.
- ALIGANT, "she's aligant indeed" (M. 203c), elegant: a present-day "Irishism."
- Allmight, "God Allmight" (Y. 100d), Almighty—not an infrequent contraction for rhyming's sake: in original all myght. Another example occurs later (Y. 105c), "Hark, sirs, for God Almighty" (orig. God almighte), which should in text have been Almight, as it is intended to rhyme with "fight." See A-mightens.
- A[MAYD], "if I lay a[mayd]" (M. 202c), dismayed: the manuscript is defective, and this restoration is suggested by Prof. Brandl.
- A-MIGHTENS, "God a-mighten's lap" (M. 219b), God Almighty's lap: cf. Allmight.
- Among, "Beware ever among of the friary clerk's bell" (A. 125d)—"ye must needs laugh among" (H. 272b), now and then, at intervals, from time to time: in the first example the sense, however, would seem to mean "continually." "Be it right or wrong These men among On women do complain"—Notbrowne Mayde (Hazlitt, E.E.P.P., ii., 272). "Thai eten and dronken right i-nowe, And made mirth ever amonge."—Sir Ferumbras.
- AND, AN, or & (passim), if.
- Angry, "wist ye would not angry" (H. 275c), be is understood: the whole piece abounds in ellipticisms, false and loose rhymes, and archaic construction.
- Antique, "an antique or a monk" (M. 149b), perhaps the spelling should have been antic (orig. antike), in view of the modern differentiation in meaning by means of the spelling—antique=an antiquated, out-of-date person; antic=a merry-andrew, buffoon—it is uncertain which is meant here. "Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves, Were he the veriest antic in the world."—Shakspeare, Taming of the Shrew (1593), Ind. "... within the hollow crown That rounds the

- mortal temples of a king Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits."-Shakspeare, Rich. II. (1597), iii. 2.
- Anywhen (J. 11d), any time; now dialectical; of these compounds "anyhow" and "anywhere" seem to have survived longest in written English: cf. "anywhither," "anywhile," &c.
- APAID, "ill apaid" (M. 156c)—"never well apaid" (T. 309a), satisfied, pleased. "Make thee well apaid." -New Custom (c. 1573), E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., 3 Ser., 170d.
- Approof, "upon approof" (H. 257a), approbation. "So his abbroof lives not in's epitaph, As in your royal speech."-Shakspeare, All's Well (1598), i. 2.
- ARGLEMENTS, "good . . . arglements" (M. 206b), arguments.

ARMENTAGE, see Oaths.

Array, (a) "here is array" (J. 77b)—"a pretty kettle of fish," a "mess": cf. ray=defile. (b) "a new array" (Y. 115a), equipment, adorn-

ment, aids to conduct, &c.

- ARSY-VERSY, "She looked arsy-versy" (T. 305d), properly upside-down, topsy-turvy, contrary: "Ye set the cart before the horse . . . cleane contrarily, and arsy-versy as they say."—Taverner, Eras. Prov. (1539), 62.
- Assail, "assail thy father" (J. 64c), approach: a much weakened sense, somewhat similar to the modern colloquialism "go for "=to attempt, try for, approach.
- Assay, "assay . . . to buy" (J. 15b)—"I will assay ere long" (J. 15d)—"I will taste of other assays" (A. 120b), try, attempt, essay: see Taste; at all assays (J. 53b) = at all points, ready for every contingency (see Roister Doister, E.E.D.S., 40d).
- Assisted, "and they that should assisted" (H. 263d). "have" is understood: the ellipsis is common. "Of lands and goods which should me much [have] avanced."-Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II., 22a.

Assize, "common assize" (A. 120b), custom, fashion, use, judgment, regulation. "And after mete the lordys wyse, Eueryche yn dywers queyntyse, To daunce went by ryght asyse."—Octovian, 81 (Boucher). "So al watz dubbet on dere asyse."—E. Eng. Allit. Poems (ed. Morris), The Pearl, 97.

Assoil, see Soil.

ATTASTE, "so pleasant to attaste" (H. 278d), taste, experience. "For gentlemen... was nought so fit, As to attaste by bold attempts the cup Of conquest's wine, whereof I thought to sup."—Mirrour for Mag., p. 297.

AUDE, "my aude master" (M. 196d), old: still dialectical.

Augrim, "she has augrim in her" (M. 232a), algorithim, arithmetic, the faculty of counting. Augrim-stones were counters used in calculations. "His augrym-stones, leyen faire apart."—Chaucer, Cant. Tales (1483), 3210.

AUM'S-ACE, see Cards.

Avoid, "I shall make you avoid soon" (Y. 94b)—"to avoid clean" (H. 276c), leave, remove, get out of the way; often in the imperative, as a warning to clear the way on the passage of a personage; also of inanimate objects, to remove, to clear away. "Awoydes tho borde into the flore, Tase away tho trestes that ben so store."—Boke of Curtasye, p. 33.

A-wheels, "let all go a-wheels" (M. 154b), easily, carelessly, as if on wheels.

BAALAM'S ASS (M. 149a), see Numbers xxxii. 21: i.e. a talking donkey.

Backhouse (M. 215d), an outhouse, or premises at the back of a house: often backside. "Their backhouses, of more necessary than cleanly service, as kitchens, stables, are climbed up into by steps."—Carew. "No innkeper, alehouse keeper, victualler or tippler shall admit . . . any person . . . in his . . . backside to eat, drink or play at cards."—Grindal, Remains, 138.

BACKHOUSE-DITCH (M. 224c), see previous entry.

BACON, (a) "bacon in my hand" (M. 146d), the half

crazy Abraham men, or bedlams, are usually represented as carrying "a piece of bacon [begged or stolen] on a stick or such-like toy" (Awdeley, Frat. Vacabondes).

(b) see Bells.

BADGE, "to wear his badge and mark" (H. 271a): princes, noblemen, and other gentlemen of rank had formerly, and still retain, distinctive badges, and servants and dependants wore these cognisances on their liveries. Douce, in his Illustrations of Shakspeare (1839), pp. 205-7, says: "The history of the changes which badges have undergone is interesting. In the time of Henry IV. the terms livery and badge seem to have been synonymous. A badge consisted of the master's device, crest, or arms on a separate piece of cloth, or sometimes on silver in the form of a shield. fastened to the left sleeve. In Queen Elizabeth's reign the nobility placed silver badges on their servants. The sleeve badge was left off in the reign of James I., but its remains are still preserved in the dresses of porters, firemen, and watermen, and possibly in the shoulder-knots of footmen. During the period when badges were worn the coat to which they were affixed was, as a rule, blue, and the blue coat and badge still may be seen on parish and hospital boys."

BAIT, "there were a great bait" (M. 169b), set to, scrimmage: as when dogs are set to worry or kill an animal.

Bak'st, "as thou bak'st so sha't brew" (M. 206c): the reference is seemingly to the relation of cause and effect; that is, the quality of the baking will determine that of the preparation or brewing of "brewis," bread soaked in broth. The proverb usually takes a somewhat different and more intelligible form. "As I... brew so must I... drink."—Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II., 19a. "If you have browen wel, you shall drinke the better."—Wodroephe, Spared Houres of a Souldier (1623).

BAN, "beggars now do ban" (H. 265b), curse, imprecate vengeance upon a person. "And summe banne the, and some blesse."—MS. Cantab., Ff., ii. 38, f. 16. "What

beggar art thou that thus doth banne and wary?"-Skelton, Magnif., 2266.

Bands, "I would have him in bands" (M. 144c), under restraint.

Bash, "not bash to grope a trull" (M. 176c), be bashful. "He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot, And all so soyld that none could him descry: His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not For Guyons lookes, but scornefull eyeglaunce at him shot."—Spenser, Fairy Queen (1590), II., iv. 37.

BASKETS, "baskets in my capons" (M. 196c), of course Codrus means to say "capons in my basket"; however, the blunder was probably intended by the author.

BAYARD, "ride bayard rather" (M. 151d), literally a bay horse, and specifically an old blind horse frequently mentioned in old poetry and romance; here there is seemingly an allusion to the horse or wooden frame on which culprits were made to ride by way of punishment.

Bead-roll (M. 204a), a list of persons to be prayed for: as these were prohibited in England in 1550, there may be in this passage a clue to the date of the play.

BEADS, "beads for your devotion" (Y. 115a), "beads" in the Copland edition is replaced, significantly, by "books": the beads are, of course, those of the rosary used in keeping count of prayers offered: these are strung in thirties or sixties, every tenth bead, called a gaude, being larger and otherwise distinguished from the others; the gaudes represent paternosters and the ordinary beads Ave Marias. "... as will appear by the form of bidding the beads in King Henry the Seventh's time: the way was first for the preacher to name and open his text, and then to call on the people to go to their prayers, and to tell them what they were to pray for; after which all the people said their beads in a general silence, and the minister kneeled down also and said his."-Burnet, Hist. Reformat., bk. i., pt. ii., an. 1547.

BEAR, see Name.

BEATI, "beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter justitiam" (Y. 108a), see Matthew v. 10.

BECK, "with a beck" (J. 61d)-"the becking of my finger" (M. 176d), nod, bow, a salutation of any kind, whether with head, hand, or knee. "I to every soul . . . did give a beck."—Heywood, Four P.P., Works (E.E.D.S.), 1., 52b (c. 1543-7).

BEDEWOMAN, "I'll be your bedewoman" (M. 220a), that is, beadswoman, properly an almswoman in an almshouse or hospital, one of whose duties was to pray for the soul of the "pious founder"; hence, in a general sense (as here, but with an eye on "bed-woman"), one who prays for the welfare of another. "I will be thy beadsman, Valentine."-Shakspeare, Two Gent. of Verona (1595), i. 1.

BEFORNE (J. 80a; Y. 108d; H. 257c; et passim), before, spread out to view, openly. "I were worthy of this payne Because it was shewed me so well beforne."-Wife Lapped in Morrelles Skin [Hazlitt, E.E.P.P., iv. 214].

BEHID, "I behid me" (T. 305d), the original is behide, rhyming with "spied": the modern spelling gives the sense better.

BEHOVE, "to your behove" (Y. 94b), behoof.

BELAKINS! (M. 199a), a veiled oath = be (=by) [our] la[dy]kins (a diminutive).

Bell, "I bear the bell" (T. 295a), take first place, carry away the prize. "For beauty and stature she beareth the bell."-Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II., 27d.

Bells, "Hardydardye. . . . By this reckeninge A syr besyde belles, bacon and somewhat els, Must nedes haue hanginge" (H. 282c), a passage which (as here given) in the original is somewhat obscure. Grosart glossed A=Ah! and Mr. W. W. Greg (Materialen, v. 59) agrees that "there is, of course, no reason why A should not stand for 'Ah' here, as in many other places, but Grosart's interpretation would leave the sentence without a subject. He no doubt interpreted it: 'bacon and something else besides bells needs hanging.' This, however, makes nonsense of the passage; 'besyde' must govern the whole phrase belles, bacon and somewhat els,' since Hardydardy evidently means that Aman, too, requires hanging. I

therefore take A syr as the subject, meaning 'a lord.'" All which is intelligible and reasonable, save that glossing sir=lord in this instance seems unnecessary. Would not the required subject and sense be obtained by reading the passage thus: "Hardy-dardy. . . . By this reckoning, sir! he must needs have hanging, besides bells, bacon, and somewhat else"? The use of a=he is frequent in the mouths of illiterates or provincials in old plays (325b), and needs no special illustration. On the other hand, as far as I know, the use of sir=a lord (or should it not rather be a gentleman?) was not common till Shakspeare's time (Cymbeline, i. 7), the appellation being usually confined to priests, and prefixed, as a rule, to the Christian name; e.g. Sir John, Sir Hugh, &c. Spenser uses it without, and as generic for the cloth. "But this good sir did follow the plaine word, Ne medled with their controversies vaine."-Spenser, Moth, Hubb, Tale (1501), v. 390.

BENJAMINY, "of the stock of Benjaminy" (H. 284c),

Benjamin: note the rhyme with "lineally."

BESENE, "awhile shall besene" (H. 260d), in the original beseeme, which Mr. Greg (Materialen, v. 51), as a rhyme to "Queen," compares with "By my holydame, for my lord Aman" (H. 265d), explaining that "the n: m consonance passed muster with the majority of poets throughout the sixteenth century." But surely beseeme is a misprint-there are many such in the original-for besene (=clothed, clad, adorned)? The King has just instructed Aman to fetch "rich apparel" for the Queen and her ladies, and Aman replies that if it pleases the King to "license" Hester (=give permission to) thus to array herself from the royal wardrobe, she, according to her pleasure, shall "awhile" (=shortly) adorn herself. On the contrary, beseem (=to seem, to appear), though making sense of a kind, gives a faulty rhyme. Hence well-beseen= suitably clad, making a good appearance; ill-beseen= poorly, unsuitably dressed. "In which I late was wont to reign as queen, And mask in mirth, with graces well beseen."-Spenser, Tears of Muses (1590), 179. "Within that lake is a rock, and therein is as faire a place as any is on earth, and richly beseene."-Hist. of K. Arthur, bl. 1. See Likely.

BESIDE, "go here beside" (Y. 102a), by side.

Besilling, "thou besilling beast" (M. 159c), hard-drinking, besotted: "bezzle"=to tipple, swill. "I sawe there beastlie bezolinge."—Pilg, to Parnassus, iii., I. 15 (E.E.D.S., Anon Pl., Ser. 9). "For when he was told of he was fallen into this filthie vice and abominable beazeling, O (saith hee) youth may be wanton, and heerafter staydness may reduce him."—Rich Cabinet furnished with Varietie of Excellent Discriptions (1616).

Bessie, "Brown Bessie" (M. 175b), Besse or Bessie—wanton: generic. In Wever's Lusty Juventus, Abominable Living also appears as "little Besse." "Of monks and canons I am the subtle sortter. While some talk with Besse, the residue keep silence: Though we play the knaves we must shew a good pretence."—Bale, King John (E.E.D.S., Works), 27a.

Bestow, "thou wilt bestow it on me" (Y. 101b), i.e. hospitality, or the wine: see Lechery's speech, 106b.

BET, "go bet" (A. 121d), an old hunting cry, often used in a general way as an expletive of half-familiar, half-sarcastic contempt or impatience.

BETTERLY, "truly and betterly" (M. 223b), in a more excellent way: nowadays we cut the distinctive adverbial ending.

BIBBLING, "bibbling I . . . do it hate" (M. 2016), drinking, tippling: still in service colloquially.

BIDDEN, "if I had bidden from meat" (J. 38b), abstained from, gone without, abided from.

BIDE, "to bide still" (Y. 101c), i.e. stay where he is: once literary, and, though now obsolete in written English, still good Scots and of service colloquially. "I byde styll, I tarye or remayne in a place. Je remayn."—Palsgrave, Lang. Franc.

BIDENE, "even all bidene" (M. 230d), together. Frequently loosely employed, and also serving as a rhyme-tag to lengthen out a line: the precise meaning depends largely on the context. "We thenke to shewe and play, be-dene."—Ludus Cov. (1841), Prologue.

BIND, "faint to bind it" (M. 218b), see Faint.

- BITCHERY, "full of bitchery" (M. 176a), wantonness, the pursuit of women.
- BLACK AND WHITE, see White and black.
- BLACK SANCTUS (M. 184c), a burlesque hymn accompanied by clamour and clatter of sorts; hence any confused or discordant noise. "A blacke santus, the lowd wrangling, or jangling outcryes of scoulds, or scoulding fellowes; any extreame or horrible dinne."—Cotgrave, Dict. (1611), s.v. Tintamarre.
- BLAIN (M. 218a), a boil, a serous or seropurulent eruption of the skin: the word survives in chilblain. "Itches, blains, Sow all th' Athenian bosoms, and the crop Be general leprosy! "—Shakspeare, Timon (1609), iv. I. See Bale, Works (E.E.D.S.), 9a.
- BLAN, "ne'er blan" (M. 176c), ceased. "But daunsed furthe as they bygan, For alle the messe they ne blan."—MS. Harl. 1701, f. 60.
- BLEAREST, "how blearest thou his eyne" (M. 150c), impose upon him, throw pepper in his eyes: see Rom. of the Rose, 3912.
- BLEST, "by God's blest" (M. 181d), blessed: the object is understood—arms, pity, foot, nails, &c.
- BLIN, "I would not blin" (M. 199b), cease, delay, rest, be easy: see Blan. "I schall not blyne, Tyll the best that is there ine Be tween us two be sete."—Kyng and Hermyt, MS. Ashmole 6922, 1. 408.
- BLIND (a) "the blind eat many a fly" (J. 66c), a proverb found in Heywood (E.E.D.S., Works, II., 73b; 201b; 220b). "The blinde eateth many a flie: So doth the husband often, i-wis, Father the childe that is not his."—Schole-house of Women (1541), l. 333.

 (b) "blind talk" (M. 212a), irresponsible gossip.
- BLINDATION, "what a blindation are you in" (M. 206a), mental obscuration, "fog," bewilderment.
- Blossom, "mine own blossom" (M. 179d), an endearment. "Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure."—Shakspeare, Titus Andron. (1593), iv. 2.
- BLOW POINT (M. 239d), according to Strutt a children's game: "blowing an arrow through a trunk at certain

numbers by way of lottery"; Nares says: "perhaps blowing small pins or points against each other." "We pages play at blow-point for a piece of a parsonage."—2 Ret. fr. Parnassus, iii. 1 (1601).

Blowse, "a honeysweet blowse" (M. 175c), "a woman with hair or head-dress loose or disordered, or decorated with vulgar finery." East. Thoresby has, "a blowse or blowse, proper to women, a blossom, a wild rinish girl, proud light skirts;" and Kennett, MS. Lansd. 1033, "a girl or wench whose face looks red by running abroad in the wind and weather, is calld a blouz, and said to have a blouzing colour."—(Halliwell.) "I had rather marry a faire one, and put it to the hazard, than be troubled with a blowze; ..."—Burton, Anat. of Mel. (1621), p. 628.

BODY LOUSE, "as busy as a body louse" (M. 183a), busy = active (A.N.).

Bold, "be not too bold" (Y. 95b), confident, cocksure: as verb=to be emboldened. "Hys harte beganne to bolde."—MS. Cantab., Ff. ii. 38, f. 89.

Bonably, "bonably cursed" (M. 182b), a corruption of abominably (O.E.D.). "Diccon! it is vengeable knave, gammer, 'tis a bonable horson."—Gammer Gurton's Needle, iii. 2.

Bones, "a cast at the bones" (M. 172b), dice. "And on the borde he whyrled a payre of bones, Quater treye dews he clatered as he wente."—Skelton, Works, i. 43.

Boord, "jesting boord" (H. 264c)—"fools largely will boord and tell all" (H. 271b), a jest, jeer, mock, sport, idle talk: the first example is somewhat tautological. As verb=to jest, joke, talk idly. "Sooth bourd is no bourd."—Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II., 88a and 183b.

BOOZING, "reveiling and boozing" (M. 187d), drinking: one of the oldest of the canting terms, and still in common use.

BORAGE, see Kitchen herbs.

Borrow, "I trust . . . you'll let me half a score of your sows borrow" (M. 210b), take: in this sense common in early English. Borrow also=tithing, and

- the use of the word here when asking for half a score sows (i.e. ten, not a tenth) is curious.
- BOTTLE OF HAY, "eat a bottle of hay" (M. 196c), bundle of hay: hence bottle-horse=horse for carrying bundles; bottleman=ostler. "Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow."—Shakspeare, Mids. Night's Dream (1592), iv. I.
- Boust stool (M. 226c), box stool: not "bolster stool," as suggested by Prof. Brandl in Quellen. "And every boist ful of thy letuarie."—Chaucer, Cant. Tales, The Pardoneres Tale, 307. "Boyste or box. Pix, alabastrum."—Prompt. Parv. "The Maister of the money sall answer for all gold and siluer, . . . and put it in his buist."—Ja. II., Parl. 1451, c. 33, 34 (ed. 1566).
- BOYING, "so chiding, so boying" (J. 29d), boylike: Esau's jingle is not always of the best.
- BOYKINS, "my boykins" (M. 180b), usually an endearment; but here, from a superior to a servant, a familiarity.
- Brave, "go brave" (M. 140d), finely dressed: see next entry. "They're wondrous brave to-day: why do they wear These several habits?"—Vittor. Coromb., O. Pl. (Reed), vi. 321. "For I have gold, and therefore will be brave; In silks I'll rattle it of ev'ry colour."—Greene's Tu Q., O. Pl. (Reed), vii. 35.
- Bravery, "with bravery unaddressed" (M. 135c), finery: usually of clothes. "With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery, With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery."—Shakspeare, Tam. Shr. (1593), iv. 3.
- Brawl, "stick not to brawl" (M. 143d), not always in a bad sense: here=to contend with, strive, defend oneself. "Aganys him to brawle..."—Barbour, The Bruce (ed. Skeat), i. 573.
- Brawn, "the brawn of my very arm" (J. 27b), muscle. "Brawne of mannys leggys or armys. Musculus, lacertus, pulpa, C.F."—Prompt. Parv. "And hadde a noble visage for the noones, And formed wel of brawnes and of boones."—Chaucer, Legende of Goode Women: Dido.

Bream, Breme, "earnest and bream" (M. 233a)—"in love so breme" (H. 257c), the sense from the context in both passages seems to=lusty, in a good sense.

BREAST, see Chery.

Breeder, "help you to a breeder" (M. 227c), i.e. a breeding sow.

BRIARS, "leave me not i' th' briars" (M. 207b), in difficulty, misfortune, or doubt. "I ween the knaves are in the briars."—Bale, Works (E.E.D.S.). "Davus interturbat omnia. Davus brings all out of square: he marres all; he brings all into the briars."—Terence in English (1614).

BRISTED, "I wot not how they were bristed" (H. 263d), seemingly a variant of bursted=broken, destroyed, injured, damaged; cf. burst=injury, loss, adversity. Another example of this verbal usage is found in Misogonus (156b), "Your cock's comb I'll brust."

BROTHER, "soft, brother mine" (J. 9b; 40c), here, as frequently, used without any degree of relationship: cf. child=dog (J. 8a); child=servant (J. 9c); also numerous instances in Roister Doister of a similar usage. See Udall, Works (E.E.D.S.), s.v. Brother, Cousin, Spouse, Wife.

BROTHER'ST (M. 235b), i.e. callest thou me brother.

Brown Bessie, see Bessie.

Brust, "your cock's comb . . . I'll brust" (M. 156b), burst=injure, damage, "do for": see Bristed.

Buckler and sword (M. 155a), the buckler was a shield of wickerwork covered with hide. "With good swerd and with bocler by her side."—Chaucer, Cant. Tales (1383), 4016.

Buggish, "one buggish word" (M. 152c), either (a) proud, conceited (cf. "bug as a lord"), or (b) high-sounding, rough speech. "Cheval de trompette, one thats not afraid of shadowes, one whom no big, nor bugs words can terrifie."—Cotgrave, Dict. (1611).

Buglass, see Kitchen herbs.

Bulchin, "both bulchin and sow" (M. 195c)—(M. 198d), a bull-calf.

BULL (H. 263d), i.e. the Pope's bull or decree: see Wool.

BUMFIDDLE, "I'll bum fiddle thee" (M. 159c), beat, thrash: sometimes "bumbaste,"

BUMING, see Chery.

Bum vay (M. 198b)-"bum fay" (T. 302b), a corruption of "By my faith": see Oaths.

BUSHED see Hair.

Busk, see Rusk.

BUZZARDLY BEAST (M. 173c), a term of contempt. Halliwell gives bussard, a great drinker, and buzzard, a coward; in truth, however, buzzard=a person or thing of inferior gifts or character.

By AND By (passim), immediately: see Presently.

CACKLING, "will you not leave your cackling" (M. 195d), chattering talk: still colloquial.

CAGIN, "my cagin" (M. 198d), ? trouble, misfortune.

CALLSTA, "Callsta this honest company" (M. 187d). calsta in original=call'st thou.

CANVASS, "able to canvass the . . . knave" (M. 155a), a figurative and colloquial extension of the proper meaning=to sift or search out; here=to beat, drub, "punish."

CAP, "cap now"—"best cap" (M. 154b), to salute by taking off the cap, to make obeisance.

CAPPIDOSITY, "her cappidosity is better than mine" (M. 201a), capacity: part of Codrus's "patter."

Card, "be a card and dicer" (M. 235c), seemingly carder or card-player is meant: the piece is replete with unexpected contractions, abbreviations, and clipped English.

CARDED, "danced and carded a whole week" (M. 176c), played cards.

CARDS, "also at the cards I can teach you to play At the triumph . . . one-and-thirty . . . post, pinion . . . aum's ace . . . dewce-ace, &c." (Y. 112c), the names of various popular card games. Triumph was very similar to, if not the original of, modern whist.

"Leauing the auncient game of England (Trumbe) where euerie coate and sute are sorted in their degree, Itheyl are running to their Ruffe where the greatest sorte of the sute carrieth away the game."-Nashe, Martins Months Mind [Grosart, Works, i. 161]. Oneand-thirty, a card game much resembling the modern vingt-et-un. "Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty-a pip out."-Tam. of Shrew, i. 2. "Brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them to his man to carry to his master, it is like he gave one to his man for his labour, to make up the game, and so there was thirty-one."-Latimer, Serm., fol. 65. In Green's Groat's-worth of Wit it is called a "fool's game," and Nares says it was familiar among children within his memory. Post (or Post-and-bair) "was played (says Nares) with three cards each, wherein much depended on vying, or betting on the goodness of your own hand. It is clear, from . . . the examples, that a pair-royal of aces was the best hand, and next any other three cards, according to their order: kings, queens, knaves, &c., descending. If there were no threes, the highest pairs might win; or also the highest game in three cards." All of which sounds very like modern poker. Pinion, "an obsolete card game" (O.E.D., the only illustrative passage being that now under consideration). Aum'sace-Dewce-ace are generally glossed as dicing games, but from this it would appear they were also played with cards. Aum's-ace (or amb's ace) = the throw when two dice threw up an ace; deuce-ace=the one and two thrown at dice.

CAREFUL, "it is a careful life" (Y. 105d), full of care, sorrowful: cf. "hateful"=full of hate. "He cryed hym after with careful steuen."-E. Eng. Allit. Poems: Cleanness, 770. "God kepe the prisoners out of sorwe, for carful thay were that day."-Sir Ferumbras. 1115.

CARNIFEX, "the murder of this carnifex" (H. 277b), scoundrel (Lat. butcher). Aman is in all probability (Queen Hester, s.v.) meant to satirise and lampoon Cardinal Wolsey: if so, it is curious to note that tradition makes Wolsey the son of a butcher. "The

carnifex or executor . . . hath . . . stumbled, and is now cripplified."—Munday, Downf. Rob. E. of Hunt., Works (E.E.D.S.), ii, 2.

CART, (a) "I'll cart thee" (M. 188b), to expose in a cart by way of punishment: bawds, harlots and the like, amongst others, were so treated—hence the allusion. (b) see Wrong side.

Cast, (a) "ere ye cast out any more" (Y. 96c), to "spout," utter. "An ancient malediction . . . which Epimenides casteth out sayinge, &c."—North, Diall of Princes (1568), 19v.

(b) "a cast of a new horse-comb" (A. 129c), fashion, form, pattern. "To makie a tur after this cast."—

Florice and Blanchefleur, 338.

(c) "a fellow of a far cast" (A. 130b), skill, art. "He a wys man wes of cast, And in hys deyd wes rycht wyly."—Wyntown, vi. 18, 168.

(d) "a cast at the bones" (M. 172b), the act of

throwing dice.

- (e) "Casting thy piss...it shall ne'er be cast" (M. 216c), diagnosis by inspecting the urine. "If thou couldst, doctor, cast The water of my land, find her disease..."—Shakspeare, Macbeth (1606), v. 3. (f) see Hedge.
- CAT, "cat after kind... sweet milk will lap" (J. 58a), a somewhat similar adage occurs in Heywood's Proverbs (Works, E.E.D.S., II., 98b), "Cat after kind, good mouse hunt."
- CATAWAULING (M. 232d), properly the noise of cats at rutting time: here=love-making, "spooning."
- CHA, "cha been" (M. 169a)—"cha brought you" (M. 198b), I have: Cacurgus here drops into the conventional dialect of the early drama, many examples of which are found in Gammer Gurton's Needle (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., 3 Ser.).
- CHAM, "cham sore" (M. 169a)—"who cham his nown son" (M. 147c), I am: erroneously used in second example: see Cha and previous volumes of this series.
- CHANCE, "oft chance such reckoning" (H. 261a), chances, happens: cf. "both rides on a mule" (H. 261c).

- Chapel, "call in the chapel" (H. 277c), a choir or orchestra attached to the court of a prince or the household of a nobleman (see Groves's Dict. of Music).
- Charitas, "Deus charitas est" (Y. 93d), see I. John, iv. 8.
- Chat, "chat now" (M. 146a), seemingly=go hang! "Quod I, Churle, ga chat the, and chide with ane vthir."—Douglas, Virgil, 239, a. 30.
- Chave, "chave always some 'tention" (M. 200d), I have: see Cha.
- CHEATS, "a budgetfull of cheats" (M. 176a),?=escheats = casual profits to the lord of a manor, forfeitures, and hence (as here) dodges, tricks, impositions. The office of escheator or cheater was in somewhat evil odour among the common people.
- CHECKS, "her checks be so unkind" (T. 302d), taunts, reproaches. "Which beheld by Hector, he let go This bitter check at him."—Chapman, Homer's Iliad (1603), iii. 37.
- CHERRY, "I reck not a cherry" (Y. 94d), in orig. chery: cf. rap, straw, dam—anything (as a cherry) of small intrinsic value.
- CHERY, "to lift at a chery I have a burning breast" (M. 151b), elliptical: to lift up one's voice (sing) in a choir (see Rector chorye). The breast (=musical voice) was regarded as essential to good singing: see Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), I., s.v. Breast.
- CHESE, "might'st yet chese" (M. 207c), choose (A.S.):
 Codrus is playing on his words—"egg," "collop,"
 "cheese."
- CHEVEREL, "ye rent my cheverel" (J. 9d), garment made of the skin (or the skin itself) of young goats.
- CHICKENS, "my chickens are not hatched" (M. 224d), I am not absolutely sure: the allusion is, of course, to the fable of the maid taking eggs to market.
- CHIL, "chil be plain to you" (M. 198c), I will: see Cha.
- CHILD, "how say you child" (to a dog) (J. 8a)—"come on your ways, my child" (to a servant) (J. 9c)—"my old child" (M. 212d), a familiar address to a man

older than the speaker: specifically a servant or page. Child (chiel)=fellow, person, is still good Scots.

CHIM-CHAM, "here's . . . a chim-cham" (M. 185d), apparently introduced as a made rhyme to "whim-wham."

Сноре, "chope you'll consider my pain" (М. 210b), I hope: see Cha.

CHOPPED, see Logics.

Christendom, "by my Christendom" (M. 177b), Misogonus may be swearing by his baptism, by his faith (Christianity), or by his Christian name (the name received at baptism): the objuration was common enough: see Note-Book, Anon. Pl., 3 Ser. (E.E.D.S.) s.v. Christendom.

CICLE, "if each cicle might be worth a whole talent" (J. 32b), i.e. sicle=shekel. Later on (33d) Esau wagers "a cicle" on an event.

CLAP, "the best end of suretyship is to get a clap" (J. 79b), blow, stroke. "He fel down at that clap."—Hartshorne, Metrical Tales, p. 322.

CLAPPERCLAW, "clapperclaw thy bones" (T. 297c), properly to scratch, fight: here=trounce, beat. "He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully."—Shakspeare, Merry Wives (1596), ii. 3.

'CLARED, "I 'clared it" (M. 203a), declared.

CLARY, see Kitchen herbs.

CLEMENTED, "we clemented" (M. 232b), an interesting (because early) example of the formation of a verb from an event: as "to maffick" was derived from the siege and relief of Mafeking in the Boer War of 1899-1901. St. Clement's Day (see next line) is November 23rd, in honour of Clemens Romanus, who, with the martyred St. Linus, divides the honour of succession to St. Peter as the second Bishop of Rome. St. Nicholas's Day, in honour of which Codrus and Alison received "penny dole," occurs on Dec. 6th—barely a fortnight later: a significant date, and one which may enable "the learned" in such matters to fill the hiatus in the line now being glossed ("When she were"—what?). St. Stephen's Day in Christmas week is, of course, December 26th.

- CLERKS, CLERKISH, "it is written by noble clerks" (Y. 96b)—"methink ye be clerkish" (Y. 96b), primarily, a cleric, especially a secular priest; hence a scholar, an educated or learned person.
- CLIMBED, "I never climbed" (M. 135d), in original clime.
 "The waves to climme."—Drayton, Agincourt, 30.
 See Parnassus.
- CLOTH, "bought up all good cloth" (H. 262b), an allusion to Wolsey's sumptuary extravagance: see Queen Hester.
- CLUMPSTONE, "such a clumpstone as thou art" (M. 167c), blockhead, numskull, thick-headed fellow.
- COAT, (a) "an I were in your coat" (M. 199b), in your place, "in your shoes."

 (b) see Wild cat.
- COCK AND PIE (M. 228b), a softened oath: Cock = God; pie = the sacred book of offices. "Now by cock and pie, you never spoke a truer word in your life."—Wily Beguild, Anon. Plays (E.E.D.S.), Ser. 9.
- COCKED, "art thou so cocked again" (M. 189b), turned "rusty," "nasty."
- COCKEREL, "my cockerel" (M. 177c), a playful address; with, possibly, a double and obscene meaning.
- Cock-on-hoop, "cock-on-hoop, all is ours!" (J.71a)—
 "though you set cock-on-hoop" (T.312c), proudly,
 exultantly: also as an expletive. "Am I the master
 here, or you? Go to . . . You will set cock-a-hoop!
 You'll be the man."—Shakspeare, Romeo, i. 5.
- Cock o' th' kind (M. 186b), one of the "right sort," a companion to one's taste; here with special reference to Sir John's loose living and practice: cf. "hen of the game"=a wanton.
- COCK'S COMB (M. 156b), one of the emblems of a professional fool: Misogonus thus indicates his opinion of his servant.
- COCK'S PRECIOUS SOUL (T. 295a), a watered down oath: see Oaths.
- CODPIECE (M. 151b), the flap in the front of breeches, formerly made very conspicuous and frequently used

- as a pincushion: hence the breeches themselves. Brandl in Quellen suggests this (kodpesse) is an intentional blunder for "corpus"; but the meaning seems quite clear without such a confusion of words on Cacurgus's part; it was frequently spelt codpiss: see Impostume.
- Cod's Head, "good to supple my cod's head" (M. 172a), stupid-pate, muddle-head.
- COGGLED, "still coggl'd in" (J. 34d), apparently=
 "tucked in" at his meal: the sense is unglossed.
- COIL, "I shall coil them till they stink for pain" (J. 76d), beat, thrash, punish: as with the lash of a whip winding round the culprit's body.
- Coistrels, "ye coistrels" (M. 236c), properly a lad waiting on an esquire to carry the knight's arms; also a generic term of contempt, and specifically a coward: cf. "hennardly knaves" (supra). "He's a coward and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece."—Shakspeare, Twelfth N. (1602), i. 3. "You whoreson bragging coystril!"—B. Jonson, Ev. M. in his H., iv. 1.
- Cokes, "that old cokes" (M. 211d)—"like a wise cokes" (T. 315b), a fool, person easily imposed on. "You sillie men of simple sence, What joy have you old cookes to be?"—Gosson, Quippes for Upst. Gentlew. (1596), 199-200.
- COLFEKE, "I'll colfeke him" (M. 214c), cudgel, beat, drub: also colpheg (for "colaphise"). "Away, jackanapes, els I wyll colpheg you by and by."—Edwards, Damon and Pith. (E.E.D.S., s.v. Colpheg).
- COLOURED, "such coloured sentence" (H. 251b), specious, plausible, partial, biassed: cf. colour=a feigned matter (Palsgrave).
- COLTISH, "as coltish as they are" (M. 186c), wanton, frisky, tricky as is a colt.
- COMED, "comed out of God's own mouth" (M. 221c), once not unusual, this participle form has long passed from the pages of written English. "But were my Philip com'd again, I would not change my love."—Brome, Northern Lass.

COMICAL, "comical rhymes" (M. 135c), suited to comedy as distinguished from tragedy. "Such toys to see as heretofore in comical wise were wont abroad to be."—Edwards, Damon and Pithias (1571), Works (E.E.D.S.), 3b.

COMINATION, see Gom.

COMMODITY (M. 223b), profit, advantage, convenience.

COMMONING, "commoning with a yeoman" (M. 151c), conversing, talking, communing. "Comoune or talke with another in cumpany, or felawshepe. Communico."—Prompt. Parv.

COMMUNICATION, "prove by communication" (H. 258b), conversation.

CONCEAVED, "thou conceaved Custer" (M. 196d), conceited, fanciful, "maggoty"; with, maybe, an eye on "deceived."

CONCLARE, "I cannot conclare it" (M. 216a), declare.

CONDITIONS, "his conditions... will be" (M. 140d), temper, character, general manners, behaviour, mode of life. "And it is oftentymes seen that dyuers, whiche before they came in autorite, were of good & virtuous condicions, being in their prosperitie were vtterly changed..."—Sir T. Elyot, Governovr, bk. ii., ch. 11.

CONEY, "my coney" (M. 176a), an endearment: cf. "duck," "lamb," mouse, &c.

CONFOUND, "till death me confound" (H. 270b), destroy.

Consultation, "her answer and consultation" (H. 258c), deliberation.

CONVINCE, "in no wise he can convince" (H. 250d)—
"the realm . . . subdue and falsely convince" (H. 259b)—"that they may convince all their enemies"
(H. 259d), conquer, subdue, overcome.

COOLING CARD (M. 212d), i.e. cooling card: probably, says Nares, from primero, or some other game in which money was staked upon a card. A card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary. Hence, something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant. Halliwell says that Gifford ridiculed

this derivation, but he supplies an example (infra) of its use in the original sense. "There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card."—Shakspeare, I Hen. VI. (1592), v. 4. "Buc. My lord, lay down a cooling card, this game is gone too far, You have him fast, now cut him off, for feare of civill war."—True Tragedie of Ric. III. (1594).

COPESMATE, "so honest a copesmate" (M. 177d), companion, partner, associate: especially in business.
"Misshapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night."—
Shakspeare, Tarquin and Lucrece, 925.

CORN, see Weed.

- CORRECT, "if in time had him correct" (M. 193d), corrected: the exigencies of the rhyme appear responsible for this and also "affect" (q.v.).
- Corsy, "a corsy to my heart" (M. 200b), distress, trouble. "To have a great hurt or domage, which we call a corsey to the herte."—Eliot, Dictionarie (1559). "His perplexed mother was driven to make him by force be tended, with extreme corsey to herselfe, and annoyance to him."—Pembroke, Arcad., L. 3, p. 297.
- COTTON, "this gear will not cotton" (M. 240d), succeed, prosper, get on well, agree. "It cottens well, it cannot choose but beare A pretty napp."—Family of Love, D, 3 b. "What meanes this? doeth he dote so much of this strange harlot indeede? now I perceive how this geare cottens? I scarse found it out now at last, foolish man that I am."—Terence in English (1614).
- COUNTED, "Nothing . . . to a friend may be counted" (M. 142c), i.e. there is nothing for which a friend may not be reckoned upon.
- COUNTENANCE, "by their first countenance" (H. 257a), at first sight, judging by appearances.
- COVERT, "under covert" (H. 258d), coverture: as a married woman who "according to the law" is under the authority of, and takes her status from, her husband.
- COVETISE (passim), covetousness. "Werry foo to coveytise."—Ragman Roll, 176,

Cow, see Short horns.

COZENER (M. 158b and c), cheat, thief. "O, the devil take such cozeners!"—Shakspeare, I Henry IV. (1598), i. 3.

CRAB, see Roast.

CRABTREE, "an old crabtree-fast carl" (M. 214b), fast=faced: hence sour-visaged. "He had such a crabtree-fac'd countenance of his own."—Chettle and Day, Blind Beggar of Bednall-Green (1600), 741 (Materialen, I., 22).

CRAKE, "crake no longer here" (Y. 96d and 111b), talk, gabble, or chatter boastingly.

Crash, "dance a little crash" (M. 185a), apparently a set-to, frolicsome dancing.

CREDENCE, see Cure.

CRILESON (M. 206c), a Kyrie eleison ("Lord have mercy"), a short petition used at the beginning of the Roman Mass: see Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II. 352, s.v. Cry a leison.

CROOKED LANGUAGE (Y. 101c), abuse, railing. "Who was so busy as the maid, With crooked language Peter to oppose."—Schole-House of Women (1572), 714 [Hazlitt, E.E.P.P., iv. 132].

CROSSBITE, "if she crossbite thee" (T. 306b)—"fighting and ever crossbiting" (T. 311b), here crossbite takes a weaker sense than usual—to deceive, swindle, trick, gull; obviously in these examples it means no more than to berate, scold, backbite.

Cross caper, "show me one cross caper" (M. 155b), ? cross buttock, a particular throw in wrestling.

CROSS-ROW (A. 132b), the alphabet, the Christ-cross row: so called either because it was customary to arrange the letters in the form of a cross, or because in old primers a cross was placed at the beginning and at the end. "He hearkens after prophecies and dreams, and from the cross-row plucks the letter G."—Shakspeare, Richard III. (1597), i. 1.

CROUT, "my crout" (M. 175d), an endearment.

- Crow, (a) "pluck a good crow" (J. 28b)—"pluck a crow" (M. 155c), demand explanation, or satisfaction, or remedy for disagreeables. "If a crow help us in, sirrah! we'll pluck a crow together."—Shakspeare, Com. Errors (1593), iii. 1.

 (b) see Pie.
- Crow-trodden, "th'art a crow-trodden whore" (M. 206d), wrinkled with crow's-feet. "So longe mote ye liven, and all proude, Till crowis-feete growin under your eie."—Chaucer, Troil. and Cress., ii. 404.
- CUCKOLD'S NOTES, "make thee sing the cuckold's notes"
 (M. 167a), the cuckoo as the type of cuckoldry: hence
 "I will cuckold thee."
- CUCKOLDY KNAVE (M. 206d), a generic reproach, obviously without any specific meaning as used by Alison to her husband.
- CUCKSTOOL (M. 190b), or cucking-stool, an instrument in use as late (Townsend) as 1801 for the punishment of harlots, scolds, fraudulent tradesmen, and the like. It consisted of a chair fitted at one end of a long bar, the fulcrum being situate near the opposite end of the bar, which, being fastened at this point, allowed the culprit to be poised in the air to be hooted and pelted by the mob. The length of the bar was sufficient, on occasion, if placed in or near water, to permit ducking when the peg or other fastening locking the short end of the bar to the ground or machine was released—hence another popular name, "ducking-stool": see Halliwell and Nares. "Item if an womman comme onto this lordshep an wold be kept privee withynne, and it be not the steweholders wil, thei shal doo the officers for to wite upon the peine of xl. s. and the same womman shall be take and made a fyne of xx. s. and be sette thries upon de cokyngestoele, and than forswere the lordship."-MS. Bodl. e Mus. 229.
- Cullion (T. 313b), properly testicle: a generic term of contempt. "Love live Severino, And perish all such cullions as repine At his new monarchy."—Massinger, Guardian (1637), ii. 4.
- CUNNING, subs., adj. (Y. 96c; A. 129b; M. 139c; 149d;

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217c et passim), knowledge, skill, art: no bad sense attached to the word—see other volumes of this series.

CURCUMSTANCE (M. 204c), a misprint for circumstance.

Cure, "them that have the cure" (H. 251b)—"who careth not for his cure oft loseth credence" (H. 287b), charge, superintendence, management: specifically as in a "cure of souls." "Ionatas toke in cure of the forest."—Gesta Romanorum, p. 148.

CURSTMAS (M. 227b; 232c), Christmas: also Curzenmas. CURST COW, see Short horns.

CURSY, "if thou makest cursy" (M. 198a), curtsey, obeisance.

Cushion, "ye missed cushion" (M. 229d), to fail, to miss the mark: an archery term—cushion=the mark at which archers shot.

Cuss, "one another cuss" (M. 208d), not the modern vulgarism: cusse (the spelling of the original) is A.S.=kiss—Codrus had just offered to "buss" Alison.

CYNE, "men of Cyne" (M. 217b), Brandl thinks the exigencies of the rhyme would suggest "Inde."

DALLIFY, "do . . . not dallify" (M. 221d), dally: apparently a nonce-rhyme to "qualify."

DAMP, "my spirits are in a damp" (M. 225a), fit of dejection, depression of spirits. "Adam by this from the cold sudden damp Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd."—Milton, Paradise Lost (1667), xi. 293, 294.

DANCE, "dance me off your hose" (M. 230d), a direction to "quick change" business: the phrase is common

enough nowadays.

Daw, "like a daw" (M. 141a), simpleton; here foolometer. "As to hear the pratling of any such Jack Straw, For when hee hath all done, I compte him but a very daw."—Edwards, Damon and Pithias (1571).

DAY, see Dog.

DAYS, "I will take no days" (J. 77a), lose no time: cf. day=to procrastinate, delay. "I will intreate... his daughter to my sonne in marriage; and if I doe obtaine A. P. II.

- her, why should I make any more daying for the matter, but marrie them out of the way."—Terence in English (1614).
- DEAD, "done to dead" (Y. 93b), death: to do to dead=to put to death; Halliwell marks this "Suff[olk]," but the idiom is also frequent in the northern dialect. "Sone entrit thai quhar Sotheroune slepand war, Apon thaim set with strakis sad and sar; Feill frekis thar thai freris dang to dede."—Wallace, vii. 485.
- Dean, "because you take me for your dean" (M. 163b), a cleric usually attached to a cathedral or collegiate church, one of whose manifold duties it is to assist in the celebration of divine service: Cacurgus jocularly assumes choral directorship.
- Delicates, "eaten all delicates of flesh" (J. 40c), delicacies, dainties, tit-bits. "Delycates deyntie meates, viantes delicates."—Palsgrave, Lang. Franc. (1530). "Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try These rural delicates; where thou and I May melt in private flames, and fear no stander by."—Quarles, Emblems (1635).
- Demise, (a) "ought to demise" (H. 249b), properly to bequeath: here = grant, give, acknowledge: now a legal survival. "Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour, canst thou demise to any child of mine."—Shakspeare, Richard III. (1597), iv. 1.
 - (b) "to demise my son and heir" (M. 211b), transfer, hand over, transmit: cf. "demise of the crown," which Blackstone explains as meaning that, in consequence of the disunion of the king's natural body from his body politic, the kingdom is transferred or demised to his successor: and so the royal dignity remains perpetual. In various applied meanings demise would, therefore, appear formerly to have been in everyday use.
- DENTY DEAR, "God's denty dear" (M. 149c)—"God's dinty" (M. 158c), Brandl glosses denty (or dinty) = divinity.
- DEPART, "we two might not depart" (Y. 94a), be divided, separated: cf. "till death us depart" (Marriage Service), now corrupted into "do part." "Right wor-

shipfull, understanding how like Scilirus the Scythians fagot you are all so tied togither with the brotherly bond of amitie, that no division or dissention can depart you."—Lodge, Wits Miserie (1596).

DE PROFUNDIS, "I say a De profundis for her ery night according to th' old rate" (M. 204a), the first words (Vulgate) of Psalm cxxx.—"Out of the depths": see Misogonus.

Derain, "any battle to derain" (A. 124c), contest, champion, win, gain. "To derayne God's ryghte."—Richard Cœur de Lion, 7,096. "Deraine it with dintes and deedes of armes."—Alisaunder, Frag., 122.

DESTINY, see Wedding.

Deus, "Deus charitas est" (Y. 93d). Ep. 1 John viii. 16.

DEVIL, (a) "the devil and his dame go with all" (M. 181c), see Oaths. (b) See Saint.

DEVOIR, "do thou thy true devoir" (J. 52c)—"do her earnest devoir" (J. 61b), duty, endeavour, service: a French word once naturalised but now fallen into desuetude.

Dewce-Ace, see Cards.

DICE, "I can teach you play at the dice" (Y. 112c and d), some of the games enumerated are still traceable. Queen's game, otherwise Doublets (infra), a game not unlike backgammon (see Halliwell, Nares, and O.E.D. s.v. Doublet 3b). The Irish [game], also somewhat akin to backgammon, is fully described in Cotton's Compleat Gamester (1680), 109, the difference being that Doublets in the Irish game are played fourfold, thus making livelier play; "her husband that loved Irish well, thought it no ill trick to bear a man too many" (Tarlton, News Purg., 1590, 74). Treygobet, a dicing game apparently now untraceable: Hazlitt suggests "Hey-go-bet," but Trey (=three) is familiar in dicing and carding, whilst gobet (=piece, portion, &c.) may refer to the number of castings or some other technicality of play. The Hazard: "each man chose his game: some kept the goodman company at the hazard, some matched themselves at a new game called primero."-(Use of Dice-play, Percy Soc., p. 11.)

- DICE HIC (M. 183a), the clerk is punning: he knows Sir John's weaknesses.
- DICK, "that desperate dick" (M. 154d), a term of reproach = worthless fellow, ruffian, bully. "Such a desperate dick."-Trial of Treasure (E.E.D.S., Anon. Plays, 3 Ser., 225d).
- DINGDONGS, "dingdongs to hang at my sleeve" (M. 169d), Cacurgus as the "fool" of the piece naturally asks for bells or dingdongs.
- DISARD, "throw dreaming disard" (M. 179c), fool: a general term of contempt: here with a pun on "dice."
 "A dizzard or common vice and jester, counterfetting the gestures of any man, and moving his body as him list."-Nomenclator, 529.
- DISCIPLE, "I would disciple him" (M. 168a), discipline. "That better were in vertues discipled, Then with vaine poems weeds to have their fancy fed."-Spenser, Fairy Queen (1596), IV., i. I.
- DISCRETION, "this question that I have put to your discretion" (Y. 96c)—"I love well thy discretion" (Y. 100a), decision, judgment: cf. World and Child (Anon. Plays, Ser. I.), 177b.
- DISCRIVE, "no pen can discrive" (M. 140a), describe, narrate. "The battellis and the man I will discriue." -Douglas, Virgil (1512-3), xiii. 5.
- DISEASE, "we disease our tent" (J. 7a)-"your horn ye disease" (J. 7b)-"I do not him disease" (J. 7c, et passim), trouble, discomfort, subs. and verb: generic for absence of ease or order; see other volumes of this series.
- Do. (a) "How it is best to be do therein" (Y. 98c), done: see Anon. Plays, Ser. I., 133d; "The wrongs that ye have do Unto Holy Churche."-Bale, Works (E.E.D.S.), 235a. "I trust there shalbe do somewhat."-Terence in English (c. 1520), 555.
 - (b) "hanging do serve" (H. 282c), does: perhaps elliptical.
 - (c) "to do on a fool's coat" (H. 272b), put on, don: cf. "doff," "dout," &c.

(d) "do off his cap" (Y. 103a), remove, doff: see supra.

DOCTORABLE, see Excess.

- DOCUMENTS, "youth that refuseth wholesome documents" (J. 12b), precepts, teaching, example: cf. modern usage—"a human document." "They were forthwith stoned to death, as a document unto others."—Raleigh, History of the World (1612), Bk. V., ch. ii., § 3.
- Dog, "a dog hath a day" (H. 270b), everyone has a chance some time or other; there is a period during which a man has his hour and a dog his day, i.e., is in his prime: see Heywood, Works, II., 36d (E.E.D.S.). "Let Hercules himself do what he may, The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."—Shakspeare, Hamlet (1596), v. I.
- Doggery, "plain doggery" (M. 230a), nonsense, gibberish: Carlyle used the word to express worthlessness.
- Dore, "I think she did dore me" (M. 162b), dare. "And otherwhile, yf that I dore, Er I come fully to the dore, I turne agen and fayne a thinge, As thouse I hadde lost a rynge."—Gower, MS. Soc. Antiq. 134, f. 121.
- Dostard (T. 303a), a reproach: dotard (=foolishly fond person: in sarcasm), or dastard (=an intimidating bully)—at all events the rhyme probably suggested the word chosen.
- Doughty, "doughty, weighty, and sured" (H. 250a), see Sured.

DRAFF, see Still sow.

- Draffsack, "thou drousy draffsack" (J. 7a), a generic term of contempt: draff=dregs, dirt, refuse, and (specifically) brewer's grains; hence draffy (or draffish) = vile, worthless. "I bade menne to approache, and not doungehylles or draffe-sackes."—Udall, Apophth. of Erasmus (1542), p. 93.
- Drawlatch, "drawlatch, come forth" (J. 42a), thief, idle fellow; also generic in contempt: cf. old wheeze, "Crosspatch, draw the latch," &c. "Well, phisitian, attend in my chamber heere, till Stilt and I returne;

- and if I pepper him not, say I am not worthy to be cald a duke, but a drawlatch."—Chettle, Tragedy of Hoffmann (1631).
- Dressed, "to death I am dressed" (H. 281c), destined, prepared, appointed: in truth dress was formerly a hard-worked verb of action. "Toward the derrest on the dece he dressez the face."—Gawaine, 445. "He took bred . . and dresside to hem."—Wycliffe, Luke xxiv. 30 (1380).
- DRINK, "drink of the whip" (J. 78d), have a taste of, suffer: an old usage (see Cotgrave). Drink was formerly used to express many things besides the imbibing of liquor; hence "to drink (=to smoke) tobacco"; "to drink (=experience) the wrath of God"; "to drink (=breathe) the air": see Udall, Works, (E.E.D.S.), 125, s.v. Drink.
- Drivel, "the drivel doth answer" (M. 190b), drudge, slut: a generic reproach: see Hazlitt, E.E.P.P., iv. 208-9. "Set this drivel out of dore, That in thy traines such tales doth poure."—The Lover Describeth his whole State.

DROWNED, see Tree.

- Drumbledary (M. 174d), not, I think, as Brandl suggests = dromedary, but a facetious synonym of drumbledrone = lout, stupid, drone, sluggard: cf. drumble = to slug, to loiter. The same idea is expressed by "dromeder" in The Pilgrimage to Parnassus (Macray), ii. line 217: "An ould sober Dromeder toiles a whole month and often scratcheth his witts' head for the bringinge of one miserable period into the worlde." "Look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come."—Shakspeare, Merry Wives (1596), iii. 3.
- Drunk, "drunk as a mouse" (J. 301b), a facetious meridian of drunkenness: for hundreds of similar synonyms see Slang and its Analogues, vi., s.v. Screwed.
- DUBITATION, "high dubitation" (H. 258c), doubt, hesitation, uncertainty; hence "problem of high dubitation" = a weighty matter to settle, "a puzzler," "a nut to crack."

DULLISH, "dullish delights and riotous excess" (M. 142a), gross, vile: as tending to stupefy the finer senses.

Dulsum, "those dulsum nectar drops" (M. 135d), sweet, pleasant: Lat. dulcis. "Many smirks and dulsome kisses."—Ingelend, Works (E.E.D.S.), 70b.

Dump, "in a dump" (M. 205c), ill at ease, troubled: now only in the singular. "To see her in this dump."—Gammer Gurton's Needle (E.E.D.S., 3 Ser., Anon. Pl.,

99d), i. 3.

Dunmow, "the way to Dunmow" (T. 295b)-"now go for bacon to Dunmow" (T. 316b), an early allusion to the curious tenure of the manor made by Robert Fitz-Walter in 1244, "that whatever married couple will go to the priory, and kneeling on two sharp-pointed stones, will swear that they have not quarrelled nor repented of their marriage within a year and a day after its celebration, shall receive a flitch of bacon." If (as Haydn says) from the earliest recorded claim in 1445 the flitch was only demanded five times (Ainsworth says six) up to 1855 it is, on the other hand, pretty clear that from the time of Chaucer the custom was frequently the subject of popular jest and merry speech. The lord of the manor opposed the revival after the award in 1855, but the publication of Harrison Ainsworth's Flitch of Bacon in 1854 seems in part to have rekindled popular interest: nowadays (1906), under somewhat changed conditions, it affords an excuse of a sort for public junketing. Pennant records an almost precisely similar custom at Whichenoure, Staffs, on the occasion of his visit in 1780. "Do not fetch your wife from Dunmow, for so you may bring home two sides of a sow."-Howell, 1659.

Dust, "you need no more men... for this dust" (M. 156a)—"I'll dust him for it one day" (M. 215c), disturbance, ado, mellay; also as verb=to strike, beat (from Icl. dusta). "An engel duste hit a swuch dunt that hit bigon to dateren."—Legend of St. Katherine, 2,025. "If (which is a rare chance) she be good, to dust her [a wife] often hath in it a singular, unknowne, and as it were an inscrutable vertue to make her much better, and to reduce her, if possible, to perfection."—Passenger of Benve-

nuto (1612).

- DYTH, "though to death they were dyth" (H. 286c), prepared, destined, ordained: the usual spelling is dyght, which accords with the rhyme—"right"—but possibly dyth, the h being silent, also accorded thereto.
- EAR, "take on ear" (Y. 96d)—"lay on ear" (Y. 99d; 110b)—"have on ear" (Y.111b), to strike, box the ears: "I lay, I stryke, as I lay one on the face, I lay one on the head or any other part," &c. (Palsgrave, Lang. Franc.: see Face and Lay.)
- Ears, "my ears be so long" (M. 148d), in original "years": still colloquial and vulgar.
- Eftsoons, "and so intend to do eftsoons" (H. 257d), an extended sense=in future, continually, i.e. soonforth.

EGG, see Meat.

- EGGED, "I neither egged thee nor collop'd thee" (M. 207c), urged, incited, encouraged; here also, however, in punning reference. "The drede of God es that we turne noghte agayne tille oure synne thurghe any ille eggyng."—MS. Lincoln A. 1. 17, f. 196.
- EGGS, "come you in with your seven eggs" (M. 188b), i.e., do you meddle? are you seeking to overreach me? Heywood in his Proverbs has a similar expression, "in came the third with his v. eggs" (Works, II., 52c). "Eggs for money" was proverbial as a retort on attempts to bully, cozen, swindle, or overreach a person.
- ELEMENT, "when Phæton fell from th' element" (M. 194a), the air, sky, the heavens. "And the complexion of the element, It favours like the work we have in hand, Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible."—Shakspeare, Jul. Cæs. (1607), i. 3.
- ELF, "the malapert elf" (M. 141a)—"Aman, that elf" (H. 262c), a mischievous, vindictive, or wicked person, a "devil." If Aman be intended for Wolsey we have a parallel passage in the "gracelesse elfe" of Skelton (Why Come Ye Not to Court, 1051).
- English, "plain English" (M. 2010), this early example of a still common colloquialism for calling a spade a spade is worth noting.

ENOUGH, see Feast.

- ENSTABLED, "Justice in his seat . . . enstabled" (A. 123c), made firm or stable. "Ry3t so the gyfte of pité festes, And stables the hert thare it restes."—MS. Harl. 226o, f. 4. "Articles devised by the king's highness to stable Christian quietness and unity among the people."—Strype, Life of Archbishop Cranmer (under 1536).
- Ensue, "they may virtue ensue" (J. 11b), follow after, practice. "Seek peace and ensue it."—Bible, Auth. Ver. (1611), 1 Peter iii. 11.
- ENTEREMPT, see Interempt.
- EREN, "eren then" (M. 161b), so in original: but it may be erenow=before this: apparently the author of Misogonus had a pretty fancy for word manipulation in adjusting his rhymes or measures; indeed, the whole piece seems a kind of protest or revolt from strictly orthodox canons.
- ERY, "ery length of a spear" (M. 155a)—"ery minute seven year" (M. 176d)—"ery little wagpasty" (M. 181b), every, all, the whole.
- Espies (H. 267b), spies. "Thou ne want non espie, ne watche, thy body for to save."—Chaucer, Cant. Tales (1383), Tale of Melibeus.
- Evensong, "I have said mine evensong" (Y. 109b), evening prayer, vespers. "The yonge kyng entered into Reynes the Saturday at euen-song tyme."—Berners, Froissart; Chronicle, vol. i., ch. ccclxix.
- Excess, "ye're an excess doctorable man" (M. 220c), i.e., very skilful, clever—like a learned or able man.
- EXCOMMUNICATION (M. 1976), one of Codrus's attempts at word-juggling: see Misogonus.
- EXERCISE, "of me they had no exercise" (A. 121a)—
 "Peace shall have no exercise" (A. 127b), knowledge, standing.
- EXPEDIENT, "it is expedient" (H. 274a), this is obviously a mistake: Collier read "inexpedient," which is doubtless the sense, but Mr. Greg points out this does not restore the rhyme and suggests "its inexpedience."
- EXSTRONOMY (M. 218d), astronomy, apparently a made rhyme of a sort to "visiogmony."

EXTORTETH, "the commons he extorteth" (H. 280b), practises extortion upon, racks. "To whom they never gave any penny of entertainment, but let them feed upon the countries, and extort upon all men where they come."—Spenser, State of Ireland (d. 1599).

EXTORY, "this extory" (M. 205c), history.

Extrumpery, "extrumpery a whole day" (M. 203c), extemporary: see Misogonus.

EYNE, "his eyne" (M. 150c), eyes: a northern form.

FABLE, "without any fable" (T. 306b), without doubt, "no nonsense": see other volumes of this series.

FACE, (a) "lay thee on the face" (Y. 95c)—"give thee on the face" (Y. 111b), strike, beat: see Ear. "By God I will lay thee on the face."—Wager, Mary Magdalene

(Carpenter), line 1208.

(b) "Codrus could face" (M. 201d), a transferred sense of face = boast, vaunt; or elliptical for "face out" = persist in, or maintain assertions or conduct unblushingly, to brave with effrontery: cf. Taming of Shrew, ii. 1.

- FACKLING, "it's my daily fackling" (M. 178c), a restoration from the copy made by Mr. J. P. Collier: the word rhymes correctly; but what it means, or whether it is a reliable transcript of the original when in better preservation, one can only conjecture.
- Facsimiles (Reduced). Title-page of The History of Jacob and Esau from an old copy in the Bodleian Library, page 1; Title-page of Youth (ed. c. 1557), p. 91: also (ed. c. 1562), page 92, both from copies in the British Museum; Title-page of Godly Queen Hester from a copy in the Devonshire collection, page 245: also the last page of the same copy, page 247.

FAINT, (a) "faint to bend it" (M. 218b), fain, obliged.
(b) "I can no longer stand for faint" (J. 27b), faintness, weakness.

FAITORS, "false faitors" (H. 282d), scoundrels, impostors, vagabonds, a generic term of contempt. "There be many of you faitours."—Gower, Confessio Amantis (1393), i. 47.

- Falchion, "this falchion" (J. 41d), a small broad sword, lighter than the ordinary military sword and slightly curved at the point: in general use in the Middle Ages.
- FALLETH, "it falleth not for me to fight" (Y. 97a), is not becoming, decent, fit.
- Falsed, "to disclose the falsed, favell, and fraud" (H. 277d)—"their favell and falsehood (H. 287c), falsehood: in original falsed and falsehed respectively. "Thou comest of Falsed, and I of Privy Treason."—Bale, K. John (Works, E.E.D.S., 203d).
- Fand, "twenty nobles . . . I fand" (Y. 100d), found: an irregular preterite, but still good Scots. "At last, (nigh tir'd,) a castle strong we fand, The utmost border of my native land."—Fairfax, Tasso (1600), iv. 55.
- FARCING, "broth and farcing" (J. 58c), stuffing, force meat: Fr. farce.
- FARDING (M. 158b; 222a), an old but now vulgar pronunciation of "farthing."
- Fashions, (a) "his fashions displease" (J. 6c), manner, behaviour, conduct. "As is false women's fashion."—Shakspeare, Sonnet 20.
 - (b) "of unlike natures and contrary fashions" (J. 14d), kind, sort. "Thou friend of an ill fashion."—Shakspeare, Two Gentlemen (1595), v. 4.
- FATAL SISTERS (M. 210d), the Fates.
- FATCH'D, "I caused you to be fatch'd" (M. 228b), fetched.
- FATE, "when this fate were done" (M. 209b), feat, deed: formerly used in a more general and less heroic sense than now.
- FATHERMILLERLY (M. 220a), familiarly: in original two words, "father millerly," which Brandl suggests stands for "father of our lady"; the true reading, however, is clear enough.
- FAVELL, "favell and fraud" (H. 277d)—"their favell and falsehood" (H. 287c), cajolery, deceit: especially by means of flattery. "False and Favel, and hire feeres many."—Langland, P. Plowman (1362), 889. "The first was Favell full of flaterie. With fables false that

- well coude fayne a tale."—Skelton, Bouge of Courte [Chalmers, II., 251 1c].
- FEAK, "did you not feak him" (M. 160d), beat: cf. "feage," "firk," "ferke," all with the same meaning.
- FEAST, "enough is enough, as good as a feast" (T. 312d). "Enough is as good as a feast: This for a truth say most and least."—Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II. 209d.
- FEE, "give thee gold and fee" (Y. 102c), goods; i.e., money and kind, or as we say jocularly nowadays, "money and marbles." "His gold and his feo Among the pore delte he."—Legend of St. Alexius, p. 33. "Alasse, where is nowe my golde and fe?"—Skelton, Magnif., 1993.
- FEEL, (a) "I will feel if yet I can make him" (M. 143b), try, sound, test. "He hath wrote this to feel my affection to your honour."—Shakspeare, Lear (1605), i. 2.
 - (b) "feel and perceive your mind" (H. 274c), understand. "We saie comenly in English that we feel a man's mind when we understand his entent or meaning, and contrariwise, when the same is to us very darke and hard to be perceived, we do comenly say, 'I cannot feel his mind,' or 'I have no maner feeling in the matter.' "—Udall, Apoph. of Erasmus (1542), p. 128.
- FELL, "he looked so fell" (M. 169d), fierce.
- FELLOWLIEST, "the fellowliest, joliest" (M. 172d), most companionable: in original fellowlist, which may be a corruption of "feolanliche"=fellowlike.
- Fellowship, "a fellowship" (A. 128d), i.e., out of good fellowship: a common form of adjuration.
- FELT, "I lack but a good felt" (M. 216a), hat: the word in this sense looks modern, but see Thynne's Debate betw. Pride and Lowliness, p. 31.
- Feme, "fall in a feme" (M. 157d), foam, fume. "He foameth and gnasheth with his teeth."—Bible, Auth. Vers. (1611), Mark ix. 18. "She, out of love, desires me not to go to My father, because something hath put him In a fume against me."—Shirley, Merchant's Wife, iv. 5.

- FET, "fet Lovel my hound" (J. 5c; et passim), fetch: see other volumes of this series.
- Fetch, (a) "this subtle fetch" (J.76c), trick, stratagem. "Yea, saide Skelton, if thou have such pretie fetchis you can dooe more then thys."—Skelton, Merie Tales, xiii.
 - (b) "it is good to fetch a frisk" (M. 185b), generic for "to get," "to do": a usage rarely met with at such an early date but common in modern slang. Thus to fetch a stinger=to get in a heavy blow; to fetch a howl=to cry; to fetch the brewer=to get drunk.
- Fib, "thou fib" (J. 79b), apparently, from context, allied to fib=fable=to feign, pretend: hence the nursery word for a falsehood, fib being (says Skeat) a weakened and abbreviated form of fable. Here the action is personified as a reproach.
- FIDDLED, "fiddled the bell" (M. 183a), i.e., tolled the bell listlessly.
- Fight, "how they fight" (Y. 105c), in reference to the jingle of the money in his pocket: see six lines lower, "Let not thy servants fight within thee."
- FILE, (a) "unless you do it file" (M. 135d), polish, refine: frequently applied in old plays to language and style. "His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, and his eye ambitious."—Shakspeare, Love's Labour's Lost (1594), v. 1.
- FINE, (a) "what if in fine" (M. 143c)—"as all things hap in fine" (T. 292a), at the finish.
 - (b) "are ye so fine" (T. 296d), agreeable, pleasant.
- FIPPENS, "I'll give him his old fippens" (M. 157c), if fippence=5d. it is another of the many examples, furnished by this play, of a present-day vulgarism boasting ancient lineage and authority. "A pox on him micher, faith ile pay him his old fippence for 't now."—Barnes, Devil's Chanter (1607), v. 1.
- FIRE, "by this fire that burneth" (M. 209a), see Oaths.

FISH, see Whole.

FISHEALS (M. 207a), officials: see two lines above.

Fit, "this merry fit" (T. 299b), properly stave, stanza, verse—a part or division of a song, poem, &c.; here the song itself: see other volumes of this series.

FIVE WOUNDS, "by th' five wounds" (M. 181d), that Christ received on the Cross.

FLEET, "get away with a fleet" (M. 215a), i.e., without delay or with ease: this subs. use of what was at the time a common enough verb of action is rare; fleet to move quickly (or skim) over, to hasten about a matter.

FLESH, "a wife? . . . he shall have flesh enou" (Y. 103c)—
"he loveth fair flesh" (A. 103c), generic for sex and the
organs and characteristics defining it, male or female.
"She would not exchange flesh with one that loved
her."—Shakspeare, Winter's Tale (1604), iv. 3. "If
you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram you cannot
preserve it from tainting."—Shakspeare, Cymbeline
(1605), i. 5.

FLESHED, "the knave's fleshed" (M. 186b), amorous, "hot": see Florio, Worlde of Wordes, s.v. Andar in Carnafau.

FLINGING FIEND, see Whirlwind.

FLIT, "when thou shalt flit" (Y. 95b), go, escape. "Lat [no] newerfangylnes the ple Oftyn to remewe nor to flyt."—Ritson, Anc. Pop. Poet. (1791), p. 85.

Fo'm (M. 238b), for him: see Misogonus.

FOND, "all thy fond gear" (M. 149c), foolish: see other volumes of this series.

FOOL, see Measure.

FOOLLORN, "a stark foollorn" (M. 151d), a made rhyme to "torn," with, perhaps, an eye—à la modern "portmanteau-word"—on either "fool born," or "fool lorn" (that is, a fool lost or ruined beyond recall). "Reply not to me with a fool-born jest; Presume not that I am the thing I was."—Shakspeare, 2 Henry IV. (1598), v. 5.

FOOL'S BOLT (M. 207c), jest, quip, shaft: the domestic

fool had unlimited license to satirise, attack, or poke fun at whomsoever he would.

Fool's coat (M. 145a; H. 272b), the distinctive dress of a fool was motley (cf. As You Like II, ii. 7, 12), a pointed cap adorned with a cock's-comb, fox-tail, or other emblem, and bells, with a bauble in the hand.

Foots, "of his foots" (M. 208b) in orig. fotes=feet (Gawayne): cf. "right foote" in previous line.

Force, "I force not what it were" (J. 26d)—"no force" (H. 268b), care: no force=it does not matter or signify. "The other sorte, no force at all, Say what they will."—Schole-house of Women, 26 (c. 1542).

FOREDONE, "I would that were foredone" (J. 21d), undone: in the text foredone should be fordone.

FORT, "I will take him right fort" (M. 157b), strong, powerful.

FORTHINK, "lest thou forthink" (Y. 95b), repent, "aby," be vexed, grieved or sorry. "Thou shalt repent. . . . Thou shalt forthinke, and sore rew."—Chaucer, Rom. of Rose [Chalmers] I. 201, I.

FORTUNE, "I may fortune one day" (J. 76c)—"it may fortune come soon" (Y. 107a)—"should fortune such rage" (H. 276d), chance, befall, happen.

FOTHERED, "cham not fothered for all night" (M. 170c), foddered.

Founder (M. 145c), patron, benefactor. "Marchol theyr founder, patron, and precident."—Lydgate, Minor Poems, p. 164.

FOX-TAIL, "would wear a fox-tail" (A. 119d), formerly one of the badges of a fool: cf. "flap with a foxe-taile, a jest" (Florio, p. 101). It seems also to have been a badge of infamy: "Such a one is carried about the town with a boord fastned to his necke all be-hanged with foxtayles, besides ye penalty according to his state in money."—Purchas, Pilgrimage (1613), ch. ii. § 2.

Free, "fair and free" (Y. 103c)—"that lady free" (Y. 104a), noble, gracious. "He was ffayre mane and free."—Degrevant, 33.

- FREMMAN, "between one fremman and another" (J. 29b), stranger, one not related: usually "fremed folk," "fremed persons." "The sexte commandment forbeddes us to synne or for to foly fleschely with any womane, owther sybbe or fremmede, wedde or unwedde, or any fleschely knawynge or dede have with any."—MS. Lincoln, A. i. 17, f. 213.
- FRENCH POCK (M. 218a), syphilis. The French "pass on the compliment" and call the disease "mal de Naples" (Cotgrave): cf. "mal di Napoli, French pocks" (Florio). "News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital Of malady of France."—Shakspeare, Henry V. (1599), v. 1.
- FREQUENT, "what... dances do you now... frequent" (M. 185b), here a generic verb of oft-repeated action—to do frequently or habitually: in the sense of to visit or resort to a place habitually the usage is common enough.
- Fresh, "yet of fresh the next morrow" (J. 5d), afresh, anew, again.
- FRISK, "to fetch a frisk" (M. 185b), frolic, dance, jig: see Fetch. "Checks us in the frisks and lavaltoes of our dancing bloud."—Feltham, Resolves (1627-8), pt. i., res. 13.
- FRONT, "all his front" (M. 213a), show of authority, sternness; specifically of boldness—"a bold front."
- Fur, "ne'er a gone fur" (M. 150a), far, another modern vulgarism with respectable years to back it.
- FUSTING, "fusting fumes" (M. 187b), fustian (=pompous) airs, bombastic indignation.
- GAD (M. 184c; M. 175a), a noteworthy anticipation of the favourite mineing oath of the eighteenth century, the earliest quotation for which in the O.E.D. bears date 1611. There seems little question of the intention of the author thus to differentiate the two pronunciations: Gad, Gadd's are the original spellings, but God and God's occur frequently within a few lines before and after the examples now under consideration.

- GAFFERS, "my gaffers" (M. 183a), here equivalent to friends, neighbours, fellows; a corruption of "granfer" = grandfather: see other volumes of this series.
- GALLHOUSE, "the gallhouse he made" (H. 283d), the original spelling seems an instance worth preserving: Mr. Greg suggests "it is just possible some fanciful derivation from 'gall-house' affected the spelling" (Materialen, v. 60).
- GANSER, "a tale of his ganser" (M. 145d), ? grandsire: cf. "gammer," "gaffer" with, maybe, a glance at ganza=goose. Butler employed ganza for anything wildly extravagant because the romance of the Man in the Moon feigned that Don Gonzales was carried thither by ganza or geese (Nares).
- GASKINS, "your velvet gaskins" (M. 154a), wide loose breeches or hose.
- GAYT, "she's a gayt" (M. 221a), a simple-minded, "innocent" person, one easily gulled.
- Gear, "wilt thou never leave this gear" (M. 187b), matters, affairs, courses (of conduct). "Ye wo' not to this geer of marriage then."—Fletcher and Shirley, Nightwalker, v. 1.
- GENTLE, "our gentle nation" (H. 274d), in orig. "ientile."
 It is a moot question whether gentile or gentle (as adopted in the present text) is meant: gentile is a doublet both of genteel and gentle.
- GIB, "false gib" (M. 226a), a wanton, "cat."
- GILL, "thou skittish gill" (J. 78a), wanton: but also generic for the sex.
- 'GIN, "'gin to feel" (M. 207d), begin. A contracted form of "begin" is adopted for the present text, as gin is obsolete save in poetry. A.S. ginnan. "As when the sun gins his reflexion."—Shakspeare, Macbeth (1606), i. 2.
- GINGERLY, "ye go full gingerly" (Y. 104d), delicately, daintily, mincingly. "We stayghe and prolonge our goyng, with a nyce or tendre and softe, delicate, or gingerly pace."—Udall, Floures for Latine Spekynge (1553). "We used to call her at home Dame Coye, a A. P. II.

- pretie gingerlie pice [piece]."—Jack Juggler (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., 3 Series, 10d).
- GIRMUMBLE, "had a little girmumble" (M. 168d), ? rough-and-tumble: cf. "gire"=revolve.
- GIS, JIS (passim), Jesus: see Oaths.
- GLEEK, "I suddenly gleek" (T. 316b), i.e. "get in the first blow": a term borrowed from the card game of the same name. To gleek=to get a decided advantage by holding three of the same cards in hand, whereupon an opponent is said to be gleeked.
- GLIKE, "the more she doth glike me" (T. 294a), scoff, flout. "Where's the bastard's braves, and Charles his glikes?"—Shakespeare, I Henry VI. (1592), iii. 2. See previous entry.
- GLOMETH, "he gaspeth or glometh" (T. 297b), looks sullen or dejected. "Now smyling smoothly like to sommer's day, Now glooming sadly so to cloke her matter."—Spenser, Fairy Queen (1596), VI. vi. 42.
- God, (a) "God's above all" (M. 167d), we find similar expressions in Heywood—"God is where he was" (Works, II. 46d; 218a); "there was God when all is done" (ibid., 17c). (b) See Oaths.
- Godlige, "godlige for this merry song" (T. 314d), ? a form of thanks: cf. "godlyche (=goodly, politely) he hyr gret" (Degrevant, 675); also "as soon as it goodlich (=conveniently, well) may be in the abbey of Brune" (Will. Thomas, Earl of Kent, 1397).
- GODLY QUEEN HESTER, see Queen Hester.
- God's fast (Y. 98a), the forty days fasting by Christ in the wilderness: see Oaths.
- GOETH, "he goeth far that never turns again" (M. 142a), Heywood's version is "he runneth far that never turneth again" (Works, E.E.D.S., 90b; 182a).
- Gof, "t' gof Custer" (M. 197b), "my gofe cuckold's cow" (M. 169a), godfather: cf. gom=godmother (207a); gaffer=grandfather; gammer=grandmother, ganser=grandsire (145d).

GOLD, see Fee.

GOLD COLLARS, "gold collars be so good cheap" (Y. 101a), Youth is probably sarcastic: Mr. R. B. McKerrow's "shot" (Materialen, xii. 85, 276) is probably very near the mark—the phrase "might...refer to some installation of knights... at the moment unpopular... From time to time large numbers of Knights bachelors were created...: owners of land of... (forty pounds [value] in the early part of the sixteenth century) were legally bound to become knights—with the consequent obligation of military service—and... enquiries were occasionally held, and all persons owning the so-called 'knight's fee' of land were summoned to receive knighthood or to pay a fine. One such great creation of knights took place in 1533 (Stowe, Annales, 1615, 562a)—but this is, of course, too late." It is added "all knights wore collars."

GOLIA, "ne'er a golia . . . that shall scare me" (M. 213a) whether Misogonus is alluding to Goliath of Philistine fame or to the order of Goliards is uncertain. The latter were an order of fools attached to the households of rich ecclesiastics. Wright considers them (Walter Mapes) to have been of the clerical order, but they appear ultimately to have degenerated into somewhat the same class as the jongleurs and minstrels among the laity, riotous and unthrifty scholars who attended on the tables of the richer ecclesiastics, and gained their living and clothing by practising the profession of buffoons and iesters. At first their mission was moral. The name appears to have originated towards the end of the twelfth century; and, in the documents of that time, and of the next century, is always connected with the clerical order. It is a moot point whether Golias was a real person, from whom the order took their generic name, or a pseudonym. The name was connected with a series of satirical poems, in Latin, on ecclesiastical subjects, but mainly directed against the abuses of the Roman Church in the thirteenth century. They were probably (I again quote from Wright's excellent account of them) the immediate predecessors, and in some sense the cause, of the Crede of Piers the Ploughman and of the writings of Wycliffe, and thus they contributed to the Refor-

mation. From a classical standpoint, the majority of them are generally below criticism; from a moral point of view they are vigorous and healthy, though in studying them, nineteenth-century readers must bear in mind the great jealousy of monastic orders which has in all ages existed amongst the secular clergy, and the tendency in minds ecclesiastical to exaggerate into grave sins what ordinary men would be inclined to consider mere peccadilloes. All this, however, may be beside the mark, and Misogonus may only have had Goliath in mind: the story of the giant's death at the hands of the stripling David was one of the most popular themes. A close parallel occurs in Colyn Blowbols Testament, line 299:-"Huge Golyas, with their wordis grete."

- GOLPOL (J. 85c), obviously an endearment, but I do not find it elsewhere.
- "Hold thy tounge, Comination Gome" (M. 207a), the clause in the original is as here given. and of which the present text is, I believe, a correct rendering. Gom (or Gome)=(1) a man; (2) a godmother; and (3) care, heed, attention. The first was in common use as a familiar address without reference to relationship, and it would appear that Codrus uses the word (=godmother) in a similar transferred sense (= woman) of Alison his wife. Comination may be (1)=chattering (comon, or common=talk); or (2) = threatening (Lat. comine).
- GONE, "I will unto him gone" (Y. 112a), an old form of go: cf. Done = do. "Do thou permit the chosen ten to gone And aid the damsel."-Fairfax, Tasso (1600), v. 7.
- Good, (a) "consider ve have good enou" (Y. 102d), possessions: now always in plural. "Ladyes . . . Of your gude and bodé han maistré."-Ragman Roll (E.E.P.P., 1. 76, 153).
 - (b) "I would tute him a good" (M. 168a), i.e., teach him well, wisely.
- GOOD DEEN, "good deen, master" (M. 198b), a corruption of "good even." Nares says that this salutation was used as soon as noon was past, after which time, good morrow, or good day, was esteemed im-

proper. "Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen. Merc. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman. Nurse. Is it good den? Merc. 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon."—Shakspeare, Romeo and Juliet (1595), ii. 4.

GOOSE, see Shoe.

Gossips, "who be thy other gossips?" (M. 209c), friends, neighbours: originally a sponsor (godfather or godmother). "They had mothers as we had; and those mothers had gossips (if their children were christened) as we are."—Ben Jonson, Staple of News (1625), Induction. "One mother . . . her little babe reuil'd, And to her gossips gan in counsell say."—Spenser, Fairy Queen (1590), I. xii. 11.

GOWN AND CAP, "one would take him for a fool by his gown and cap" (M. 219a), i.e., by his distinctive dress: see Fool's coat.

Grace, "in space cometh grace" (M. 167a), i.e., "in time all things come to those who wait": the proverb occurs with a slightly different meaning in Heywood (Works, E.E.D.S., 11a; 171a).

GRAIN, see Knave in grain.

GREEKING, "are ye greeking" (T. 304a), this—though clearly greeking in the original—may be a misprint for greeting=crying. If, however, this is not the case, but a verb formed from Greek=a cheat, a trickster, a sham, the meaning would be, "Are you shamming—pretending you do not feel my blows?"

GREEN, "a dame of flourishing green" (M. 136c), full of hope and vigour: cf. "a green old age.

GREY GROAT, "worth a grey groat" (M. 181d): Prof. Brandl (Quellen, 661) glosses this as "(de)gree groat = Preisgroschen." May, however, it not be that grey groat = a small standard of value, "a brass farthing"? "I'll not leave him worth a grey groat."—Marlowe, Jew of Malta (1586), iv. 4.

GRIEF, "that for this matter he take no grief at me" (J. 70c), offence, find no fault. "To implore forgifnes of all greif."—Douglas, Virgil (1512-3), 453, 43.

GRUMBOLD, "the saddle-backed grumbold" (M. 225d), sourling, grumble-guts.

HABS, "habs or nabs" (M. 181b), i.e., "they are for getting all I have by foul means if not by fair"; "it's hit or miss with them": the phrase in many connections is common enough.

HAIL-PEAL, "an hail-peal in a moon" (J. 7d), greeting, salutation.

HAIR, "my hair is royal and bushed thick" (Y. 94c), hair in the Copland and Lambeth copies, but heart (clearly a mistake) in the Waley edition. Youth means to say that his hair is of the finest and thickest, such as would indicate character, vigour, and strength. Subsequently abundance of hair was supposed to denote a lack of brains—"more hair than wit."

HAKING, "in kissing and in haking" (M. 164d), wanton dalliance.

Hamper, "I'll hamper him" (M. 144b), beat, trounce.
"I'll speak with him, and hamper him too, if ever he fall into my clutches."—Dekker, Westward Ho (1607), ii. 2.

HAND, "viewing of the hand" (M. 218a), palmistry.

HANG, see Hedge and Tree.

HANGING, see Bells and Wedding.

HANGMAN, "to drive away that hangman" (101d), a reproach, but also an endearment: here, however, it is the former. "As they had seen me with these hangman's hands."—Shakspeare, Macbeth, ii. 2. "To call a naughtie fellowe theef, or hangman, when he is not known to be any such."—Wilson, Rhet. (1580), 123.

HAPPING, "happing and lapping" (M. 140c), clothing, specifically in a "coddling" fashion. "The scheperde keppid his staf ful warme, And happid it ever undur his harme."—MS. Cantab. Ff. v. 48, f. 53. "He should not be the better hapt or covered from cold."—More, Utopia (ed. Robinson), bk. ii., ch. iv.

HAPPY, "happy . . . as . . . a duke" (M. 234a), this meridian of happiness is unusual: the acme of en-

joyment is now on the lowest rung of the social ladder—" happy as a sandboy."

HARE, "of a contrary hare" (T. 305a), this should have been hair=character, nature, sort.

HARP, see String.

HART'S TONGUE, see Kitchen herbs.

HASTLINGS, "none of the hastlings" (M. 154a), i.e., not one of the hurrying sort, slothful: also hastlings.

Have, "have at it" (or "with you") (J. 7d et passim; Y. 108c; M. 149c; T. 293a), to have at a thing=to try, attempt, begin; to have at a person=to try to strike or beat; to have with=to go with: the phrases are common enough.

HAYT, "cry hayt" (T. 307b), a fencing term on a homethrust: also used by hunters; usually hay!=a hit! "The punto reverso! the hay!"—Shakspeare, Romeo and Juliet (1595), 1. 4.

HAZARD, see Dice.

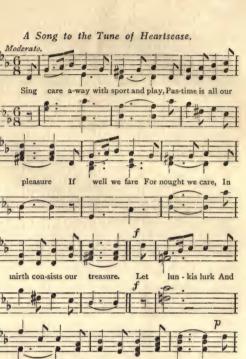
HEADY, "come this way so heady" (M. 234d), impetuously, hurriedly. "Never came reformation in a noon, With such a heady current."—Shakspeare, Henry V. (1599), i. 1.

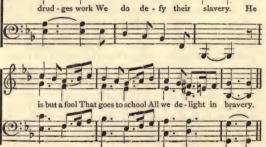
HEAL, "in good heal" (M. 203b; H. 283a), health, safety, welfare: see other volumes of this series.

HEAR's, "all that hear's" (M. 135d), hear us: the play is full of such contractions: see Misogonus.

Heart of Gold (M. 171b), an endearment. "Mine own sweetheart of gold."—Bale, Three Laws (1538), Works (E.E.D.S.), 19a. "Grammercy, heart of gold."—Wager, Mary Magdalene (E.E.D.S.), line 477.

HEART ROOT, "my heart root" (M. 171d), an endearment: now obsolete as are some other "heart" compounds—heart-blood, heart-bound, heart-dear, heart-grief, heart-quake, heart-rising, &c.: others, however, such as heart-ache, heart-beat, heart-strings, &c., still survive, and are useful.





HEART'S EASE (M. 163c and d) and LABONDOLOSE HOTO (M. 193c). Heart's ease is contained in a manuscript volume of lute music of the sixteenth century, now in the Public Library, Cambridge (Dd., ii, II), as well as in The Dancing Master from 1650 to 1698. Chappell sets the tune as given on the opposite page in Old English Popular Music, and says "it belongs in all probability to an earlier reign than that of Elizabeth, as it was sufficiently popular about the year 1560 to have the song now under consideration written to it." Apparently a reference to the words of the song occurs in The Nice Wanton (97d, verses I and 2), written before 1553, and printed in 1560. Therefore, if the usually accepted date of Misogonus (q.v.) is the right one, the words of the song as well as the tune are earlier than the time of Elizabeth. The reference is as follows:—

"Dal. O, good brother, let us go I will never go more to-to school. Shall I never know What pastime meaneth? Yes, I will not be such a fool."

Shakspeare mentions the tune in Romeo and Juliet (1597):—

"Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease,' 'Heart's ease': O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

"First Mus. Why 'Heart's ease '?

"Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe'; O play me some merry dump to comfort me."—(iv. 5, 102-8.)

Collier thought the song itself quite as good of its kind as the drinking song in Gammer Gurton's Needle. By a curious coincidence, it may well be that Shakspeare had not only this tune, but also the words of another song which occurs in Misogonus, in mind when he made reference to Heartsease. This is the coincidence. Peter, a few lines lower

down, sharpens his wit upon the musicians and propounds a question:-

"When griping grief the heart doth wound, And doleful dumps the mind oppress," &c.— Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5, 128-9.

Compare this with Philogonus's ditty "to the tune of Labondolose Hoto":—

"Grief doth me gripe, pain doth me pinch, Wilful despite my heart doth wrinch."—Ante, 193c.

Shakspeare, as was his wont, mentions a tune popular at the time, and also a poem which was no doubt equally popular. Romeo and Juliet, published in 1597, was mentioned by Meres in 1595, and its supposed date is given by Dr. Furnivall in the Leopold Shakspeare as 1591-3. In the year 1590 a new edition of The Paradice of Dainty Deuises had been issued, and in it occurs the song "In Commendation of Music," from which Shakspeare quotes. I give it entire, as it bears somewhat upon the other "song to the tune of Labondolose Hoto."

IN COMMENDATION OF MUSICKE.

When griping grief the heart would wound, And doleful dumps the minde oppress, Then musick with her silver sound, Is wont with speed to give redress; Of troubled mindes for everie sore, Sweet musick hath a salve in store:

In joy it makes our mirth abound,
In grief it cheeres our heavy sprites,
The careful head relief hath found
By musick's pleasant sweet delights.
Our senses (what should I say more?)
Are subject unto musick's lore.

The gods by musick hath their pray,
The soule therein doth joy,
For as the Romaine poets say,
In seas whom Pirates would destroy,
A dolphin saved from death most sharpe,
Arion playing on his harpe.

Of heavenly gift that turnes the mind, Like as the stern doth rule the ship, O musicke, whom the gods assignde To comfort man, whom cares would nip, Sith thou both man and beast doth move, What wise man then will thee reprove?

This song also appeared in the earlier editions of The Paradice of Dainty Deuises, published in 1576, 1577, 1578, 1580, 1585, and 1596 respectively. In no place, however, are these words expressly attributed to Richard Edwards, who was (see facsimile title on the next page) mainly responsible for the collection; but he has, on the other hand, appended his name to a large number of the poems in the volume. The "sundry learned gentlemen . . . whose names heerafter followe" (see facsimile) included Lord Vaux the elder, Jasper Heywood, W. Hunnis, F. Kindlemarshe, and others.

It is, therefore, a moot point whether Edwards was the author of the poem, four lines from which were quoted by Shakspeare, apparently from memory, as there are variations which would naturally occur in such a case.

It is, however, probable that there is a connection of a kind between the poem "In Commendation of Music," which first appeared in Edwards's collection of 1576, and the "song to the tune of Labondolose Hoto" which occurs in Misogonus, the generally accepted date of which is 1560. A curious and suggestive fact is that Fleay attributed Misogonus to the pen of Richard Edwards, and held that it was that writer's "earlier attempt" referred to in the curiously nervous Prologue to Damon and Pithias (q.v.), written before 1566, and maybe as early as 1563-5. Edwards says he "did offend" by his "juvenile sports," and Fleay concludes the occasion was Christmas, 1559-60, when the Queen declined some play (see notes in present volume on Albion, Knight, and Misogonus).

I have become fully aware that popular "criticism" is infinitely more dangerous than popular "derivation"; therefore I seek to draw no conclusions: the coincidences may only be coincidences. Still, they render



[Reduced Facsimile of the Title-page of "The Paradice of Dainty Deuises" from a Copy of the edition of 1596. now in the British Museum.] it all the more likely that Shakspeare knew of, and had read, Misogonus. The point (if it be worthy of such a designation) may derive some emphasis from Shakspeare's "play" on "dumps"—"merry dump," "doleful dump," "My heart is full of woe." I take it, having of course in mind the generally loose style, language, and grammar of the play, that Labondolose Hoto may be freely translated "doleful dumps"; thus, La (the) bon' (for bonne=good, very, extreme) do'lo'se—douloureuse (=sorrowful) hoto=hauteur=elevation, height—whence "the extreme heights of sorrow" or "doleful dumps."

- Heaven, "the might of the heaven King" (Y. 94a), the King of Heaven: cf. heven-quene (A.S.)=the queen of Heaven, the Virgin Mary; heven-game=bliss.
- Hedge, "When my soul hangeth on the hedge once Then take thou and cast stones" (Y.111a)—"What's his gown gene too? Then he may go hang o' th' hedge" (M. 181d), "go to the devil": the modern form curtails the phrase to "he may go hang."
- HEDGECREEPER, "Ah hypocrite, Ah hedgecreeper, Ah 'sembling wretch!" (J. 76b)—"you hedgecreepers" (M. 236b), a general term of reproach. "Un avanturier vagabond qui fait la regnardière de peur des coups, a hedge-creeper."—Hollyband, Dict. (1593). "Call him a sneaking eavesdropper, a scraping hedgecreeper, and a piperley pickthanke."—Nashe, Unfortunate Traveller (1594), p. 32 (Chiswick Press, 1892).
- Heels, (a) "my bulchin turned up his heels" (M. 198d), died. "Our trust is . . . you will tourne up their heeles one of these yeares together, and prouide them of such vnthrifts to their heires, as shall spend in one weeke . . . what they got . . . all their lifetime."—Nashe, Pierce Penilesse (1592), Grosart, ii., 77.
 - (b) "shake thy heels" (M. 236a), i.e., stir yourself, be going, "Sir, I'll take my heels."—Shakspeare, Comedy of Errors (1593).

- Heist, "heist have" (M. 187c), he shall: similar contractions are frequent—hear's=hear us (135c); theil (orig.)=they will (191b); thout=thou wilt (182b); theist=they shall (183b); yest=ye shall (205c); weist=we shall (203a), and so forth.
- HENBIRD, "mine own henbird" (M. 186a), an endearment.
- Hennardly, "Ye hennardly knaves" (M. 236c), ?from hene (A.S.)=abject, in subjection (Halliwell).
- HERITOR, "an heritor of bliss" (Y. 95d; 115b), inheritor.
- Hest, "attending on God's hest" (M. 189b), behest, command. "Now made forget their former cruell mood, T' obey their rider's hest, as seemed good."—Spenser, Fairy Queen (1596), IV., iii. 39.
- HIE, "O lively with hie" (M. 185d), high.
- Hight, "a hight Eugonus" (M. 230b), i.e., he was called: hight is the only instance in English of a passive verb. "Betwixen hem was maked anon the bond, That highte matrimoine or mariage."—Chaucer, Canterbury Tales (1383), 3,097.
- HITCHCOCK (M. 218b), hiccough: spelled in the original as in text (usually, however, it is without the t), so, maybe, a double entendre was meant.
- HITHER, "I would see your heels hither" (Y. 98c), i.e., "see the back of you, with your heels turned hitherwards."
- Ho, (a) "till thou criest, ho" (J. 8c)—"cry, ho" (T. 307b), Stop! Enough!
 - (b) "though thou think him past ho" (M. 167d), past restraint, beyond reclamation: see other volumes of this series.
 - (c) "neither thieves no[r ho . . .]" (M. 188a)? whores.
- HODDYDODDY (T. 312c), a simpleton, weakling, foolish fellow: a generic reproach. Also "huddypeak," "hoddypole," &c. "Sometimes I hang on Hankyn hoddydoddy's sleeve."—Udall, Roister Roister (c. 1534), i. 1. (E.E.D.S., 5c).

Hogshead, "up, drowsy hogshead" (J. 4d), "sleepy head": "to couch a hogshead"=to sleep.

HOGSNORTON, "brought up at Hog's Norton" (Y. 110b), a synonym for boorishness, clownish manners, or disregard of the decencies of life. Hogsnorton is a village in Oxfordshire (properly Hoch = High Norton). Heywood (Works, 11., 293a) has Hogstown, in a similar connection, which may be Hogs[nor]town or Hoxton. See Nares and Halliwell.

HOLD, (a) "hold here a ring" (H. 274d; 284c), take, accept. "For a sign of this, hold these same stony tables."—Bale, Works (E.E.D.S.), 8a.

(b) "I hold you then a groat" (H. 272b), beg, wager. "I hold you a penny."—Shakspeare, Taming of the Shrew (1593), iii. 2.

HOLIDAY-FACE, "put in on my holiday face" (M. 219b), the early occurrence of this phrase seems worth noting.

Honesty, "my life, goodness, credence and honesty" (H. 269a), reputation. "I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty."—Shakspeare, Comedy of Errors (1593), v.

HONEY-POT, see Mustard-pot.

Honour, "of our honour we will neither speak nor speed" (H. 282a), Hester, it would seem, means to say that she will say or do nothing in the way of intercession: our honour refers to rank: in the beginning of his speech Aman says, "Of thine honour and goodness," &c., emphasising the titles "O lady Hester," and "most noble princess": cf. honour = a title common at one time to all men of rank, but now confined to certain offices. "His honour and myself are at the one."—Shakspeare, Richard III. (1597), iii. 2. Of course, there is the possibility that the phrase=(1) on my honour; or (2) having regard to our rank or position.

HORN, "if you be born to hold with the horn" (T. 317a), have or receive the distinguishing badge

of cuckoldry: see Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), I., s.v. Horner.

HORSE-COMB (A. 129c), a curry-comb.

- HORSE-NIGHTCAP, "a song with a horse-nightcap" (M. 162c), halter, with (so it would appear) a pun enshrining halter="slowcoach." "Yea, his very head so heavie as if it had beene harnessed in an horse-nightcap."—Bacchus' Bountie (1593), in Harl. Misc. (ed. Park), ii., 304. "And those that clip that they should not, shall have a horse-nightcap for their labour."—Penniles Parliament (1608), in Harl. Misc. (ed. Park), 1., 181.
- Host, "men think at host, with them was the Holy Ghost" (H. 276a), abiding, lodging with them: the comma after host confuses the meaning, and should be deleted. "Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host."—Shakspeare, Comedy of Errors (1593), i. 2.
- Howling, "when we'r' howling" (M. 232d), singing, chanting: a facetious manner of speech not altogether unknown nowadays.
- Huddle, "old huddle" (T. 295c), a general reproach: usually (modern) old huddle and twang. "I care not, it was sport enough for me to see these old huddles hit home."—Lyly, Alex. and Camp. (1591), O. Pl. (Reed), ii., 128.

HUDDYPEAK, see Hoddydoddy.

- HUFFA (Y. 99a), an exclamation used as typical of blustering blades and swaggering bullies: frequently put in the mouth of the devil or vice of old morality plays. "With huffa gallant."—Four Elements (c. 1510), Anon. Pl., I Ser. E.E.D.S., 16a. "Huff, huff, huff, who called after me?"—Hickscorner (c. 1520), ibid. 155d.
- Hugger-mugger (M. 212a), secrecy, concealment. "For God cannot abide to have his benefites kept secrete in hugger-mugger."—Udall (1548), Luke, xvii.
- Hum, "good hum" (T. 296b), strong ale. "Carmen Are got into the yellow starch, and chimney sweepers To their tobacco, and strong waters, hum, Meath,

and obarni."—Ben Jonson, Devil's an Ass (1616), i., 1.

HUMILITY (Y. 97c), this, obviously, is a mistake, and the speech is to Charity, who (98b) goes to seek Humility later on.

HURRICAMP, "yest see a hurricamp" (M. 186c), ? hurried departure: i.e., a hurried scamper.

Hus, "none of hus" (M. 163a), so in original—another modern vulgarism foreshadowed in this remarkable play. Another instance is found at 159d, "will you never hinn?"

Husband (M. 190b), Melissa's use of this title is paralleled by Dame Christian Custance in Ralph Roister Doister (Udall, Works, E.E.D.S., 148, s.v. Spouse).

Ich, "ich am paid" (T. 294c), I: see other volumes of this series.

IMPOSTUME, "the impostume in my codpiece" (M. 151b), properly abscess, but here probably=swelling, with an esoteric innuendo.

IN, "will you never in" (M. 159d), go in: in orig. hinn: cf. Hus.

INCENSE, "his mind incense" (H. 277d)—"so kindly doth incense" (H. 279b), either (a)=stir up, rouse, urge; or (b) instruct, inform, school. "I think I have Insens'd the lords o' the council that he is (For so I know he is, they know he is,) A most arch heretick, a pestilence That doth infect the land."—Shakspeare, Richard III. (1597), iii. 2.

INCONTINENT, "I go incontinent" (J. 42c), immediately, at once. "Unto the place they come incontinent."—Spenser, Fairy Queen (1590), I. vi. 8. "Furor. Passe thee before, Ile come incontinent."—2 Returne from Parnassus (1606), ii. 3 (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., Ser. ix.).

INDENT, "this promise indent" (J. 32a), execute, make compact. "Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears, When they have lost and forfeited themselves?" —Shakspeare, I Henry IV. (1598), i. 3.

INDIAN LAND, "all things that grow in the Indian land"
(M. 218a), the New World: the object of Columbus
A. P. II.
C C

was to discover a new route to India, and for a long time it was supposed that America was either part of India or some land adjacent to it. Thus tobacco was called "the Indian weed."

INDIFFERENTLY, "his laws indifferently be not used" (A. 128b), impartially: see other volumes of this series.

INGRUM, "are you so ingrum" (M. 205a), apparently meant for ignorant.

Intellection, "man's intellection" (J. 89b), intellect. "Some other ther be that have theyr intelleccyon or reason clerely illumyned."—Atkynson, tr. De Imitatione (1504), iii. v. 109.

Interempt, "good order may soon be interempt" (H. 274a), destroyed: Lat. A rare word, as also is its cognate form "interemption."

IPSY, "this drink is *ipsy*" (T. 299b), a kind of strong ale, "the very thing." Unless an interpolation when the play was "first printed," this is the earliest occurrence of the word that is known, the O.E.D.'s leading quotation being from Durfey in 1719: but cf. upsy, the first quotation for which in Slang and its Analogues is 1600.

IRISH, see Dice.

Is, (a) "Is his years" (M. 143a)—"here is pretty toys" (M. 148c)—"my bones is sore" (T. 304c), a construction worth noting, but by no means uncommon.

(b) "is a right man" (M. 182c)—"is worth you

all" (M. 182c), elliptical: he understood.

IVY BERRIES (M. 136a). "Oftyn Poetes were crowned with Iuye: in token of noble witte and scharpe, for the yuye is alwei grene."—Trevisa, Barth. De P. R. (1398), XVII. lili. (Bodl. MS.). See Laurel.

I-wis (Y. 93d), often, as here, a metrical tag; properly certainly, indeed, truly: see other volumes of this series.

Jack, (a) "lay me on the jack" (J. 78b), attack, lay blows upon: jack=a kind of loose-fitting outer garment worn by both sexes. "That they . . . should sticke to it like men, and lay it on the iacks of them."—North, Plutarch (1579-80), 127.

- (b) "a beggarly Jack" (M. 173b)—"whiteliver Jacks" (M. 237b), a common fellow, chap: mostly in contempt and with an implication of low breeding and bad manners. "A common poyncte of pleasure doyng that euery iacke vseth."—Udall, Eras. Par. (1548), Luke vi. 65.
- (c) "an old ridden jack" (M. 207b), obviously jack was used in contempt of women as well as of men; probably=Jack-whore: jack being a prefix denoting personification—cf. Jack jailer, Jack meddler, &c. (see previous paragraph). Old ridden= "foundered." "I let her to hyre that men maye on her ryde."—Skelton, Bouge of Courte, 400.
- JACK-A-MALE, "it's no tale of Jack-a-male" (M. 209d). Prof. Brandl suggests that this may be "Jack-amendall "; but does it not rather look like our old friend "Jack-in-the-box" (Fr. malle)? The French word had long been, and was still, in vulgar use, and the variant naturally suggested itself to the author when he sought a rhyme to "tale." Jack-in-the-box=asharper or cheat, exactly suits the context, and the phrase would also doubly commend itself because affording a covert and contemptuous allusion to what had come to be regarded by many as the superstition of the real presence in the host which, when reserved in the pyx, was irreverently nicknamed "Jack in the box." The following quotations will serve to illustrate the various points raised. "Rayling billes agaynst the sacramente, termynge it Iacke in the box, the sacramente of the halter, 'round Robin,' with like vnseemly termes."—Ridley, Last Exam. (1555), in Foxe, Acts and Mon. (1583), 1759. "Jak in the bokis, for all thy mokis a vengeance mot the fall! Thy subteltie and palzavdrie our fredome bringis in thrall." -Satir. Poems Ref. (1570), xxii. 78. "These women . . . toungs that lie worse than false clocks, By which they catch men like Jacks in a box."-Glapthorne, Argalus (1639), v. Works, 1874, I. 61.
- Jack Prat (M. 157b), a diminutive bumptious person; "Jack Sprat." "Heard you ever such a counsel of such a Jack Sprat."—Marr, Wit and Science (E.E.D.S. Anon: Pl. 4 Series, 73c).

JACK SAUCE (M. 167c), a saucy fellow, "Mr. Impudence." "Jack savce . . . thov lovt, thov hoddie peake."—Robin Conscience (c. 1550), 240 (Hazlitt, E.E.P.P., III. 242).

IACOB AND ESAU. The text (pp. 1-90) is taken direct from the copy of the edition of 1568, now in the British Museum (C. 34.2.3). The spelling and punctuation are modernised, except where it has seemed advisable, in accordance with the general plan of the present series, to retain the original orthography, and to alter as little as may be the original pointing. The black-letter edition of 1568 is unlikely to have been the first: the play was licensed in 1557-8 to Henry Sutton, and was probably printed soon after. Copies of no other edition than that now under consideration-of this, however, there are examples in the Bridgewater Collection and at the Bodley, as well as at the British Museum-have been recovered. The piece was first reprinted in modern times by Hazlitt in his 1874-6 edition of Dodsley's Old Plays. The story follows very closely the Biblical account, and the reader will need little help in that respect in following the development of the action. The play is regularly divided into acts and scenes. Amended Readings, Corrigenda, &c. "That were foredone" (21a), read fordone: a misprint; "as ere was eat, Jacob'' (34c), read e'er; "with all my stomach cheer" (35d), original stomachere; "see, and the knave "(39c), omit the comma after see; "ever since so lusty" (40c), orig. even; "lusty and fresh" (40c), so lusty" (40c), orig. even; "lusty and fresh" (40c), orig. as; "Our good old Isaac" (45c), Once in original; "set Mido before Abra, [1] trow" (45d), I not in orig.; ["they're fit] for better men" (50a), not in original: supplied by Hazlitt; "he [is] to have his venison" (51d), is not in orig.: supplied by Hazlitt: "and when she hath sung let her say thus" (256b), "Referring to the speech below . . . in the old copy this direction is printed in the margin, and such is, no doubt, its most suitable position" (Hazlitt); "as any wench in twenty mile; about her head " (58a), the semi-colon is misplaced: it should come after about; "Once our mark" (58b), so in the original: the emendation suggested by Hazlitt is one sure, or perhaps we ought to read sour; "I hear

a young kid blea" (59c), blee in original; "Abra. Come in, dame Rebecca" (67b), in original Mido, but obviously the line is to Abra; "whom [it] pleaseth thee" (73b), it not in original; [Ragan and the others, &c. (77d)], this stage direction is, of course, not in the original, having been inserted by Hazlitt: it is thought well to retain it with this note of its extratextual value; "ere thou art caught" (78d), or in original; "Deborah. But by my truth" (79d), in original given to Rebecca; "he lieth in await to slae thee" (82a), a misprint: it should be sle, or, as in original, slea; "fle hence" (82a), another misprint I regret to say for flee; "for I have a word, &c." (82d), this line in original is given to Isaac, an obvious blunder; "as fast [as] thou can" (83c), [as] not in original: suggested by Hazlitt; "yea, mother, [I] see" (85c), [I] not in original; "Esau. All prest here" (87b), placed opposite to the second line down in original.

JADGE, "th' art a jadge" (M. 207a), so in original = jade: the form appears unrecorded in the O.E.D.

Jacs, "my beggarly jags" (M. 157c), rags, tatters; here=shabby clothes: originally a kind of cut or fray made in cloth to form a fringe, tassel, or other ornamental edging; or a slash cut to show another colour underneath.

JAVEL, "uses me like a javel" (T. 301a), a low, worthless fellow, "dirt." "Expired had the terme that these two iavels should render up a reckoning of their travels."—Spenser, Mother Hubberd (1591), 309.

Jelly, "this jelly grout is jelly and stout" (T. 300b), jelly=good, excellent (rare before seventeenth century); grout=a kind of ale (see Halliwell, s.v. Grout).

"The woodes selfes . . . are verie jocund and jellie."
—Dalrymple, tr. Leslie's Hist. Scot. (1596), I. 7.

JERTS, "three jerts for the nonce" (J. 9d), stroke, stripe, lash: a dialectical form of jerk. "Give him a lerte or two vpon the nether part of his buttocks."—Markham, Caval. (1607), 11. (1617), 40.

JET, "to jet here" (Y. 98d)—(also Y. 103a; M. 173b; T. 292a), strut, stalk proudly, put on "side" in walking. "Contemplation makes a rare turkeycock of him! how he jets under his advanced plumes."—Shakspeare, Twelfth Night (1602), ii. 5.

Jis, "by Jis" (M. 176c), Jesus: see Oaths.

JOCHUM, "the old Jochum" (M. 186c), a half-familiar half-contemptuous address: probably a by-form of jock="fellow," "chap," &c. Old in this sense is not glossed in the O.E.D. before 1588 (Tit. A. iv. 2. 121).

John, "John, come kiss me now" (J. 298b), Chappell says that nothing remains of words except "Jon come kisse me now, Jon come kisse me now; Jon come kisse me now; Jon come kisse me by and by, and make no more adow." It is mentioned in the interlude of Nature (Brandl, Quellen, p. 121, 1. 150), written between 1486 and 1500 by Henry Medwall, chaplain to Archbishop Morton (of Canterbury): "Com kys me Johan gramercy Ione this wed they euer more." The music is given in Citharen Lessons, 1609; Airs and Sonnets, M.S., T.C. Dublin, &c. It is mentioned in Heywood's A Woman Kill'd with Kindness (1600); in 'Tis merry when Gossips meet (1609); in a song in Westminster Drollery (1671 and 1674); in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy (1621); The Scourge of Folly (N.D.); Brathwayte's Shepherd's Tale (1623); in Hy. Bold's Songs and Poems (1685); and in Sir W. Davenant's Love and Honour.



- JOHN-A-PEEPO (Y. 106d), ? a meddler, Paul Pry: a nickname of the same order as "John-a-Dreams," "John-a-Nokes." The form peep is somewhat unusual at this date, and if it is a variant of peeko, Pride may possibly be poking fun at Charity's squeaking, shrill voice, or biting speech.
- Joints, "stir your joints" (M. 148d), look lively: cf. "stir your stumps": joint=limb (as distinguished from a portion or a section of a limb) is unrecorded in the O.E.D. save of meat as divided by the butcher, of which latter the earliest quotation is dated 1576: note also the curiously modern and suggestive use of "pins" two lines below.
- JOLLITY, "in my youth and jollity" (Y. 94c; 98a), grace, personal accomplishments. "Yf by beaute of facion, or by a body fayr grete or wel adurned, or by fayr here . . . and by the other *Iolytees* shold a Squyer be adoubed Knyght," &c.—Caxton, Chivalry (1484), 46.
- Joyley, "I had joyly game" (J. 73d), fine, splendid, excellent: a variant of jolly. "This dog . . . taketh the prey with a jolly quickness."—Fleming, tr. Caius' Eng. Dogs (1576) (Arber, Garner, III., 239).
- JUMP, "in one tale jump" (M. 205c), agree, coincide, tally. "Al this iumped wel together."—G. Harvey, Letter-Book (Camden), 27.
- KA KOB, "like Jackdaw that cries ka kob" (J. 34d), the well-known kae or caw of the jackdaw.
- KAY, "had the kay" (Y. 98c), this seemingly cockney Irish pronunciation of "key" is in truth the correct one and was the standard down to the close of the seventeenth century. In M.E. the rhyme was with day, play, say, &c., and Dryden so employs it. On the other hand, early in the fifteenth century the (northern) spelling kee was in vogue, from which it appears that the modern pronunciation "kee" is of northern origin, but it is difficult to say how it came into general English use (O.E.D.).

Kele, "kele you a little" (Y. 110b), make less bumptious, or cocksure: "cool," take the shine out of: Youth has been "talking through his hat." "His courage was kelit with age."—Dest. Troy (c. 1400), ii. 464.

Kenn'd, "so they may be kenn'd" (H. 254a), descried, seen, discovered. "As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs."—Shakspeare, 2 Henry VI., iii. 2, 101.

Kettering (M. 133d), a town between Cambridge and Leicester: see Misogonus.

Kind, "by kind" (M. 217c), nature, natural disposition, inheritance.

KING DAVID'S VEIN (M. 233c), vein=manner of speech, style, character, gifts. "This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein."—Shakspeare, Midsummer Night's Dream (1592), i. 2.

Kirk, "i' th' kirk" (M. 232d), church: Northern English and Scots, formerly (O.E.D.) used as far south as Norfolk, and still extending in dialect use to northeast Lincolnshire.

KITCHEN HERBS AND SALADS (J. 58d and 59a), most of these are still well known and in everyday usethyme, parsley, spinach, endive, sorrel, sage, borage. The rest are less commonly known or altogether unknown. Rosemary was used as a garnish; as a popular symbol of remembrance it is frequently mentioned by old writers; sprigs of the herb were carried at funerals or dipped in the loving cup at weddings (see Winter's Tale, iv. 4). "I will have no great store of company at the wedding, a couple of neighbours and their wives; and we will have a capon in stewd broth with marrow, and a good piece of beef, stuck with rose-mary."—Beaumont and Fletcher, Kn. of B. Pestle (1611), v. 1. Succory=chicory. Lacture is glossed by Halliwell as "a mixture for salads," but is it not rather lettuce (Lat. lactuca)? Violet, the use of violet petals in salads or cups is counterparted by their modern use as a crystallised sweetmeat. Clary, see Anon. Plays, 1st Ser. (E.E.D.S.), 238d. Liverwort, "sodden in wine is good for the diseases of the liver and lungs" (Herbal, ii. 36, 1562). Marigold flowers were formerly made into a conserve, and are still sometimes used as a flavouring for soups, and to give a yellow colour to cheese (O.E.D.). "The conserve that is made of the floures of marygoldes... cureth the trembling of the harte."—Lyte, Dodoens (1578), II. xiii. 164. Pennyroyal was in request for various cordials and for pharmaceutical use. Bugloss was thought to be a remedy against snake, viper, and other venomous bites.

KNACK, "any such childish knack" (J. 19a), trick, joke, trifle.

KNAVE IN GRAIN (M. 154c), an out-and-out knave, one whose knavery is shown as it were in the very grain, "hair," or texture. The Knave in Graine new vampt.—Title of Play, 1640.

KNIGHT, "a knight with a spear" (Y. 97d), i.e., a soldier: see John xix. 34. "That knycht quha peirsit our Lordis syde with the speir."—Winzet, Four Scoir Thre Quest. (1563), Works (1888), 1. 77.

KNIGHTHOOD, "my knighthood is utterly stained for ever" (M. 157a), properly chivalry: here=reputation for valour, prowess, courage. "He was of knyghthod and of fredom flour."—Chaucer, Cant. Tales (1383), Monk's Tale, 652.

KNIGHT OF THE COLLAR, "made Knight of the Collar" (Y. 100d), i.e., hanged.

KNOT, "unknit me this knot" (M. 188c), explain this puzzle, mystery, &c.

Knowledge, "Nature's law it is the eldest son to knowledge" (J. 24a), recognise, acknowledge.

LABONDOLOSE HOTO, see Heart's ease.

LACTURE, see Kitchen herbs.

Lady of Walsingham (M. 203d), the shrine of the Virgin Mary at Walsingham in Norfolk: see Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II. 274-5.

LAG, "to come lag" (J. 77b), late, last, lowest part. "That came too lag to see him buried."—Shakspeare, Rich. III. (1597), ii. 1.

LAND, LAUD, good land (M. 219b), so in original.

- LANDLEAPER, "thou landleaper" (M. 235b), "Erro. . . . Rodeur, coureur, vagabond. A roge: a land leaper: a vagabond: a runagate."—Nomenclator.
- Languish, "such lewd languish" (M. 187c), language (i.e., langwidge, "widge" approaching the sh rather than the ch sound).
- LAP, "lap of a thousand marks" (H. 264b), i.e., a bribe, douceur, something to satisfy or mitigate greed: cf. lap, verb=to soothe, act with pacifying or seductive effect.
- LAPPING, "happing and lapping" (M. 140c), nursing and fondling as a child in its mother's lap, caressing. "Sche toke up hur sone to hur And lapped hyt fulle lythe."—Sir Tryamour (c. 1430), 417.
- LARNED (M. 204b), a dialectical form current in the 14th and 16th centuries, and now considered vulgar: also Larning (M. 140c; 185d).
- LARON, see Oaths.
- Laurel, "Sir Phoebus' laurel crops" (M. 135d)—"laurel boughs"—(M. 136a), an emblem of literary distinction. Laureateship was a regular university degree in grammar, poetry, and rhetoric: the candidate was presented with a laurel wreath. "Skelton wore the laurel wreath."—Churchyard. "Return triumphant with your laurel boughs."—Pilg. to Parnassus, Anon. Pl., Ser. 9 (E.E.D.S.), s.v. Laurel boughs.
- Laurentius Bariwna (or Bariona) (M. 133d), see Misogonus.
- Law, "take (=receive) the law of the game" (J. 9c), the means to enforce authority or observance of rules: Esau proceeds to beat Ragan. "That she and her sonne shulde take ryght and law on them according to theyr desertis."—Lord Berners, Froiss. (1523), I., xii. 11.
- LAY, (a) "I shall lay thee on the face" (Y. 95c)—"lay him on the visage" (Y. 101c)—"lay thee on the lips" (M. 186a), attack, assail, beat, strike. "Lay on, Macduff, And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough."—Shakspeare, Macbeth (1605), v. 8. 33.—See Ear.

(b) "what land or lay" (H. 257c), an old hunting phrase signifying a place of lodging, abode, habitation: it can hardly (Materialen)="faith," "law," (hence "nation," for which, indeed, no authority is given), because Hester (being a Jewess) could not have said she was ignorant of the faith she was born in. "I have found ye, Your lays, and out-leaps, Junius, haunts, and lodges."—Beaum. and Fletcher, Bonduca (c. 1625), i. 2.

Leasings, "false leasings" (H. 280b), lie, falsehoods, deceptions: pleonastic.

'LECTED, "'lected for my 'scretion" (M. 196b), elected or selected; there are many similarly clipped words in the play: see Misogonus.

Leman, "his leman she will be" (Y. 103d), whore, mistress: cf. Riot's assertion that he shall no wife have (also M. 164c and 175d).

LEND, "he will lend me a mock or twain" (J. 13d), give, bestow, afford. "Jhesu, bat me love hast lende."—
Hymns to Virgin (c. 1430), 23.

LENGER (M. 140b), longer.

Lesse, "if you lesse him" (M. 145a), part with, lose. "I lesse on him so myche trauaile."—Hymns to Virgin (c. 1430), 46.

Let, (a) (Y. 95a and b), hinder, put difficulties in the way of: as subs.=hindrance, difficulty. See also T. 303a—" wouldest thou let her?"

(b) "you'll let me half a score of your sows borow" (M. 210b), hand over: specifically on security. "For he wrangwis takin'... of I scheip & a kow, quhilkes war ordainit of before he the lordis of consale to have hene lattin to borgh to he saide Alex."—Acta Audit. (1839), 100. 2 (1482).

LETTER'D, "letter'd my paternoster" (M. 232d), repeated: set forth as the alphabet is lettered by being called over: cf. letter=to instruct in letters. "Yf God sende you children... Do theim to be lettred right famously."—G. Ashby, Policy Prince (c. 1460), 648.

LEYNE, "I will it leyne" (H. 284b), conceal.

LIBERAL, "a liberal wife" (T. 302b), free of speech, action, or person; wanting in prudence or decorum. "And where there is a quicke witte & a liberall tong, there is moch speche."-Pilg. Perf. (1526), 131.

LIBERALITY, "by my liberality" (M. 218c), by the amplitude of my training: cf. "liberal arts and sciences," originally such branches of knowledge that were characteristic of, and suited to, a free man.

LICENSE, "I asked nobody licence" (J. 35d)-"license the Queen" (H. 260d), leave, permission; and as verb, to authorise, give permission. "I beseche your Lordship license me to sytte downe."-Latimer, in Foxe's Acts, and Mon. (1555), 1366, I. "For a space he taketh lycence."-Copland, Hye Way to Spyttel Hous, 493.

Lickering, "lickering on's brain" (M. 154c), i.e., plying himself with drink, "bemusing" himself: now slang. "If that your throates are dry, I'le liquor

them."-Timon (c. 1600), iii. 4.

LIFEDAYS, "our lifedays are but short" (J. 82d), lifetime: having had a run of nearly 700 years in English speech, this expressive and useful word fell into oblivion, the last recorded quotation in the O.E.D., save a nonce-revival by Morris, being the clause under consideration.

LIFT, see Chery.

Light, (a) "by this light" (passim), a common oath:
i.e., "by this good light," or "by God's light." "By
that light that guides me here."—Wilkins, Mis.
of Enf. Marr. [Works, E.E.D.S.], v. "By this light Thou are the welcomest man in Christendom."-Fair Maid of Bristow (1605), iii. 3 [E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., Ser. 9].

(b) see Lips.

LIGHTLY, "loose me lightly" (Y. 100a)-"how lightly it shall be done" (Y. 1016), easily, without effort: cf. "lightly come, lightly go." "Sir, she said, that shall you lightly wit."-Dane Hew [Hazlitt, E.E.P.P., 111. 145].

LIKE, (a) "how she doth like you" (Y. 105a), please, suit. "This is my loved sone that lyketh me."-

Pilg. Sowle (1413), v. xii. 103.

- (b) "like breeds the like" (M. 141a), an instance of similarity. "Lyk to lyk accordis wele."—Sc. Leg. Saints (c. 1375), 543.
- LIKELY, "thou art a likely fellow" (Y. 102c), seemly, capable-looking, giving promise of success. "Beseen and likely men."—Paston Letters (1454), I. 265.
- Lin, "ne'er lin" (M. 239d), cease, desist. "Who never lins to run Loaden with bundles of decayed names." —2 Ret. fr. Parn. (1606), Anon. Pl., Ser. 9 (E.E.D.S.), iv. 3.
- Lips, "my lips hang in my light" (Y. 99b), a not uncommon figure of speech. "Thine lips hang in thine eye."—Skelton, Magn., 1061. "Your lips hang in your light, but this poor man sees . . how blindly ye stand in your own light."—Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II. 62b.
- List, "at list" (M. 162c), pleasure, will, desire. "Pleyn at your list I yelde me."—Rom. Rose (c. 1400), 1957.
- LITHER, "so slothful and lither" (J. 39c), bad: chiefly of physical defects—sorry, worthless, impotent, spiritless. "Crystys curs, my knave thou art a ledyr hyne!"—Towneley Myst. (c. 1460), xiii. 147.
- 'LIVER, "I'll 'liver them' (M. 197b), deliver: see Misogonus.
- LIVERWORT, see Kitchen herbs.
- Lob, "such a lout or such a lob" (J. 41c), lout, clod-hopper, bumpkin. "To prove oure prelates goddes And lay men very lobbes."—Image Ypocr. (1533), 1645.
- Logics, "I could a chopped logics" (M. 225d), i.e., was good at argument: see other volumes of this series.
- Long, "long of me" (M. 210b), because, "along of."
 "Its all long of you I could not get my part a night
 or two before that I might sleep on it."—2 Ret. fr.
 Parn., Prol. (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., Ser. 9)
- Longeth, "it longeth not to me" (Y. 96d)—"that longeth to me" (H. 264b), concerns, appertains to,

- "is (or is not) my business." "She durste never seyn ne do But that thing that hir longed to."—Chaucer, Rom. of Rose (c. 1366), 1222.
- LORE, "those which follow his lore" (M. 141d), doctrine. "Directyng their wayes by Gooddis holy lore."—Crowley, Pleas. and Pain (1551), 591.
- LOREL, "like a lorel" (A. 119c), a good-for-nothing, ne'er-do-weel, worthless fellow: a generic reproach. "I am laureatte, I am no lorelle."—Skelton, Garu. (c. 1529), iii. 14.
- LOUDLY, "such loudly" (M. 201d), openly, palpably. "He lyeth loudlie."—Pasquil's Ret. (1589), C iv. b.
- LOUT, "never to lout" (A. 124d), bellow. "I lowte as a kowe or bull dothe."—Palsgrave, Lang. Franc. (1530), 615, 2. See Low.
- LOVE CHILD, "as love child as ever woman bore" (M. 204d), not in the modern nineteenth-century sense of a child born out of wedlock: here love is an adj. = lovely, with the article "a" understood.
- LOVE TICKS (M. 171c), properly love-taps=gentle pats, blows, touchings, and other caresses with the fingers; here=dalliance of all kinds: cf. "ticking and toying."
- Low, "did cry out and low" (M. 165c), call out, howl, "bellow." "In al his lond loowen shal the woundid." Wyclif (1382), Jer. li. 52. See Lout.
- LOWANCE, "give me my lowance" (M. 146a), "a limited portion of food or drink, or its equivalent in money, given in addition to wages," allowance: cf. modern "beer-money." "Our lowance waxt so small."—R. Baker (c. 1565), in Hakluyt, Voyages (1589), 141.
- LUBBER, "speak lubber speak" (M. 149c)—"the lubber now skips" (M. 186b), an idle lout, clumsy fool, awkward, uncouth fellow, drudge. "Two greate lubbers brought after hym the heed of the monster, in a great basket."—Ld. Berners, Arth. Lyt. Bryt. (c. 1530), liv. (1814), 198.
- LUBBUN LAW, "to take lubbun law" (M. 181b), for "lubbard-law," i.e., to play a child's (or fool's) game: see previous entry.

Luck, "so luck an hour" (M. 228a)=lucky, fortunate: see Misogonus.

LULLETH, "as a dog that lulleth a sow" (J. 30b), pulls by the ears. "I lolle one about the ears. Je luy tire les oreilles. I shall lolle you aboute the eares tyll I make your eares cracke."—Palsgrave, Lang. Franc. (1530), 614. I.

LURCH, "never give over i th' lurch" (M. 182b), i.e., at "a certain concluding state of the score [in some games] in which one player is enormously ahead of the other" (O.E.D.). The earliest quotation given by Dr. Bradley exactly representing this technical sense bears date 1598, and is from Florio (s.v. Marcio, a lurch or maiden set at any game); whilst the earliest for the derived colloquialism, "to leave in (or give) the lurch," bears a similar date. This example from Misogonus is, therefore, an earlier and suggestive illustration of lurch used technically in a fashion which immediately foreshadows its employment colloquially to signify discomfiture, disadvantage, &c.

Lurding, "thoust be my lurding" (M. 170a), instead of lurden, on account of the rhyme with birding: a general reproach—rascal, vagabond, sluggard, loafer, but here seemingly in a watered-down sense=hangeron, dependent.

Lusk, "a sturdy lusk" (A. 124c), a sluggard, "Mr. Idlesby." "Luskes, slovens and kechen knaves."—
Cocke Lorell's B. (c. 1515), 11.

Lust, "your best lust" (J. 28b)—"th' adst no lust" (M. 229a), wish, desire, pleasure.

Lusty, "he was a lusty fellow" (Y. 103b)—" your looks be so lusty" (H. 257b), handsome, gay, pleasant, well-apparelled: a generic commendation.

LUSTY-GUTS (M. 173d), good livers, bons vivants.

MAB, "thou mother Mab" (J. 78a), a generic term of contempt=slut, slattern, wanton: an early but perhaps "nonce" example; the word is not found again until the end of the 16th century, when it, and its cogate verb (=to dress carelessly), is registered as slang in The Dict. Cant. Crew (c. 1690).

- MACEDON, "a Macedon born" (H. 286a), Macedonian, but compare "I am Aman . . . of the stock of Agag " (252d).
- MAGICATION, "your magication craft" (M. 221c), magic: a nonce word.
- MAIDENS, "the maidens" (M. 218b), in orig. maidnes = maid's sickness, "green sickness": Cacurgus is talking bawdry, or suggesting it, in his choice of words.
- MAID MARIAN (M. 175b), a wanton, strumpet: from the fact that in the old morris dances a woman of loose character often personated the Maid Marian. "And for woman-hood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee."-Shakspeare, I Henry IV. (1598), iii. 3. "Not like a queene, but like a vile maide Marian, A wife, nay slave, unto a vile barbarian."-Harrington, Ariosto (1591), xlii. 37.
- MAKE, "a very make" (M. 221a), ? a shortened form of make-bate = busybody.
- MAKESHIFT, "a makeshift comes in" (M. 158b), rogue, "shifster," one living by his wits or by shifts: earlier than the premier quotation in the Oxford English Dictionary.
- MAN, (a) "a tale here o' th' man i' th' moon" (M. 201a), i.e., a problematical story, a traveller's tale; proverbial from 1310 to the present time. "We say (not the woman) the man in the moon."—Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II., 279a. (b) See Mouse.
- MANET, Qui manet in charitate in Deo manet (Y. 93c) see I John iv. 16.
- Mankin, "are you mankin now" (J. 28b), furious, fierce, mad. "Come away, . . . she is mankine."— Udall, Roister Doister (c. 1553), iv. 8 [Works (E.E.D.S.), 99b].
- MANNED, "with harlots, and varlets, and bauds he is manned" (M. 141c), waited on, attended by; the usage dates back to 1122. cf. "to man a ship."
- MARIGOLD, see Kitchen herbs.

Mark, "a lap of a thousand marks" (H. 264b), a money of account, value 13s. 4d.: see other volumes of this series.

MARROW BONE, see Whistle.

Mase, "wonderfully to mase" (M. 201d), wonder, feel confused or perplexed.

Maship, "much good do it his maship" (J. 41a), mastership: "apparently the abbreviated form (at least when used in writing) implied disrespect" (O.E.D.). "How vainely you snap . . . now at our Masterships; now at our Maships."—Jewell, Def. Apol. (1567-9), 412 (1611).

Mast, "set her out to mast" (M. 195c), to fatten on beech-nuts, oak-apples, and chestnuts.

MASTERS, "farewell, my masters" (Y. 98d). Charity is addressing the audience.

MASTERSHIP, "your mastership to scorn" (M. 159b), see Maship.

MATCH, "a shilling by this match I have got" (M. 198c.), i.e., by the change of hens for capons.

MAUGRE, "in maugre your beard" (M. 189c), in the original in manger your bearde, which is obviously corrupt. The suggested reading has this difficulty: "in" is superfluous, but redundancy is frequent in this play. The meaning would otherwise be clear: Misogonus avers he will keep his boon companions, and allow them to continue sponging on him, maugre his father's beard (=notwithstanding all he can or will do), a very common and varied locution-maugre (a person's) teeth, head, cheeks, eyes, face, heart, will, &c., &c. Or, it may well be that the copyist (see Misogonus) has blundered by mistaking manger your beard for mangery or beard (=luxurious eating, the fare usually associated with banqueting and festivities, and the coarser meat of inferior joints-or as the Americans say, "chicken-fixin's v. common doings"). Again, beard may be meant as a variant of board, but this is hardly probable. The following quotations illustrate, in part, the various readings, and a decision textually must be left to the individual student. "Maugre myn heed, I muste have tolde her or be deed."—Chaucer, Dethe of Blaunche, 1201. "I shall abide in England maugre your heart."—Bale, K. John (c. 1550), Works (E.E.D.S.), 177c. "Thy mangerie is mingit all with cair."—Henryson, Mor. Fab. 11. xxvii. The beards of oxen, swine, &c. (See O.E.D.)

Maunds, "in my maunds" (M. 198b), baskets. "Like as a partrich in a maunde, so is the hest of the proude."—Coverdale, Ecclus. (1535), xi. 30.

MAW (M. 178a), an old card game: see Ruff.

MAYOR OF LONDON (Y. 100b), an anachronism seemingly, for the title of Lord Mayor was granted by Edward III. as early as 1354.

MEAL'S-MEAT, "I had not a good meal's-meat this week" (J. 8b), repast, the food eaten at a meal. "But yt be a melys mete."—Sir Cleges (c. 1410), 347.

MEAN, "neither treble nor mean" (H. 254b), the tenor and alto parts and the tenor clef—intermediate between the treble and base: this example is earlier by at least forty years than the leading quotation in the O.E.D.

Measles, (M. 218a), leprosy, scurvy.

MEASURE, "a fool can keep no measure" (M. 147a), observe moderation, exercise restraint.

Meat, "as full of knavery as an egg is full of meat" (M. 150b), replete, as full as may be.

MEATED, "as much need to be meated as you" (J. 36a), fed, supplied with food. "Good husbandry meateth his friend and the poor."—Tusser, Husb. (1573), 139 (1898).

MEED, see Sorrow.

MEGRIM (M. 218b), low spirits, melancholy, headache.

Mell, "with me to mell" (J. 13c)—" the time that we did mell" (A. 126d)—"wise men will not mell" (H. 271b), interfere, meddle, contend.

'MEMBRE[N]CE (M. 228d), remembrance: possibly the scribe omitted to ear-mark the "e" for the "n" now restored.

MEMORANDUM (M. 206d), memory.

MENDATION (H. 264a), falsehood, lying, mendacity.

MERCHANT, "ye saucy merchant" (J. 80d), fellow: half contemptuously familiar: see also M. 143d.

MERRYGREEK, "it's a good merrygreek" (M. 177d), madcap, rascal, rogue: see Roister Doister.

MERRY PIN, "on a merry pin" (T. 313d), good spirits, merry frame of mind: Chaucer has a variant, the earliest recorded, "By my fader kyn Youre herte hangeth on a ioly pyn" (Merch. Tale, 272).

MINIKIN, "my minikin" (M. 184d), an endearment. "A minikin, a fine mincing lass."—Kennett MS.

MINION, "have you found out your minion" (M. 175a), darling.

MINSIMUST, "old minsimust" (M. 196d), mumpsimust: here="Mr. Cocksure." Properly an error or prejudice obstinately adhered to: from the story of an ignorant priest, who had for thirty years used mumpsimus for the proper Latin word sumpsimus in his devotions, and who, the mistake being pointed out to him, replied, "I will not change my old mumpsimus for your new sumpsimus."

MISCHIEF, "there's no mischief . . . but a priest at one end" (M. 191a), we now say, "Cherchez la femme."

MISCHIEF'D, "I'll be mischiefed" (M. 156c), a mild asseveration, "the devil take me if": cf. "with a mischief," and similar phrases.

MISERATIONES, &c. (Y. 96b), see Psalm cxliv. 9.

Misers, "these misers within my father's tent" (J. 76d), wretches, miserable persons. "But without any watch comest to sleep like a miser and wretch."—Becon, Works (p. 172).

Misogonus, the text of which will be found on pp. 133-243, is in every respect a remarkable and notable play. It is extant in manuscript only, and forms part of the celebrated Devonshire collection, which also includes so many other pricelessly unique black-letter and manuscript rarities. The history of the fragment (for fragment it is, though a substantial one, little

having been lost) is shrouded in obscurity. It is not known whether the play was ever printed. Devonshire manuscript is a copy made by one signing himself Laurentius Bariwna (or Bariona), and he endorsed his manuscript transcript "Kettering (near Cambridge), 20 November, 1577" (see title-page). Apparently "Bariwna" is an assumed name (Heb. = Pigeon - son): but the point of contact of the Christian name "Laurentius" with the scene of the play-"Laurentium"-may be noted. The manuscript is in vol. 8 of the "Devonshire Plays" (Folio series). These plays form a continuation of the Kemble collection, and they were bought by the sixth Duke of Devonshire, sometimes separately, sometimes in groups, to fill up gaps in the Kemble plays. The original manuscript is bound up with a transcript made in modern times for, or at the instance of, Mr. J. Payne Collier, and on the title-page of this transcript there is the following autograph note by Mr. Collier: "N.B. This transcript was made by a person not very competent to read the original, and it therefore contains errors.—J. P. C." In spite of this fact, however, the modern transcript has proved of the greatest value; the corroding hand of Time has laid so heavy an impress on the original copy that this duplicate has proved of the last service in restoring words, phrases, and even entire lines that had become indistinct, or otherwise obliterated and faulty. In the present text all insertions between square brackets-[...]-which are not otherwise attributed in the list of "restorations and suggested readings" which appears on pp. 416-20, are supplied from this source; and it will be observed that these salvages are exceedingly happy, and by no means few in number or trivial in import. Moreover, in turn, these "restorations" directly tend to make possible many other suggested readings that would otherwise have been by no means "safe," even if possible. In this last respect, Professor Brandl, of the University of Berlin, who was the first to render the play accessible to modern readers by including it in Quellen, has been very happily successful. It has been but seldom that I could add to his list: not more than a dozen instances throughout the play. In other respects, too, Professor Brandl's work, as a

whole, has proved, on testing, to be of the most careful and exact kind. Beyond a few trifling errors of the press-obvious even to the tyro-the Quellen text seems to be a faithful rendering of the original. Further, for reasons that will appear, Professor Brandl has well and justly earned the thanks and acknowledgments of students of English literature the wide world through for filling one of the most notable gaps in the catalogue of old English plays that have, during the last fifty years, been recovered and made accessible to the modern reader. For the play is, as I have said, a notable one in many respects; and its author, whoever he was, had a grip of his native tongue and of its colloquial possibilities that was of the finest and prettiest. In the matter of words and their uses. Misogonus seems to foreshadow much that we regard as modern, or as comparatively modern developments. This play will, indeed, be found a curiously suggestive and instructive study in the use of dialect; in the originals of baby-talk, clipped, and gutter English; in glimpses of formation akin to that of Bishop Wilberforce's (or was it Lewis Carroll's?) "portmanteau-word"; in what Albert Smith used to call "Medical Greek," or "the Gower-street dialect"; in its oaths; and in its grammatical peculiarities. Who was the man? He was, at all events, a master of words-I had almost written, a connoisseur of heterodox English; for, in truth, there seems to be not a few indications suggestive of a set revolt from orthodox and purist canons, both in the written and spoken word. I am inclined to think, too, he was-must have been-a son of Alma Mater: none but a University man could have "slung his mother tongue round his neck" so scientifically, in so Kiplingesque a fashion, or with so much precision of effect, either as regards his heterodox English, his unorthodox measures, or his manufactured rhymes. Few-I submit few-will deny the unknown author of Misogonus this meed of just credit when they have read the play, and appreciated the value of his manipulation of English, supported as it is by glimpses of a similar "at-home-ness" with French, as instanced by colloquialisms such as do'lo'se for douloureuse and bon' for bonne. It may, I urge, also rightly be surmised from these specimens of the quality of his

work, that he was capable of much better things. That he ever "climbed Parnassus' hallowed hill," or wore at last "the laurel boughs of fame," are questions that will probably remain unsolved for ever. The prologue, it is true, is signed "Thomas Richardes": so, presumably, he wrote the entire play. Of "Thomas Richardes" absolutely nothing is known. Fleav and others have assumed it to be a pen-name of Richard Edwardes—the juxtaposition of Richardes and Edwardes is "odd." Fleay further claimed that Misogonus must have been the play declined by Queen Elizabeth on December 31, 1559 (Hist. of the Stage, p. 58); and, therefore, that Misogonus is an earlier attempt of Edwards', the author of Damon and Pithias. In the preface to that play Edwards is undoubtedly strangely nervous about, and excuses himself for, some earlier effort which "did offend" by "juvenile sports." Anent which, the remarks under Heartsease (q.v.) are pertinent. On the other hand, as Prof. Brandl very aptly remarks (Quellen, p. Ixxviii, "there were, in 1559, enough political morals to which Queen Elizabeth could have taken exception . . . we must always remember that many plays have been lost." As a matter of fact, John Payne Collier claimed that Albion, Knight (q.v.), was probably the play refused by the Queen on the occasion of her disquiet. To this Fleav demurs, holding that a play that was "stopped" would certainly not have been allowed to be published, whereas Albion, Knight, was licensed (S. R., 1565). Besides these considerations, there is always the question of date to be reckoned with. The downward limit is, of course, the date of Bariona's transcript, 1567-Edwards died 1566 -whilst the upward limit would appear to be bounded by the "'rection in the North," when Eugonus was born, he at the time of writing being "twenty and four," thus supplying two dates, 1536 (that of the Pilgrimage of Grace) and 1560, as the date of the play. This chronology, which is not so certain as would appear on the face of it, corresponds, of course, with Fleay's suggestion; but, equally of course, it would not militate against the Edwards theory of authorship if an earlier date were found to be more exact or likely. Evidence of a kind is not altogether wanting to warrant a supposition that Misogonus may be

an earlier production than it is generally thought to be. But, as is usual in respect to questions of date as regards our early drama, the facts must be taken with all reserve, and with no disposition to strain deduction therefrom, nor with too much insistence on their value as evidence. The only really definite fact is, after all, one that turns upon an uncertainty: whether the words "to the tune of Heartsease" (q.v.) were really written to it by the author of Misogonus, as stated by Chappell, or not. The alternative is that he might have incorporated the words bodily into his play as well as appropriating the music. But this is, of course, unlikely. In support of the theory that the words of the song are part of the play, and not an extraneous importation, it must be remembered that in the case of the other "book of words" (see Labondolose Hoto, 193c) our author clearly provided his own text. If, then, the words "to the tune of Heartsease" were actually the work of the author of the play, it would seem to indicate that Misogonus is somewhat earlier than 1560. For this reason. There is a passage in The Nice Wanton, printed in 1560, but which was written before 1553, which seems to refer, in a direct manner, to these "words" (and in passing it may be noted that they are not likely to have been among the known interpolations in that play):-

Dal. O, good brother, let us go, I will never go more to-to school. Shall I never know What pastime meaneth? Yes, I will not be such a fool.

Compare this with verses 1 and 2 of Heartsease (163 c and d), and there will be found sufficient to suggest that Dalilah is quoting snatches of this song from Misogonus, the words of which are supposed to have been written to the tune. The inferences are obvious. Other internal references in Misogonus that might throw light on this question of date are as follows:—

(a) "Perhaps I would make him afraid with conscience, and duty, and laws of the King" (143d). Henry VIII. died Jan. 28, 1547, and Edward VI. July 6, 1553. If any deduction is to be drawn from

the Nice Wanton reference, Misogonus would seem

to be a Henry VIII. play. But see b and d.

(b) "Hold your hands, stay, i' th' queen's name!" (160a). Queen Mary's dates are, accession July 6, 1553, died Dec. 1, 1558, when Queen Elizabeth succeeded. The inference here is, that if a Henry VIII. play, it was altered to suit representation when Elizabeth came to the throne—it is not likely to be a Mary play, for internal evidence shows we are in Protestant times (see a, c, d, infra), and yet the new doctrines and protests do not seem to have been so long established that they have come to be regarded as of the

established order: there is still uncertainty.

(c) "I say a De profundis for her at th' old rate" (204a)-" Your prayers [for the dead] are but superstitions" (204a)-"[It's] popery to use fasting" (164c)-" A Bible? nay, soft you, he'll yet be no more " (174c)—" He is none of this new start-up es" (174c)—" master is o' th' new learning" (204b)—"there's ne'er a day but I have her in my bead-roll" (204a)—"'pose o' th' Bible book" (197a). The various "pointers" may be chronicled as follows: the De profundis at the old rate may refer to the usage of the Church (a) prior to the Articles of Religion "agreed upon by Cromwell, the two archbishops, sixteen bishops, forty abbots and priors, and fifty of the Lower House" in 1536; or (b) to the period between the foregoing and the signing of the Six Articles drawn up by the Duke of Norfolk in 1530. Prayers for the dead as superstitions may refer to the clauses in the first-named "Articles" which enacted that " prayers might be offered to the saints for their intercession, but all superstitious abuses were to cease . . . that it was good to pray for departed souls, and to have masses and exequies said for them, but the Scriptures having neither declared in what place they were, nor what torments they suffered, that was uncertain, and was to be left to God-therefore all the abuses of the Pope's pardons, or saying masses in such or such places, or before such images, were to be put away": a similar injunction was emphasised in the Book of Religion, published in 1540, the changes not being so great as to render it necessary to reprint the Missals or Breviaries, and the old books were still made use of. It's

popery to use fasting: fasting is first directly referred to in the Book of Religion (1540), where it was set forth that "fasting and the other fruits of penance were good works, but of an inferior nature to justice and the other virtues." The reference to the Bible and 'posing on the Bible book in all probability referred to the Great Bible, published in 1539: the Genevan Bible was not issued till 1560. "The new start-up rabbles," considering the pro-reformation character of the play, cannot, with consistency, refer to the moderate reformers, and the term would probably be more applicable to the extreme section, the Anabaptists, who began to make headway in England about the same date (1540-9). The new learning: this phrase, to denote the doctrines of the reformers, was used as early as 1530 by Bishop Latimer, and so was likely to have filtered through into common parlance within a few years. "'Pose on the Bible book": a change in the form of oath took place in 1550, up to which time the formula concluded with "so help me God and all saints." The general conclusion as to date, drawn from the foregoing allusions, seems to point to a period between 1540 and 1553, when Henry VIII. died: this corresponds with the Nice Wanton allusion.

(d) "men to serve a prince well able" (196b): see

a and b subra.

(e) "Will Summer" (212c, et passim): the mention of this favourite jester of Henry VIII.'s as a generic nickname might seem to argue for a later date were it not that much earlier than this period Somer the "sot" (Heywood) was from his unique position the target of all lances. There are other references, but none so explicit as these, save that already referred to as constituting the hitherto accepted date of Misogonus-"the rising 'rection i' th' north," and Alison's conjecture therefrom that Eugonus was "twenty and four" years old (231 c and d). Against this may be set Philogonus' statement (209c) that "it's twenty year since," a discrepancy which appears to have been unnoticed. The father's calculation would naturally be more dependable than the disjointed recollections of unlettered peasant folk. There yet remains the question of text. As I have said, Prof. Brandl's text in Quellen is,

practically speaking, a verbatim et literatim transcript of the original (but faulty) manuscript, which is worthy of all credit. My own text, though following the same manuscript, is in two particulars essentially different. The original spelling, in accordance with the scheme of the present series of reprints, has been modernised; but I have endeavoured, in every respect, to preserve the author's work, and have been especially careful to indicate what concerns the student by note, gloss, or reference. As regards punctuation, it has been necessary at times to interpret, and, truth to tell, although I have bestowed much and particular care upon both the modernisation of the text and the punctuation, the latter often misleading in the original, I fear I may not always have been able to hit the mark exactly: a few corrections and variorum readings in this particular will be found infra. From other points of view the play is noteworthy. The "business" of Misogonus must have been considerable if the author's "book" was properly "studied"; the powers of even the "stars" of the day must have been taxed to their utmost. From beginning to end the primary dialogue and action is interspersed with a wealth of repartee, aside, and suggestion such as is observable in no other play of the same period or for a good deal later, not even excepting Roister Doister and Gammer Gurton's Needle. Another fact seems worthy of mention as possibly showing that Misogonus was well known up to and after Shakspeare's time, and thus indirectly corroborating the presumption that Shakspeare had the play in mind when writing Romeo and Juliet. In the Pilgrimage to Parnassus (c. 1597) occur lines that appear to be direct quotations or "winking echoes" indeed :-

"You twoo are pilgrims to Parnassus hill Where with sweet nectar you your vaines may fill; Where youe may bath youre drye and withered quills."—Pilgrimage to Parnassus (Macray).

"... I never clime the toppe of that your hallowed hill,

. . . nor tasted once thos dulsume Nectar dropps, That now I mighte my verce indite with Poet's painting quill."

-Misogonus (135d), Prol., lines 9-11.

"There may youe bath youre lipps in Hellicon, And wash youre tounge in Aganippe's well, And teache them warble out some sweet sonnete." -Pilg. Parnassus, 41-3.

".... [gifte] of eloquence and vercyfynge skill . . . Nimphes which haunte the springes of Aganippey fount

. . . [which] were wounte comicall rimes in Poets to

distill."-Misogonus (135c), Prol. 1-3.

"There may youre templs be adornd with bays." -Pilg. Parnassus, line 49.

"Yf any ask then, why I decke my temples thus with bayse."-Misogonus (136b), Prol., line 17.

"Return triumphant with your laurell boughes."-P.

"Thinke not I have the lorrell bowes, or Ivy berryes gotte."-Misog., 136a.

And so with other examples :- "Phœbus' trees" (P.), "Sir Phebus lorrell croppes" (M.)—" deserving brows" (P.), "why this garlande her I war, not beinge Laureat" (M.)—"hallowed well" (P.), "hallowed hill" (M.), &c. The story of Misogonus is that of the Prodigal Son with such divergences from the parable as might naturally be expected from independent treatment. Philogonus, a man of substance, has twin sons born to him, his wife dying in their infancy without revealing that, for some unspecified reason, she had kept from her lord's knowledge the fact of twins, one of whom, the elder, she sent secretly away. The younger, "lapped," "nuzzled," and "fondled," grows up a scapegrace, and surrounds himself with boon companions; drinking, gambling, and whoring, to his father's grief and distress. So contumelious does he become that he beards his father, defies him, and tells him that as an only son he must inherit his father's lands and goods. At this point, through the agency of two old servants, Philogonus learns of the existence of the absent elder child, by that time grown up, a young man of twenty-four. Thereupon he discards Misogonus, and sends for Eugonus, so that in the end the ne'er-do-well has to subordinate himself to his father. Prof. Brandl points out the great similarity of treatment between Misogonus and the Acolastus of Gnaphæus,

published in 1529; indeed, his searching analysis of the play should not, surely cannot, be missed by any

but the most superficial of readers.

Corrections, Variorum Readings, &c. made and suggested by Laurentius Bariona in the original MS. [Where not otherwise indicated, the following are Bariona's corrections of his own clerical slips. As a scribe he was far from accurate. The interlinea-tions inserted above the line suggest, however, that he checked his transcript with the original from which he made his copy. This is supported by the apparent detection by him of some of his own blunders immediately he had made them; for he has drawn his pen through a word wrongly written-see think for find (176d)—and written the right one immediately afterwards. But the larger number of Bariona's corrections and his suggested emendations are inserted above the line. Those entries infra marked "(B.)" are apparently not errors, but Bariona's suggested improvements or variorum readings of the original text; those marked "(B.?)" are doubtful instances of a similar kind.] "If any ask then why I deck my temples thus with bays" (136b), (B.) the original ran, "Why dost thou deck (then some may say) thy temples thus with bays": cf. "There may your temples be adorned with bays" (Pilg. to Parnassus, i. 49); "Or why this garland here I wear, not being Laureat" (136b), (B.) in original "Darst thou this garland wear not being poet Laureate?"; "forth at once" (136d), (B.?) at once is inserted over the line; "lascivious lust" (137a), in original licentious; "his life doth lead" (137b), life is inserted over the line; (B.?) "our beginning" (137b), in original this; "Right worthy Philogonus" (138d), Bariona altered this to Philogones; "hath ever deserved" (138d), in original always; "'Tis the part" (139b), in original a; "how much my ability" (139b), much inserted over the line; "I will answer" (139c), answere inserted over the line; "my grievance" (139c), in original the; "A motherless infant" (140b), (B.?) in original youngling; "ne'er be reclaimed" (142d), re inserted over the line; (B.?) "servant Litur[gus]" (144d), in original frend; "how the noddy doth creak" (145c), how inserted over the line; "laid on table" (145d), Prof. Brandl's reference is to this line (202), but I suspect this is a printer's error for line 201: at all events, the Quellen note is to the effect that in the original the o' th' (which occurs in the preceding line) is in the original one; "I dare say now, everyone" (147b), the everye ech one of the original text has been altered by Bariona to everye choone; "in kitchen or hall" (147d), in original or the haule; "what care I" (150a), care I is inserted over the line: "some maidens" (150b), in original some is inserted over the line; "thou be his natural" (150c), in original be thou; "I were fit for that" (151a), wer inserted over the line: that is the in original; "with the best" (151a), in original rest; (B.?) "ride bayard" (151d), in original use: "draw your sword" (152c), in original drawe out your; "out of hand" (153a), in original in hande; "go to my wench" (153b), in original the; "And cause" (153c), in original come cause; "I am, sir, come" (154a), sir inserted above the line; "By th' same token thou taughtest me" (155d), token yow in original: also in original the same of present text is represented by some, which, if the correct reading, makes th' redundant; "lest I be" (156a), in original he; "come again speedy" (156a), (B.?) againe I praye spedye; "fought myself liefer" (157a), rather in original; "beggar's brats" liefer" (157a), rather in original; "beggar's brats" (157a), in original beggarye; "in a feme" (157d), in original some; "pay for the reckoning" (158c), the is inserted above the line; "promised me that you would" (161a), (B.?) promised to dust him in original; "promise ve the getting" (161d), the the in original; "more if I can" (161d), original has if we; "stand to it" (161d), original reads tot; (B.?) "God's fish" (162b), in original Gods soking; "None of hus, to tell" (163a), (B.?) in original hus both to; (B.?) "shall sing the fr. e. . de" (163b), in original tenther:
Prof. Brandl has "(frise . . nde?)": see Note-Book,
s.v. Sing; "rusty" (163b), in original trusty, and so
printed in Quellen (p. 439, 1. 66), although in his
notes (lxxxvi, s.v. V. 66) Prof. Brandl gives it as he intended to give it in text, rusty; "Examples we have plenty" (164b), in original twenty; "laugh in my sleeve" (165c), altered by Bariona to slefe, why is not quite clear; (B.?) "How the pickthank" (166a), in original pickepurse; "scrip and a staff" (167c),

bagg in original; "tell ye vort, a went in right now" (170a), ye and in are inserted above the line; "is he well" (170c), he is inserted above the line; "thoust tarry here still" (170d), in original thou shalt, and here is inserted above the line; "Cham a-hungered" (171a), in original I am an; "I befool your heart" (175b), your is inserted above the line; (B.) "Pardon, good madam" (175b), original has I crye yow mercye; (B.?) "think her an" (1750), in original she is an; "why broughtest him not" (176b), in original broughtes thou him not; "he'll come" (176b), heile above the line; (B.?) "grope a trull" (176c), in original wench; "and ne'er blan" (176c), in original and nere are blanne; (B.?) "I shall think" (176d), find is erased for think; "I'll have him now" (176d), now is inserted above the line; "could not thence get" (177a), in original away; "tables, or anything" (177c), or anything inserted above the line; "Nuncle, good uncle" (178c), Nuncle is inserted above the line; "give the priest" (179a), lett is erased for give; "motherkin a God" (180b), in original of God; "begin now to frown" (180d), in original for; "I'll not throw" (181a), in original play; (B.?) "Ery little wagpasty" (181b), in original When I was a: (B.) "thout be bonably cursed" (182b), in original shouldst haue bine first; "my parishioners" (182c), inserted over the line; "I pray he go" (183a), he inserted over the line; "when I fiddled the bell" (183a), me is erased for when; "the vicar will be next" (185a), in original wil lead; "I find it in my text" (185b), fetch is erased for find; "Trifle not the time then" (185b), then is inserted above the line: "he would brave" (185b), haue in original; "he bites like a cur" (186b), he inserted above the line; "my words will verify" (186d), in original would; "O, merciful Lord God" (187a), god is erased for Lord God; "What! not your father" (187c), not is inserted above the line: (B.) "she's of worshipful blood" (188b), original has a gentlemans: Prof. Brandl directs attention to "this gentlewoman," three lines lower down; "proceeds of pure love" (189a), it is erased for proceeds; "them that have need" (190a), so in Bariona, them inserted above the line: in the original tham; "how the drivel" (190b), the original has who the devil: Bariona was apparently squeamish; "Did you e'er

hear" (191d), here inserted above the line; "spite doth my mind" (193c), original has hath; "I had put her" (195b), in original set; (B.?) "I wa'nt you" (195d), in original warrant, of which Bariona's waunt is a contracted form, apparently altered to suit the rhyme haunts you (two lines infra), which he had changed from the original has yow; "some excommunication" (197c), ex is inserted above the line: "Madge Mumblecrust" (197d), in original our Alison: "between our Alison and our Alison," an obvious blunder; "De good deen, master" (198b), good is erased for master; food deen, master (1965), good is clased to master, "I pray thee" (198b), in original Custar; (B.?) "I have got at the least" (198c), I am sure is erased for I have got; "what I speak" (199a), in original say; (B.?) "sheist mend it soon" (201a), in original showe yow; "talk'st of another" (201d), in original some; "I will tell you" (203c), you inserted above the line; "It went to my heart, &c." (204d), in original this and the preceding line are reversed and it was read it be; (B.?) "mo can tell" (205d), moe, wives can tell in original; "might crave it" (206a), in original speakt (speak it); "two thumbs on one foot; tut, she stood by" (206b), toes in original: she inserted above the line; "had not begun" (207b), had like a fool erased for had not begun: Prof. Brandl directs attention to the ending of the next line, "like a fool"; "might'st yet chese" (207c), haue in original; "me privy did make" (200b), present in original; "depart home for this time " (210c), hence erased for whome (=home); (B.?) "My heart is even big enought" (213b), would serue me in original; "he that told my father" (214a), he and father entered above the line; (B.?) "crabtree fast carl" (214b), chit erased for carle; "heist to that" (214d), to inserted above the line; "while thou livest" (215a), thou inserted above the line; "Saint Mary" (216b), mary inserted above the line; "at one word" (218b), that in original; "that I can help them" (219a), I inserted above the line; "I'll go put in" (219b), in inserted above the line: (B.?) "my simplication" (219c), in original sublimation; "dost thou doubt" (220b), thou inserted above the line; "now go'st about" (220b), dost go in original: Bariona seems to have blundered in his alteration and written non gost for now gost; "thought it to be" (220d), in original thought

him; "to leave her changling there" (220d), the in original; "you know well, and" (221a), and erased for well; "as true, I know, as it had comed" (221c), tho erased for I know; "Praised be the Lord" (224c), god erased for ye lorde; "should either lie" (225c), coulde in original; "all thy teeth" (225d), this in original; (B.?) "thine own mind" (226b), head erased for mind; (B.?) "the Devil cast him" (226b), in original the (=thee); "did not tell" (226c), knowe erased for did not; "What's matter" (226d), ha erased for whates; "I were happy" (227b), in original unhappy; "are not we the needier" (227b), we have erased for not; (B.?) "Saint Swithin" (229a), in original Bridget; "by my master's leave" (229b), my inserted above the line; "a go-go-good son" (229c), go-go inserted above the line; "privy mark" (230c), mark erased for privy; "let's have some room" (231b), some inserted above the line: "what should we say," (232a), speak in original; "she has augrim" (M. 232a), an erased for augrim; "sent her gossips to [seek]" (232b), for in original; "i' th' honour of" (232b), oth oner of in original; "St. Steven's Day that year" (232c), oth erased for that: year in original reads weke; "a God's [name] home" (232c), in original home a God's name; (B.) "I will see that my father shall" (232c), in original I myselfe for your paynes will; "my son! my comfort" (233d), my son inserted above the line; "repent ye of thy" (235c), of this in original; "pardon this once" (235d), this once inserted above the line; "Ha! ye let them" (236b), Ey erased for Ha ye: probably the interrogative form is more correct than the reading of the present text—"Ha' (=Have) ye let them slip by ye? you hedgecreepers!"; "with cog-ging at cards and at dice" (237b), original reads at coginge with cardes and dice; "must be fain" (237d), be inserted above the line; "which on you can tell" (238b), can erased for which; (B.?) "put to thy need" (238c) in original shift; "rede" (238d), in original have a read; "among you can tell" (240d), ye erased for tell; "home I did fetch" (242b), in original haue; "all the blame in me" (242d), in original to.

Restorations of mutilated text, suggested readings, &c. All words and passages in the text (pp. 133-243) contained within brackets - . . . I not mentioned infra are supplied from the modern transcript of the Devonshire manuscript made for Mr. J. P. Collier. The remainder-that is, those which follow-are the suggestions of Prof. Brandl in his edition of the play published in Quellen, except where otherwise attributed to the present editor, marked Ed., or in some other respect differentiated from this general rule: Collier = Collier transcript. "I never rule: Collier = Collier transcript. climb[ed]," original clime (135d); "Actus prim[us. Scena prima]" (138a); "E[UPELAS. CACURGUS]" (138a), up (Collier), elas (Brandl), Cacurgus (Ed.); "I loved him, then" (141b), th (Collier), an (Brandl); "[.. make many cries]" (144c), italics to Brandl; "[Ph]ilogon[us] . . servant Liturg[us]" (144d), Ed.; "a simple thing, God [wot!]" (145a); "a fool's coat d[oth wear]" (145a); "as a qu[erellous sot]" (145a), the first e from Collier, the rest Prof. Brandl's suggestion; "in m[y ear]" (145a), y from Collier, the rest Brandl; "cannot l[ie]" (145b), ie is restored by y in Collier's copy, and Prof. Brandl refers to i. 2, 36 (148a), "[a fool], he think[s], can neither lie nor flatter"; "makes me g[reat sport]" (145b); "What aileth thee, Will [Summer]" (145d), Prof. Brandl supports this by referring to the fifth line preceding; "[CACURGUS]" (146c), Ed.; "[Cacurgus]" (146c); "[And sheweth]" (147d), the italicised letters are Brandl's, the rest from Collier; "[A fool], he think[s]" (148a), in original thinke, the s to Ed.; Ed.: Prof. Brandl suggests I should; "[By his talk]" (168d), By his, Brandl: talk from Collier's transcript; "(therefore fulfil my desire]" (168d), the italicised letters by Prof. Brandl; "[CACURGUS.] ŒNOPHILUS. [ORGALUS.]" (171a), Ed.; "[go when] I bid thee" (173b), the italics only are Prof. Brandl's; "[Or from my] service" (173b), Ed.: Prof. Brandl suggests "Or out of my service"; "been your [leman]" (175d); "your [jester]" (175d); "[It] doth me" (176a), the A. P. II.

whole phrase as italicised is a restoration from Collier's copy and should have been so printed in present text; "on's merry [conceits]" (176a); "been for you[r] man" (176b), Ed.: you in original: "[To Misogonus] I have brought him" (177b), Ed.; "[Sir].] [To tick] tack" (178c), the italics to Ed.; "[Melissa.] . . . fool" (185c); "[PHILOGONUS . . . MELISSA.]" (187a), Ed.; "[PHILOG.] . . . her'st thou me" (188a), to Prof. Brandl, who likewise suggests that herst=botherst; "[Out of my] sight" (188a), Out is Brandl's suggestion, of my being a restoration from Collier's copy; "maugre" (M. 189c), see Note-Book; "for God['s] sake" (190a bis), Ed.; "[Philog. G]et thee home" (193a); "[My] grief" (193a); "[CODRUS . . . ALISON.]" (195b), Ed.; "Heave slow, heave slow!" (195b), these four words (Brandl) in another hand: "puddings and souse" (M. 195d), see Souse; "[Codrus.] [It's a] good" (196d), to Prof. Brandl; "[I dur]st pose" (197a), the italics to Prof. Brandl: also "[Cac]" in the next line; "my cow with whi[te face]" (199c); "what comfort cans[t bring] . . . " (199d); bring is Prof. Brandl's suggestion: the points should have been omitted; "know'st me of [old]" (199d); "an I lay a[mayd] ... heap of ashes la[id.] [Alison. Wh]y, what's the matter" (202c), the italicised words are Prof. Brandl's; "so fine . . ." (202c), Prof. Brandl suggests drest as the missing word; ". . . [in my] . . ." (202d), old frock, Brandl; "if the fair be no . . ." (202d), not ceast, Brandl; "have me go and [seek]" (203a); "as 'screetly as some [of those] . . . " (203b), Prof. Brandl suggests filling with "in the (uni)versity"; "your son and heir was [sent]" (205b); "in sity"; "your son and heir was [sent]" (205b); "in no drunken [[it]" (205b); "woman to [Polona went]" (205b); "Philog. [By that] saying" (205c), By is to Brandl; "out of [my wit]" (205c), the italics to Prof. Brandl; "[Alison.] Fear you not" (208a); "[To tr]anquillity" (208a), the italics are Prof. Brandl's; "[[My] mistress" (208a), Dr. Brandl's restoration; "... she sent away ... toes on h[is rilght foot" (208a), Dr. Brandl suggests "The eldest she sent away He had six toes on his right foot"; "if need shall re[quire]" (201c); "with a toast [in the fire]" (210d), Ed.: Brandl suggests "at our fire"; "[CACURGUS. MISOGONUS.]" (211c), Ed.;

"[Cac . . . u]f, leave such words" (213c), Prof. Brandl thinks this may have read "Cacurgus. Stuff! leave such words"; "[Misog. Tell'st] thou me "(213d); "[Cac...th], know" (213d), Brandl's suggestion is "Cacurgus. In faith, know"; "... [ye can, else...]" (214a), Brandl suggests "Do what ye can," &c.; "[ISBELL . . . CACURGUS.]" (215d), Ed.; "[Madge. Na]y, it shall" (216c), Madge to Brandl: Na to Collier's copy; "though I ne'er spea . . . " &c. (216c), Brandl suggests "speacifye I would [ra-r]a-rather"; "[I can] tell" (218c), I to Brandl: can to Collier's copy; "... [y] my great" (218d), Brandl suggests "By"; "[Both thing ... g] past" (218d), all but the italicised g are to Brandl; the points and the second g should have been omitted; "[Madge.] What a wise man" (219a), in original Is, but Prof. Brandl has, I think, rightly corrected a blunder in the manuscript; "Wa'nt him [h]as been at Cambridge" (219b), in original as, Ed.; "was ne'er se[en]" (221b): "I give you good warn[ing]" (221b); "...[y] well restrain me" (223d), Prof. Brandl suggests "It ma[y] well," &c.; "[Cac.]....ye do a godless" (223d), Prof. Brandl's complete respectively. storation is suggested to be "Cac. If ye say it ye do," &c., and in the next line "Fare now well for this time"; "[Codrus... Maddel.] (224a), Ed.; "all thy teeth were [out]" (225d); "at last [shrift]" (226a); "thou worm-eaten morell" (226a), in original woreton: Brandl's gloss; "when ye [h]ad gone" (227a), Ed.; "[Codrus.] His 'membre[n]s" (228c), Codrus to Brandl: in original membres, Ed.; "Intrat C[rito] [Crito]" (228d); "[Codrus.] . . . be long" (229a), Brandl suggests "Codrus. Don't be long"; and in the next line "Come with a wannion": also the restoration "[Alison]" in the succeeding line: supplying "If I wer[e]," in the next: "[Eugonus.] I must be" in the next: "Do you know" in the line following: Madge in the next: and suggesting "be-lieve" to follow Margery in the succeeding one; "she knows that thou dos[t] . . . " (229c), Brandl suggests "dost not"; "i' th' j[ail] " (230c); "he's twenty and fo[ur] " (231d); "I can te " (232a), Brandl "I can tell flat"; "what should we say . . . " (232a), Brandl suggests "say more"; "[what's] thirty and thirty . . ." (232a), Brandl suggests "thirty and E E 2

thirty mo"; "thou wert all . . . " (232b), Brandl suggests "all full of snow"; "I were sent her gossips to [seek]" (232b); "in Curstmas [week]" (232c); "once a letter['d] my pat'noster" (232d), Ed.; "once a letter ['d] my pat'noster" (232d), Ed.; "thoust be a man one day, Cust[er]" (232d), Brandl in his supply note has "Custer(d)," but I fail to see the why and wherefore of (d); "[Eugonus.].... [u]se have I" (234a), Brandl's complete restoration runs, "Eugonus. Full cause have I"; " . . . [and] lands" (234a), Brandl suggests "On Sea and lands"; "... [Nept]une's rage" (234a), Brandl suggests, "By Neptune's rage"; the letters italicised are from Collier's copy; "... not been ready at need" (234b), Brandl suggests, "If thou hadst not been," &c., and completes the line by "such a fathe[r I find]," the r of "father" being from Collier's copy; "that one me he doth be[stow]" (234b), one is a misprint one me ne noth belstow] (2340), one is a misprint here for on and the italics are to Prof. Brandl; "[Philogonus . . . Crito]" (234d), Ed.; "What some[wh]ere he be" (235a), Ed.; "I ne'er yet that [meant]" (236a), and in the next line Prof. Brandl supplies "ardness" to complete it; [Orgal.] As fine as I see" (236d), "[Enoph.] . . ." two lines lower, "[Missing the complete its are not supplied to the complete its are "[Misog.]," top of page 237, and "[Orgal.] Marry," two lines lower down—all these are supplied by Prof. Brandl; "Exit Miso[gonus.]" (237d), Ed.; "pardon me, a[n I] . . . " (238d), Brandl suggests "do miss" to complete the line; "ye heard me but [lu] . . ." (238d), Brandl suggests "lure"; ". . . [If th]ere be any gentleman" (239a), If t to Brandl, the h being from Collier's copy: the three points should be deleted; in the following five lines the italicised words and letters are also restored by Prof. Brandl, the rest of the letters in the brackets being printed from Collier's copy, thus: [Or any] gentlewomen, [In tow]n or o' th' country [That f]or Saint Charity, [Will have a str]ay fool: [One is here on this stool]; "And eat my belly full" (240b), Prof. Brandl suggests reading fill; "and ye'll ha' me, or [he] . " (240d), hence; "[...if an]y body [will se]nd their wenches" (241a), the italies to Brandl; "[LITURGUS... LITURGUS.]" (241b), Ed.: the second "LITURGUS" is inserted in error. The catchnames hence to "Intrant Phi[logonus] et Lit[urgus]" are, with one exception-viz., "[Liturg.] Why, I'll

entreat" (242d), supplied from Collier's copy—all restorations of Prof. Brandl's; from the "entry of Philogonus et Liturgus," which would appear to have been intended for another and concluding scene, Prof. Brandl's restorations are those marked in italics, thus: "[Philog.] Will he . . . [Liturg.] . . with, &c. [Misog. I hav]e sinned . . . most g[rievously, Many] times . . [Philog.] . . . [speak from my heart . .]." The remainder of bracketed words and letters in this passage are from Collier's copy, with the two following exceptions for which the present editor is responsible, "Will he, thinkes[t] thee," and "[And] now I repent."

Missay, "that shall thee curse or missay" (J. 68d), slander, say ill of. "Nathless her tongue not to her will obey'd, But brought forth speeches myld when she would have missayd."—Spenser, Fairy Queen

(1596), IV., vi. 27.

MISUSE, "misuse her not" (M. 188b), abuse, treat improperly or cruelly. "Upon whose dead corpses there was such misuse... By those Welsh women done, as may not be (Without much shame) retold or spoken of."—Shakspeare, 1 Henry IV. (1598), i. 1.

MITHERS, "if I could catch the old mithers eft" (M. 214d), ? mither's-son (=mother's son), a very common phrase formerly. "Thryes thorow at them he ran Then for sothe, as I yow sey, And woundyt many a modur sone, And xij. he slew that day."—MS. Cantab, Ff. v. 48, f. 127.

Mo (passim), more.

Mockage, "answer in mockage" (M. 190b), mocking, mockery, taunts. "Spake it all in mockage."—Udall, Roister Doister (E.E.D.S., Works, 88a), iv. 6.

Moiling, "spend our days in irksome moiling" (M. 163d), toil, labour. "Moyling for a mite, and watching to save a pennie."—Man in the Moone (1609).

Mome, "Simple mome" (J. 9a: also M. 170c; T. 301b), blockhead, fool, buffoon. "A gull, a ninny, a mome, a sot."—Florio, Worlde of Wordes (1598), p. 81.

MONKFORK (M. 222a), ? munchfork (=eating fork). Moon, see Man.

MORELL, "thou worm-eaten morell" (M. 226a), "jade": a reproach.

Morphew (M. 218a), a scaly or scurfy eruption on the face. "Whose band-leese bonnet vailes his o'ergrown chin And sullen rags bewray his morphew'd skin?"—Bp. Hall, Satires (1599), bk. iv., sat. 5.

MOTE (passim), may.

MOTHERKIN, "by the motherkin of God" (M. 180b), a diminutive of "mother."

MOUSE, (a) "a man or a mouse" (M. 182d), proverbial=something or nothing.

(b) see Drunk.

Muscadine, "the best muscadine" (M. 172a), also muscadel, a sweet, strong wine, of Italian and French manufacture. "And I will have also wyne de Ryne, With new maid Clarye, that is good and fyne, Muscadell, terantyne, and bastard, With Ypocras and Pyment comyng afterwarde."—MS. Rawl. (Halliwell).

MUMBRANCE, "my mumbrance" (M. 197c), remem-

brance: see Misogonus.

Mumchance (M. 178c), a game of hazard with cards or dice: silence was the rule whilst playing; hence the name.

Mustard, "Why do men eat mustard with salt fish?"
(Y. 96c), see Nash's Prayse of the Red Herring, III., p. 195 et seq. (McKerrow). Mustard sauce is still a common condiment with salt fish of kinds. "Mustard is metest with alle maner salt herynge, salt fysche, salt congur, samoun, with sparlynge, salt ele, salt makerelle."—Russell, Boke of Nurture in Babees Book [E.E.D.S. (1868) 172-3]. Here salt-fish=fish from salt water, not fish salted and dried, so that olden and modern customs as regards salt (otherwise "fresh!") herrings are not divergent: see Materialen xil. 81, end of note on line 119.

MUSTARD-POT, "the priest's hand is in the mustard-pot" (M. 180a)—"in the honey-pot" (M. 180c), Sir John has been winning, making it "hot" for the players; and, conversely, has "sweetened" his own luck.

MUTTERANCE, "as God shall me mutterance lend" (M. 203c), utterance, speech: a striking resemblance

—mutter+utterance—to what are known as portmanteau words; i.e., words packed with more than one meaning—squarson (=squire+parson).

MYTHINK (M. 173d), methink.

NABS, see Habs.

NAIL, see Misogonus, Corrigenda.

Nam, "nam a deo missa" (H. 254c), Mr. W. W. Greg (Materialen, v. 50, note line 151), says "Esther is said to mean 'star,' and Hadassah (Edissa) 'myrtle' [Esther, ii., 7]. Whether there is any authority for the present explanation, whether it is only inserted for the sake of the rime, I cannot say." In the Vulgate the name is given as "Edissa" (see Jewish Ency., vi., p. 132).

NAME, "he takes the profit and ye bear the name" (H. 280b), credit: to bear the name = to be in repute, either in a good or bad sense. "They have no remorce who bereth the name."—Schole-house of

Women, 1. 859.

Namely, "And namely the prince must needs himself apply" (H. 252b), especially, in particular. "And, namely, those that married be."—Schole-house of Women (1572), line 30.

Nantipack, "thou nantipack" (M. 207a), whore, harlot: a generic reproach: cf. "pack." Prof. Brandl glosses this Anabaptist, and refers to Bale's K. John, 102.

NASO OVID (H. 283a), see Ovid, Ars Amatoria, 653 and 439.

NAT (T. 295d), not.

NATURAL, (a) "his own natural land" (M. 210a), native: i.e., the land of one's birth. Rare in this sense.

(b) "what a natural" (M. 147c), fool. "That a monster should be such a natural."—Shakspeare,

Tempest (1609), iii. 2.

NAUNT (M. 228c), aunt. One of many instances in which n is found prefixed to a word properly commencing with a vowel: e.g., newt, nickname, nuncle; cf. the converse flexion omitting n, adder, apron, umpire, orange, for nadder, napron, numpire, norange.

NAVEL, see Womb.

NEAR, "I will not come a foot near" (J. 28a), nearer.

NEAT, "that old neat" (M. 215c), horned beast: a reproach, probably in reference to cuckoldry: cf. Bull'sfeather.

NEAT'S LEATHER (M. 233a), ox-hide.

NEIGHBOURHOOD, "and ye'd any neighbourhood"

(M. 227a), friendliness, neighbourly feeling.

New, "all my sides be new" (T. 308d), i.e., the beating has produced a thorough change from a normal condition: the transferred sense as necessitated by the rhyme is legitimate enough.

NEW EQUITY (A. 122a), see Albion, Knight.

NEW EXPERIENCE (A. 123c), see Albion, Knight.

New Guise, "I shall one day handle him of the new guise" (J. 85d)—"it is of the new guise" (H. 268c), fashion, custom—"upstart" men, "new-fangled" dress or deportment: cf. modern "new woman." The word new is, in truth, used alike of the oldest and of the newest cant.

New Learning, "master is o' th' new learning" (M. 204b), the doctrines of the Reformation. "Ye sayed that it was plaine, that this new lenning (as ye call it) was not the trowth. . . Ye call the Scripture the new Lenninge; which I am sure is eldre than any lerninge, that ye wote to be the old."—Latimer (c. 1530), in Strype, Eccl. Mem. 1, ii. 119.

NEW START-UP RABBLES (M. 174c), evidently referring to the reformers: see previous line and Misogonus.

NICE, (a) (passim) = foolish. "For thu has played atte dice, or at som other games nyce."—Childe of Bristowe, 400.

(b) see Niset.

NICK, "i' th' nick" (M. 180b), at the right time.

NIL, "I nil to count" (M. 225a), will not (A.S.).
"Nylling to dwell where syn is wrought."—Ashmole,
Theat. Chem. Brit. (1652), p. 117.

NINEPENCE, see Shilling.

NINE WORTHIES, "past the nine worthies" (M. 160c), equal in valour to the classical nine.

NISET, "a little pretty niset, ye be well nice" (Y. 104d), this should have read, A! little, pretty niset, &c.

A!=Ah! Nicet (or Nisot)=a wanton, a darling. Nice=dainty, desirable. See Heywood, Works, III., s.v. Nycebecetur.

NOBLE, "I have lost a noble" (M. 179c), a gold coin worth 6s. 8d.

Noddified (M. 182d), edified, with an eye on noddy = fool, simpleton, ignoramus: Cacurgus is poking fun

at Sir John: see next entry.

Noddy, "how the noddy doth creak" (M. 145c), fool, noodle: "who nods (Minsheu) when he should speak." "Ere you come hither, poore I was somebody, The king delighted in me, now I am a noddy."—Edwards, Damon and Pithias (E.E.D.S., Works, 6d).

Nonage, "in mine nonage" (H. 257c), legal minority. "King Henrie died during the nonage of this Alexander."—Holinshed, Descript. of Britain (1577-87), ch. xxii.

None, "none my virtues" (H. 273b), "of" understood.

NOTHER (passim), neither.

Novum (M. 178c; 179a), in orig. nounce and novns respectively (Lat. nonus=ninth). Properly novum (or novem) quinque, a dicing game played by five or six persons, the principal throws being nine and five. "Abate a throw at novum."—Shakspeare, Love's Labour's Lost (1594), v. 2.

Nown, "who cham his nown son" (M. 147c; 172a),

own.

NUNCLE, "nuncle, good nuncle" (M. 178c; 228c), uncle —i.e., mine uncle: see Naunt. "Prythee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeo-

man."-Shakspeare, Lear (1605), iii. 6.

NUR[s]LING, "nur[s]ling him with liberty" (M. 141a), nursing, cherishing, bringing up, rearing—a diminutive of nurse: usually spelt noursling, nousling or nouseling. "Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes, Thought nought too curious."—Shakspeare, Pericles (1609), i. 4.

NUTMEG, "will ye have a nutmeg to grate" (M. 175b), Cacurgus is speaking ambiguously to Melissa. A gilt nutmeg (Nares) was a common gift at festive times; but also nutmegs=testes. "My precious nutmegs doe not wound, For fear I should not live; I'll pay thee downe one hundred pound, If thou wilt me forgive."—History of Jack Horner (1697), p. 18.

OATHS (passim). For variety and force it would be hard to beat the samples to be found in Misogonus and other plays in this volume. The bare mention of the fact will suffice: the most casual search will reveal many; and there is no need for special

glossing.

Occasion, "occasion is . . . your subjects to rebel" (H. 274a), the passage is probably elliptical or corrupt; the sense, however, seems clear; viz., that "occasion is given to your subjects to rebel." There are several ways of restoring the ellipsis or corruption:—(I) Occasion is—occasions (vb.); (2) Your subjects=To your subjects; (3) Your subjects to rebel=Your subjects do rebel.

Occupy, "to occupy his laws to your behove" (Y. 93b), use, practise, perform, observe, carry out. "When the night is past... why should we occupie anie longer a candle?"—Marbeck, Bk of Notes (1581), 34.

Of, "bestow them of Joan" (M. 148d), on: cf. on=
of. "He bestow a whole book of him."—Marprel.
Epist. (1589), 60 (1843).

OLD-RIDDEN JACK (M. 207b), see Jack.

ONE-AND-THIRTY, see Cards.

On's, "lickering on's brain" (M. 154d), of: cf. of=on. "To be enamoured on a goot."—Lydgate, Reas. and Sens (c. 1430), 113, 4286.

Oo, "far than oo have" (M. 201b), orig. how.

OPPRESS, "the queen will oppress" (H. 282b), ravish, force, violate. "Fro the day that he oppresside Thamar, his sister."—Wyclif (1382), 2 Sam., xiii. 32.

OR, "the client must pay or the lawyer assay"

(H. 263b), ere, before.

ORDINARY, "if thou mades't a' th' ordinary" (M. 182c), ? a gambling game carried on at an ordinary. "Rafflings, Ordinaries, and other public games."—Lond. Gaz. (1684), No. 1950, 4.

OVERTHWART, OVERTHWARTING (M. 221a; T. 313b), per-

verse, contentious, unfriendly; to oppose, cross, thwart.

Packing, "let him be packing" (M. 183d), be off, to depart summarily. "Will ye be packing, you ill-favoured lout."—Trial of Treas. (E.E.D.S.), Anon. Pl., Series 3, 239c.

Pagins, "her monthly pagins" (M. 137c), pageants: i.e., display the part played or acted. Pes pagyn playen bei bat hiden be treube of Goddis lawe."—

Wyclif, Serm. (1380), Sel. Works 1., 129.

Pall, "gold and pall" (H. 260d), rich cloth, such as was used for the robes of persons of high rank: specifically "purple." "Sche put on hur a garment of palle, And met the marchand in the halle."—How a Marchant Dyd Hys Wyfe Betray (c. 1460), 197.

PAN, "this bill is naught but for to wipe a pan" (A. 122a), to be used as "waste," or as bumfodder.

PARAGE, "noble blood and high parage" (H. 249b)—"base parage" (H. 273b), descent, lineage. "Ladies of high and noble parages, With whom he hardly scapeth great marriages."—Udall, Roister Doister (E.E.D.S., Works, 14b), i. 2 (c. 1553). "Parage is none thynge but honour auncyently acustomed."—Caxton, Chivalry (1484), 46. "Lordes of worthy parage."—Roy, Rede Me (1528), 61 (Arber).

PAREL, "my parel is so worn" (M. 216b), apparel, dress: the word was fast becoming obsolete.

Passeth, "he passeth nothing on Rebecca... and much less passeth he on Jacob" (J. 6c)—"I pass not whether she do me praise or blame" (J. 7c), careth, regardeth, recketh. "They passe for no doctores: They mocke the Pope: They raile on Luther."—

Ascham, Scholem. (c. 1568) 1. (Arber), 82.

PATCH, "even like a patch" (T. 304c), fool, dolt, booby. The original "Patch" was Lord Cardinal Wolsey's domestic fool, whose real name was Sexton (Heywood, Works, E.E.D.S., I., 133c; 265d, s.v. Somer). The nickname "Patch" was derived either from It. pazzo (=fool) or from the patched garb or face: undoubtedly at a later date (see Mid. Night's Dr., iv. I. 215) it became associated with patched garb (O.E.D.).

PEAK, "wander abroad and peak" (J. 31a), comport oneself dejectedly, mope, cut a sorry figure. "Yet I . . . peak like John-a-Dreams . . and can say nothing."-Shakspeare, Hamlet (1596), ii. 2. 594.

PEASE, "not worth a pease" (H. 262c), a common standard of insignificant value. "Alle that for me thu dos pray, helpeth me not, to the uttermost day, the valure of a pese."-Child of Bristowe, 370 (Hazlitt).

Pease mow (M. 195c), stack of pea-haulm.

PEEL'D JACK (M. 188d), a reproach, term of contempt: originally peeled or scalded by disease (see other volumes of this series).

PENNY DOLE, "we had penny dole i' th' honour of St. Nicholas" (M. 232b), cf. dole-beer, dole-bread: anything distributed in alms.

PENNYROYAL, see Kitchen herbs.

PERFIT, "I will be so perfit" (J. 19c), perfect : see other volumes of this series.

PERILLUS (H. 283b), Mr. W. W. Greg (Materialen, v. 59) points out that a "parallel is also drawn between Peryllus and Aman by Barclay in the Ship of Fools, ed. Jamieson, II. p. 39-40"; and also that "similar legends are told of the inventor of the guillotine in France and of the 'maiden' in Scotland."

Personage (H. 258b), person, "figure." "Of what personage, and years is he?"-Shakspeare, Twelfth

Night (1602), i. 5.

PERUSE, "peruse this region" (H. 254a), survey, search carefully. "March by us: that we may peruse the men."-Shakspeare, 2 Henry IV. (1598), iv. 2, 94.

PETTICOAT, "I'll pay him o' th' petticoat" (M. 157b), beat, trounce, punish: cf. "dust one's jacket." "I dare jeopard a groat, If he may reach them, will have on the petticoat."-Jacob and Esau, ante, 77c.

PHYSICARY, Master Physicary (M. 219c), physician: a usage unrecorded in the O.E.D.; properly medicinal preparations, in which sense Isbell may previously have used it (216c), "Some phisicary I'll seek," If so this example anticipates that given by Dr. Murray half a century or more.

Pickpurse, "the pickpurse hath gotten my money" (M. 158d), pickpocket.

PICKTHANK (M. 166a), flatterer, tell-tale, sycophant. "He never denyethe His lordes resons, but a thanke to pike."—Occleve, De Reg. Prin. (1412), 112 (Rox.).

PIE, (a) "too high for the pie" (M. 163a), see previous line, "too low for the crow."

(b) "a little pretty pye" (Y. 104d), "chatterbox," sauce-box."

(c) "wily pies" (T. 308c), cunning wily persons: as a magpie. "A wylie pye, and a feloe full of shiftes."—Udall, Eras. Apoph. (1542), 321b.

PILATE'S VOICE (M. 236d), a big ranting voice: in old mysteries all tyrants were made to speak in strident tones. "In Pilate's vois he gan to cry, And swore by armes, and by blood, and bones."—Chaucer, Cant. Tales (1383), Miller's Prol. 1. 16.

PILL, see Poll.

"FIN, "not care a pin" (M. 215a), trifle: cf. "rap,"
"fig," "rush," "straw," &c. "But when he is to
highest power, Yet he is not worth a pin."—Babees
Bk. (1433), 93 (E.E.T.S.).

PINION, see Cards.

PINK, "pink and drink" (Y. 112d), to put home a rapier's point; i.e., play the ruffler, swaggering blade, or blood of fashion. "I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this."—Jonson, Ev. Man in his Humour (1598), iv. 1.

Piss, "Casting thy piss" (M. 216c), i.e., diagnosing by inspecting the urine.

PITTANCE, "I will eat a pittance" (J. 66c), an allowance of food or drink: as allotted to monks, or given as a "dole" in charity. "They have beene allowed only a poore pittance of Adam's ale."—Prynne, Treachery and Disloyalty, pt. ii., p. 33.

PITTER PATTER (H. 267c), in original "from pytter pattour...to tytter totur" (=titter-tatter, to rhyme with patter), i.e., uncertainty (as pit-pat steps) will come to unstability (as a tottery position).

PLACE (Y. 98d; H. 270b; 278c), see Aback.

PLEAD, "had plead but thy tricks" (M. 176b), probably to Melissa, who had caused Sir John to be sent for: thus the phrase means "I had but to (understood) plead thy adorning charms, graces, &c.—he'll come quick enough."

'PLEXION (M. 227d), complexion: formerly applied to bodily characteristics generally.

Pluck, see Crow.

POLL, "to pill or to poll" (T. 295c), usually to pillage and strip, to ruin by depredations and extortions, literally to make bare of hair and skin. "No man ought to poole and pill his brother."—Stubbs, Anat. Abus. (1583), II. (1882), 30.

POPERY, "its popery to use fasting" (M. 164c; 222d), see Misogonus.

PORAILLE, "alms to the *poraille*" (H. 260a), poor (O.F.). "The *porayll* and needy people drewe vnto hym."—Fabyan, *Chronicle*, vol. i. (an. 1550).

PORT, "with another port" (J. 72c), manner of living: i.e., in better and more splendid state. "Keep house, and port, and servants as I should."—Shakspeare, Taming of the Shrew (1593), i. 1.

Pose, "pose on the Bible-book" (M. 197a), swear, depose.

Post, see Cards.

Por, "they shall to the pot" (J. 77a), punishment, and (in an absolute sense) death. The suggested origins are that pot=(1) the melting pot; and (2)=pit, dungeon (Smyth Palmer): probably the latter is nearest the mark; influenced, however, by the former. A place of punishment seems primarily implied: apparently death or absolute ruin is not necessarily (but is sometimes) involved. "Vnder a pot he schal be put in a pryvie chamber."—Langland, Piers Plowman, 627. "Then goeth a part of little flock to pot, and the rest scatter."—Tyndale, Ans. to Sir T. More (1525), p. 110 (Parker).

Pounder, "pounder matter" (M. 206c), ponder: the original reads, "Pounder matter, well, if she should

not knowt, who showlde knowe?" I take it that Philogonus is confused and unconvinced; Alison and Codrus are plying him—the one jogging against and interrupting the other—with their recollections of the affair. Codrus either notices a gesture of surprise on the part of Philogonus, or hears an aside of Alison's—the piece is chock-full of implied "business"—and voices the dissent by "Ponder [on the] matter?" and answers it. The original text and punctuation alike suggest this reading. Another reading—and it may be admitted as equally good—is, "Ponder matter well! if," &c.

'PPOINTED (J. 14c), appointed.

PRANK, "go prank ye" (T. 295c), dress up, "tittivate." "Some prancke their ruffes; and others trimly dight Their bay attyre."—Spenser, Fairy Queen (1590), I. iv. 14.

PRAY, see De profundis.

PREACH, see Tyburn.

PRESENTLY (passim), at this present time, at once: cf. by and by=immediately. "Go presently make search throughout the city."—Fair Maid of Bristow, i. 3 [Anon. Pl., Ser. 9, E.E.D.S.].

PRESSE, "put in presse" (H. 257b), i.e., these virtues conduce strongly to pleasure or happiness: cf. press= to urge with vehemence—"he pressed upon them greatly, and they turned in unto him" (Gen. xix. 3).

PREST (passim), ready.

Pretty, "a pretty man and a wise" (102b), clever, able, strong, valiant: cf. "tall," "sfout," "by and by," &c., and similar words which have changed in meaning somewhat in the same fashion as pretty.

PREVENTED, "and so prevented thee" (J.74c), anticipated, forestalled, got beforehand with: Fr. prevenir. "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favour."—Book of Common Prayer.

PRICE, "of a good price" (Y. 101a)—"a servant of price" (Y. 102a)—"Aman is of price" (H. 270d), value, estimation, worth, or (as in last example) power. "Though virtue then were held in highest price."—

Spenser, Fairy Queen (1596), v. i. 1. See also Matthew, xiii. 26.

PRICKLOUSE KNAVE (T. 318a), tailor, an epithet still in everyday use: see Slang and its Analogues, s.v. Pricklouse. "She would in brave terms abuse him, and call him rascall, and slave, but above all pricklouse, which he could not abide; wherefore having often forbad her, and seeing she would take no warning, on a day tooke heart at grasse, and belaboured her well in a cudgel: but all would not suffice; the more he beat her, the more she calde him pricklouse." -Tarlton, Newes out of Purgatorie (1590).

PRIEST, (a) "I would have been thy priest" (M. 150a), i.e., to "offer thee in sacrifice," to administer punishment, to put to penance: a very suggestive figurative "I'll be his priest that toucheth but a hair of him."-Chettle and Day, Blind Beggar, &c. (Materialen, 1. 58, 2169).

(b) see Mischief.

PRIESTED, "if thou canst be priested" (M. 151a)-"make thyself priest" (M. 153a), to be (or get) ordained.

PRIESTS, "and all priests that be, may not live without charity" (Y. 94b), see I Cor. xiii. "Beholde nowe thou arte made a preste and sacreyd to doo this holye mysterve. Se than that feythfully and devoutly and in due tyme thou offre thy sacryfyce vnto God and shewe thy selfe irreprovable and without defaute. Thou hast nat loused thy charge of lyuyng but hast bounde the with a more strayte bonde of discyplyne and arte holden to a more great perfeccyon of holynes. Also the preest oughte to be adowrned with all vertues and gyue all theyr exaumple of good and holye lyfe."-C. of Richmond, The forthe boke of ye folowynge Iesu cryst (Wynkin de Worde? 1520) Bv. (Materialen, xii. 73).

PRINCIPAL, "a principal of this my tale" (H. 259d), basis, main point, beginning.

PRINKOX (J. 85c), a pert, saucy youth, precocious stripling, "whipper-snapper": see Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. "Your proud university princox thinks he is a man of such merit the world cannot sufficiently endow him with preferment."-2 Ret. fr. Parnassus (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., Ser. 9), iii. 2.

PRINT, "in my brain to print such abusion" (A. 131d), fix deeply, impress strongly: an echo of the invention of printing.

PROBABILATION (M. 228d), probability: see Misogonus. Profundiditis (M. 219b), deep or abstruse points, profundities.

PROMOTE, "he did promote thee" (Y. 100b), cf. "May I to Tyburn for promotion climb" (Taylor, Works, 1630, ed. Hindley, 9).

PROPER, "proper of body" (Y. 104a), well-made, handsome, pleasing, desirable of person: see Heb. xi. 23.

PROSE, "a great wise prose" (A. 120c), precept: a rare usage, but cf. Lat. prosa (= prorsa; e.g., prorsa oratio = straightforward or unembellished speech).

PSALMS, "shall he leave out the Psalms and his Pater Noster?" (M. 183d), Sir John in "cutting" the service had omitted the Psalms, which precede the Magnificat; also the Pater Noster (Lord's Prayer) which follows the Creed.

PUDDING-PRICK, "I care not a pudding-prick" (A. 127b), a skewer or pin securing the pudding cloth: hence something of little value.

Purr, "come around as a purr" (M. 176b)? It would appear that Œnophilus is referring to Sir John's prowess in the use of women—he has just referred to Melissa's tricks (charms)—and, if so, purr may = a one-year-old ram. On the other hand, purr may be elliptical for "purr of fortune" (All's Well, v. 2), the antithesis of "fortune's frown"; i.e., Sir John's coming will be as good as Fortune's smile.

PURSE, "sometimes for anger he will out with his purse" (J. 13d)? offer, as an insult or jibe, to pay Jacob for his interference.

PURSLANE, see Kitchen herbs.

PUT PIN, "play at put pin" (M. 239d), or pushpin, a child's game in which pins are pushed alternately, A. P. II.

the object being to cross them: which sounds very like the modern game of spillikins. It would seem that the pins were also aimed or blown towards some object.

PYE, see Pie.

- QUARKENED, "You'll be quarkened anon" (M. 195d), choked; properly querkened = (usually) to suffocate by swallowing: the suggestion is that Codrus will choke himself by his much lamentation. See Misogonus.
- QUARTER-SACK, "I am able..., to bear a quarter-sack" (J. 53c), a sack capable of holding a quarter of grain. "Quarter sacks were here [Cambridge] first used ... men commonly carrying ... eight bushels of Barly."—Fuller, Worthies (c. 1661), 156 (1662).
- QUATER, "I come quater" (M. 176d), Prof. Brandl (Quellen, 661) says Sir John "comes fourfold (or makes the fourth), inasmuch as he—instead of prayer-books—brings with him cards, dice, and tables" (177c).
- QUECK, "I catch a queck" (Y. 96a), "? a knock, whack" (O.E.D.): the only illustration is the one now under consideration. Is not queck, however, a variant of "quetch"=a shake, jerk, &c.; which, as a verb (to shake), is common enough, but the substantive sense of which (save an uncertain queck) is not recorded in the O.E.D.? Or may it not be an irregular form of quake (=blow, shaking), which in combination frequently occurs, though rarely used independently? The root is the same in both quake and quetch. At all events the sense seems clear enough: if Youth falls he will get a shaking, and may possibly break his neck. "The quakes [blows] and shakes of Fortune."—Feltham, Resolves, I. ii.

Queen, "Queen's game," see Dice.

QUEEN HESTER (THE INTERLUDE OF GODLY). The text (modernised in spelling and re-punctuated where necessary) will be found on pp. 245–287, preceded by two facsimile's from the original—the title-page and the

last page-which I am able to give through the courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, in whose priceless collection of our early drama this "new interlude drawn out of the Holy Scripture" is to be found, being the only printed copy known to be extant. It formed part of the collection made by Kemble, the actor, a collection which was sold before his death in 1823 to the then Duke of Devonshire for £2,000. A full and interesting bibliographical account, together with a collation of this rarity, will be found in Materialen, V., iv-xvi, as an introduction to what it was desired should be a letter-perfect version of the original text. I have noticed a few slips, less than a baker's dozen in all, but these are of so trivial a character, and so readily rectified by the textual critic, that they need little notice, here at all events: they are simply the lapses of the "human element" against which the only safeguard is unmanipulated facsimile. Still, in the event of a new edition of the Materialen text, it will no doubt be thought desirable to rectify these errors. "Substantial accuracy," at which Mr. W. W. Greg aimed, has, undoubtedly, been attained; and, what is more to the purpose, his forewords are, in other respects, altogether admirable as a critical estimate of, and exhaustive inquiry into, the "What-why-and-who" of the play in every conceivable connection. I can only give results, or, at best, a bald résumé here, making due acknowledgments as I go. I can, moreover, add but little: Mr. Greg has left little for others to do, and even there has, more often than not, indicated the course of inquiry. Date. The facsimile title-page gives this as 1561; and there is every reason to suppose that the ducal copy is of the first and only edition (Materialen). The words "First edition" on the facsimile are in Kemble's handwriting. Reprints. (a) By Mr. John Payne Collier in Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature, part 7 (London, Privately Printed, 1863): 50 copies only. (b) By Dr. A. B. Grosart in Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library, vol. iv. (Printed for Private Circulation only, 1873): 106 copies only. (c) By Prof. W. Bang in Materialen zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas, Band V., edited from the quarto of 1561 by W. W. Greg (Louvain, A. Uystpruyst, F F 2

1904). (d) The reprint in the present volume, a modernised text of the edition of 1561. Date and Authorship. The date given in the only printed copy extant, which is also probably that of the only edition, supplies a downward limit, 1561: of other direct evidence there is none. Fleay, on grounds which Mr. Greg (Materialen, V., xi-xiii) examines and shows to be insufficient, pronounces for some time after December 4, 1561; and attributes the authorship to the same hand as Misogonus, and that hand Richard Edwards, the author of Damon and Pithias. Now, although it is conceivable that the writers of these two last-mentioned plays might have been the same person, it is altogether incredible that the author of Godly Queen Hester could have written Misogonus. As Mr. Greg points out, "the impossibility becomes still more obvious if we compare one of the reprints of the former [G.Q.H.] with the full text of the latter [M.]. The author of Misogonus has a vastly greater command both over his metrical medium and over dramatic realisation than has the writer of the Godly Queen." The two plays are juxtaposed in the present volume, and they can now be studied with minuteness and care. The force of Mr. Greg's opinion will, to my mind, receive ready emphasis thereby; and, in addition, it will be seen that another characteristic of Misogonus which I have treated at length (pp. 403-20)-namely, its wealth of diction and its octopus-like grip on the vernacular-renders the possibility of the joint authorship of these two plays still more unlikely. Another attribution of authorship is that of Mrs. Stopes (Athenœum, 1900, pp. 538). This lady attributes Godly Queen Hester to the same pen as Jacob and Esau (see ante, pp. 1-90), and seeks to show that the author of both plays was a Master of the Children of the Chapel, one William Hunnis. The arguments are suggestive but inconclusive; they are likewise much too lengthy to receive more extended notice in this place. Let us now revert to the internal evidence as to date as introductory to the latest suggested attribution of authorship as formulated by Mr. Greg in Materialen: I will merely premise that the canons he lays down, as necessarily governing deductions from topical allusions, seem to be of the soundest. Direct allusions

and topical intentions are pretty numerous in Queen Hester. Moreover, they all appear to be centred in, and directed at, one personage in the play, the "wicked lord Aman." Dr. Grosart was the first to draw attention to a close parallel between the picture drawn of Aman in the play and the "acts and monuments" of Cardinal Wolsey as matters of historical knowledge. "To no 'minister' are the allusions in the piece more applicable than to Wolsey " (Materialen). If Aman is indeed Wolsey, it follows that the play was written before 1530, and after the commencement of proceedings for suppressing the monasteries in 1524. Mr. Greg concludes from this that "we shall . . . be justified in supposing . . . some date between, say, 1525 and 1529 inclusive." Upon this supposition Prof. Bang, the general editor of Materialen, inclines to the opinion of a Skeltonian authorship—a member of the political and literary school or party of Skelton, perhaps Skelton himself. Mr. Greg agrees, pointing out that during the period named (1525 and 1529) Skelton was antagonistic to his former patron; and, although unable personally "to trace distinct metrical or stylistic similarity, yet there is, apparently, nothing in the linguistic or dramatic characteristics of the piece to render the date, or Skelton's authorship, improbable. He concludes by suggesting that another obvious but tentative attribution is to William Roy, the author of Read Me and Be Not Wroth: but differences here are distinct as to poetic style. In conclusion, I may add that Prof. Gayley, in Representative English Comedies (xxxiv.), without discussion, places Queen Hester to the year 1561.

Amended Readings, Corrigenda, &c. "That utterly none durst once rebel" (251c), in orig. the b is broken: Grosart has revell (550, l. 10); "Quoqz, si princeps" (252b), a contraction: the z is in original the black-letter 3 = quoque; "for all rules and laws" (264d), in original rewlers: Mr. Greg thinks this is a misprint for rules, and, agreeing with him, I have adopted his suggestion; "the rest divide among his whole guard" (266d), in orig. misprinted deulde deulde, to which Grosart corrected it; "we know right well the lords envious to be" (269d), in original, Grosart and Materialen, wordes: Greg (v. 55, note

on line 618), while admitting the possibility of a misprint here for lords, does not think any change necessary, but as I fail to see how words can be envious one against the other for fee and office (of course, the phrase may be elliptic), and that lords can be so inclined, I have preferred a corrected reading; "Sirs, tarry you a season" (272c), "perhaps a misprint for Sir" (Materialen); "Is that your grace" (274b), in original If; "men think at host, with them, &c." (276a), omit the comma after host: an oversight; "all that they said cannot be take or said" (276a), in original sayed: Collier read laid (= set forth, admit, allege), Grosart read sayed, and likewise Materialen with a note that Collier was probably right.

QUEEN'S NAME, see Misogonus.

QUEST, "I 'quest you" (M. 221d), request: see

Misogonus.

QUICK, "what quick cattle hast thou here" (M. 196c), living, in a live state. Cacurgus, true to his rôle, and hearing the cackling of the capons in the basket, has probably an eye also on "quek" (=quack). "A cantell of Essex chese . . . wel a fote thycke, Full of maggottes quycke."-Skelton, El. Rummyng

(c. 152), 431.

QUYNEBLE, "it is impossible that I and wisdom should knit in one quyneble" (A. 131d) ? quinible (="a part in music, one octave above the treble "-O.E.D.), as a rhyme to "impossible": i.e., wisdom and I cannot agree together, or "sing in tune." "And playen songes on a small ribible; Therto he song somtime a loud quinible."-Chaucer, Cant. Tales (c. 1386), Miller's Tale, 145-6. "They finger ther fidles, And cry in quinibles."-Image Ipocr. (c. 1550), iii. 78.

RAKEHELLS, "rascals and rakehells" (M. 187b), scoundrels, debauchees, rakes "so bad as only to be found by scouring hell," or reckless enough to sweep hell" (Century): cf. "rake hell and skin the devil, and you'll not find such another": a common proverbialism.

RAPE, "I'll rape you o' th' rags" (M. 157c), Prof. Brandl glosses this as rap (? = to beat, strike), you on the rags. I am inclined rather to think it should be read, "rape you of the rags"; i.e., dismiss from service and strip of livery. Rags was obviously generic (then as now) for clothes (old or new), for three lines lower Misogonus speaks of coats of "good Spanish cloth"; whilst the original rape=seize, take by force.

RATE, see Misogonus.

- Realm (H. 279d), in orig. realme: note the rhyme with "redeem": it rhymes with "seen" earlier (253c). The earliest form of the word is reaume: the spelling realm did not become standardized until about 1600 (O.E.D.).
- REBEL, "Principality with Equity doth rebel" (A. 128a), oppose, resist, contend: equity should read Equity in the text passim: there seems little doubt that the dramatis personæ included one so called.
- RECOIL, "that soonest will recoil" (H. 261c), read recule, a very common form, for the sake of the rhyme with "mule."
- 'RECTION, "the rising 'rection in the North' (M. 231c), insurrection: see Misogonus.
- RECTOR CHORVE (Y. 106c), the rector (or leader) of the choir. "To do suche thinges as they shalbe commaunded to do by the rector of the quere."—Yorks. Chantry Surv. (1546), II., 433 (Surtees).
- REDE, "by my rede" (Y. 95d)—" wilt thou rede me" (Y. 98a), counsel, advise. "And where ye sat, he said full certain, if I would follow his reed."—Gammer Gurton's Needle (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., 3 S., 149a). "Therefore I reed you three, go hence and within keep close" (ibid. 133b).
- REDUCE, "He may yet reduce him" (M. 167d), bring back from error. "Whan I erryd, thu reducyd me, Iesus."—Digby Myst. (c. 1485), v. 313: see next entry.
- Reduced, "when I am home reduced" (M. 234b), brought back. "God...shal reduce...you agayn unto the londe of your faders."—Caxton, Gold. Leg. (1483), 54, I: see previous entry.

- Rejouce, "rejouce your heart now" (M. 198d), rejoice: probably a nonce-formation, as Dr. Murray does not record the form.
- RELIGION, "who religion subdueth to humility" (H. 272d), the church. See Queen Hester.
- REMEDILESS, "remediless I die" (J. 27b), without prospect of aid or rescue. "Being clear remidiless from cure Of all my pains."—Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), III., Note-Book, s.v.
- REMORSE, "some remorse on thee to have" (J. 75d), pity, compassion. "This latter grace, Sister, I crave, have thou remorse of me."—Surrey, Æneid (c. 1547), iv. 574.
- REN (passim), run.
- RENT HENS, "to take my rent hens" (M. 196a), payment in part or wholly in kind was a common feature of ancient tenures: thus we read of "rent-beeves," "rent-capons," "rent-oysters," "rent-salt," &c. "De cxl Rent Egges."—Durham Acc. Rolls (1366), 45 (Surtees).
- REPROBATE, "Jacob was chosen, and Esau reprobate" (J. 3c), rejected, set aside. "The younger is elected, the elder reprobate."—Bible (Douay Ver., 1609), Gen. xxv.
- REPROVE, "and flattering reprove" (H. 263c), so in original, but to rhyme with "believe" the equally common form repreve seems required.
- RETCHLESS, "youth that is retchless" (J. 12b)—"retchlessly" (J. 20b), reckless: see other volumes of this series.
- RETORUMES, "though I lack retorumes" (M. 201a), rhetoric (?)

RICHARDS (THOMAS), see Misogonus.

RIDE, see Bayard.

RIDES, "both rides on a mule" (H. 261c), the northern third person pl. in "s"; it is frequent enough in this and other plays of the period.

- Rig, "better than any schemish rig" (M. 161c), wanton, harlot. "Fie on thee, thou ramp, thou rig."—Gammer Gurton's Needle (E.E.D.S., Anon Pl., Ser. 3, 124a).
- Right, (a) "a right man" (M. 182b), i.e., undoubtedly deserving of the name of man. "I am a right maid for my cowardice."—Shakspeare, Midsummer Night's Dream (1592), iii. 2.
 - (b) "right now" (Y. 101b; M. 162a; M. 169b), just: American by survival. "Sufficing right ynow as for a day"... "The dede slepe... Fell on this carpenter, right... Abouten curfew-time."—Chaucer, Cant. Tales (1386), Miller's Tale [Chalmers, 1. 29, lines 3629-3645].

RING, see Hold.

RINGING, "Is not this a jolly ringing?" (Y. 107d), a pr. par. subs. from ring (see 107c)=to fit with a ring, as the finger or a swine's snout: cf. manacling from to manacle (infra). "Ring these fingers with thy household worms."—Shakspeare, King John (1596), iii. 4. "The infinite goodness of God... is a manicling, or restraining his Omnipotence."—Vind. Hammond's Addr. (1550), 31.

RISING, see 'Rection.

ROAST, (a) "roast a crab" (M. 148d), see Gammer Gurton's Needle (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., Ser. 3, 106c; s.v. Crab, 261a; s.v. Back, 251b and 252a).

(b) "to take up the roast" (M. 153c), apparently

(b) "to take up the roast" (M. 153c), apparently = to take the lead: a variant of "to rule the roast."

ROBIN HOOD (M. 149b), the name of the celebrated outlaw had long been proverbial for anything extraordinary: Cacurgus's "business" has led him to some grotesque "make-up."

ROOK, "some way to rook him" (T. 308c), cheat, deceive.

ROPE-RIPE, "just rope-ripe" (M. 156b), fit for hanging. ROUND, "let me have round game" (M. 180c), straightforward, honest: e.g., round- (=honest) dealing; round- (=plain) speech; round- (=unvarnished) truth, and so forth. ROYAL (i.e., RIAL), (a) "I have won a whole royal" (M. 181c), a gold coin of varying value, from 10s. in Henry VI.'s time to 15s. in Queen Elizabeth's; in the reign of James I. the rose-rial was worth 30s., and the spur-rial, 15s. "A bag of royals and nobles." Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II. 97a. (b) see Hair.

RUDDOCK, "down with that ruddock" (M. 181a), a gold coin: probably a generic cant term. Usually red-ruddocks, from the poetical and conventional idea that gold was red, as harpers were blind, &c. Many illustrations are given in Slang and its Analogues.

RUFF, "ruff, maw, and saint" (M. 178a), an old game at cards: similar to whist. "A game at cardes called ruffe or trump."-Florio, Worlde of Wordes

(1593), s.v. Ronfar.

RUFFLE, "I shall ruffle among them" (J. 72c), swagger, flaunt, "put on side." "One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons And ruffle in the Commonwealth of Rome."-Shakspeare, Tit. Andr. (1593), i. 2.

RULE, "here is good rule" (H. 296a), behaviour, con-

duct, procedure.

Rush, "no matter a rush" (M. 203b), one of the lowest minimums of value: see Slang and its Analogues.

Rusk, "have in a rusk Out of the busk a lusty captain "(A. 124c), rush: note the rhyme with "busk" (=bush), "tusk," and "lusk": cf. "On betyth the buske, another hathe brydde" (MS. Douce 52).

RUTH, "great ruth" (J. 48b; M. 192c), sorrow, pity,

compassion.

SAD, SADLY, SADNESS, "some good sad wise counsel" (J. 13c)-" sober, sad, gentle" (H. 258b)-"the Queen's wisdom sadly must deal" (H. 259a)-" wisdom, sadness" (H. 257b), serious, earnest, soberminded or demeanoured, discreet-so also, mutatis mutandis, sadly and sadness. "My father and the gentleman are in sad talk."-Shakspeare, Winter's Tale (1604), iv. 3.

SAINT, (a) "a young saint, an old devil" (Y. 110c), the reverse-" young devil, old saint "-was quite as common: the proverb occurs in both Heywood's Proverbs and Epigrams (E.E.D.S., Works, II. 27c and 177a).

(b) see Ruff and Saint.

(c) (M. 178a), i.e., Cent: an old card game thought to be like piquet. The name is derived from the score—100.

- SAINT ANN (H. 268b), whose day is July 26th; see Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), I., 30a; 101a; 106c; 220d: also Gammer Gurton's Needle (ibid., Anon. Pl., Ser. 3, 105c., &c.)
- St. Anthony (M. 195c), the patron saint of swineherds: see Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), 1., 67c and 221a.
- St. Charity (M. 239d), see Anon. Pl., Ser. 3 (E.E.D.S.), 132b and 293d; and Hazlitt, E.E.P.P., I., 192.
- St. Clement's Day (M. 232b), November 23rd: see Clemented.
- St. Cutbeard (M. 198a), St. Cuthbert.
- St. John's face (T. 306a), i.e., the conventional aspect given to the Apostle of Gentleness and Love.
- St. Loy (M. 151a), the patron saint of goldsmiths: see Anon. Plays, Ser. 3 (E.E.D.S.), 10d and 294b. "Thou malapert knave, controlest thou me? Thou shalt fare the worse, I swere by Saint Loy."—Robin Conscience, 153 (Hazlitt, E.E.P.P., iii. 236, q.v.).
- St. Nicholas (M. 232b), the patron of scholars, whose day was December 6th: see a long account in Nares' Glossary, s.v. Nicholas.
- St. Steven's Day (M. 232c), December 26th, the festival of the first Christian martyr.
- St. Sunday (M. 182a), in humorous reminder to Sir John of his duties: subsequently Œnophilus swears by St. Thais when Sir John hears Susan Sweetlips is at the church, and is pleading hard to be excused from further play.
- St. Thais (M. 184b), see previous entry: others, however, think it=St. Mathays.
- St. Thomas Watering (H. 267b; 276a), sometimes St. Tyburn of Kent: a place of execution for Surrey.—See Anon. Plays (E.E.D.S.), Ser. 1, 273b and c.

SALTER, "Our Lord's salter" (M. 216d), the daily office in the Roman Breviary or Divine Office, as distinguished from Our Lady's Psalter or Little Office. The decree of Pius V. imposed the Breviary, as it at present exists, upon the whole Roman Church, with certain specified exceptions. The Divine Office consists of Matins, with Lauds, Prime, Tierce, Sext, None, and Vespers with Compline. The daily recitation of the Divine Office in the Roman Church is obligatory: (a) on all clerics who hold a benefice; (b) on all persons in holy orders; and (c) on all religious of both sexes professed for service of the choir. A remnant of this custom is found in the Preface to the Prayer Book, where it is enjoined that "all Priests and Deacons are to say daily the Morning and Evening Prayer either privately or openly, not being let by sickness or some other urgent cause." The Little Office, or Our Lady's Psalter, is modelled on the Divine Office, though not nearly so long, and recited in honour of the Virgin Mary. In many congregations the Little Office is substituted for that of the Breviary .- (Ency. Dict.)

Sanke, "Sanke that" (M. 150a), in original "Sanke yt by my tosse," and probably elliptical=Thank [you for] that: Prof. Brandl, however, says it should read Sanke yu (=you).

Sarving, "where be your sarving men" (M. 153a), this pronunciation is now either dialectical or vulgar.

SATHAN (H. 267d), i.e., Satan: an old spelling.

SAUNCE-BELL, "hear the saunce-bell go ding-dong" (M. 182a), the sanctus-bell used during the Divine Office (see Salter). Sometimes these bells were (and are) placed outside the church in order that the call to prayers might be heard at a distance, and also that those unable to attend might be reminded of the different parts of the service as it proceeded. This would explain the fact of its being heard by the revellers away from Sir John's place of duty.

SAY, "even for a say" (A. 125d), trial, taste, sample, assay. "This fellow, captain, Will come in time to be a great distiller, And give a say, I will not say

directly, But very fair, at the philosopher's stone."- Jonson, Alch. (1610), 1. 3.

SAYSTOW (M. 220a), say'st thou: see Misogonus.

Scab, "the scab with my mistress doth tupe" (M. 186b), a generic reproach. "Pages. What are yee, scabs? Watch. The Watch: this the Constable."—Lyly, Endimion (1591), iv. 2. "Sir To. Out, scab! Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot."—Shakspeare, Twelfth Night (1601), ii. 5.

Scapes, "can ye not refrain from letting such scapes" (J. 9c), misdemeanours—Ragan had presumed to sneer at Jacob to Esau, who, while reviling Jacob himself, resented a servant taking a liberty.

Scase, "scase dry" (M. 146d), scarce: an old form (Lydgate).

Scath, "done me such scath" (J. 74c), harm, hurt, injury. "To do offence and scath in Christendom."—Shakspeare, K. John (1596), ii. 1.

Science, "no such science" (M. 139b), knowledge.

Scottish Jig (M. 161c), the meaning is obvious: cf. Irish-whist, Reels of Stumpie as synonyms; and "Scotch warming-pan"=a chambermaid.

'SCREETLY, "as 'screetly as some' (M. 203b), discreetly: see Misogonus.

'scretion, "lected for my 'scretion' (M. 196b), discretion.

Scrub, "thou scurvy scrub" (M. 226b), any mean, ill-conditioned person or thing.

SEELY, "not one seely bit" (J. 25d), trivial, silly (q.v.).

SEEN, "profoundly seen" (M. 258b), experienced, skilled, competent. "Excellentlie seene in the Greeke and Latine toongs."—Harrison, Britaine (1586), p. 23.

Semblant, "fair words and good semblant" (H. 252c)—
"semblant to Saba the Queen" (H. 258b), likeness,
resemblance. "Wept and made semblaunt of all
sorowe and heuyness."—Fabyan, Chronycle, ch. lxxxi.

Semblation, "speak without semblation" (M. 199c), dissimulation: i.e., in reality rather than in seeming.

SENNIGHT (M. 212c), week, seven-night: still dialectical.

Seven Year (M. 176d; 196c; 212a), an indefinite but long time: cf. "it's ages since I saw you," and see other volumes of this series for numerous illustrations.

SHAKING OF THE SHEETS (THE) (M. 185c), one of two very old country dances given (Chappell's Old Eng. Pop. Music, New Edition) by Sir John Hawkins in his History of Music. It is uncertain whether it was originally a ballad or a dance tune. There is, however, an early ballad. The Dolefull Dance and Song of Death: intituled Dance after my pipe, which was evidently intended to be sung to it, and which begins with a reference to it as a dance tune. "Can you dance the Shaking of the Sheets, A dance that every one must do: Can you trim it up with dainty sweets, And everything that 'longs thereto?" &c. This ballad is in the Roxburghe collection at Oxford and in the B.M. MSS. It is found in William Ballet's Lute Book (Trin. Coll., Dublin), and besides mention in Misogonus, it is referred to in The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinary, in Lilly's Pappe with a Hatchet (1589), in Gosson's Schoole of Abuse (1579), and is alluded to by Rowley, Middleton, Taylor, Marston, Massinger, Heywood, Dekker, Shirley, &c. See next

SHEEP'S EYE, "cast a sheep's eye" (T. 295b), to ogle, or leer: formerly to look modestly and with diffidence but always with longing or affection. "When ye kyst a shepys ie."—Skelton, Works (c. 1500), 121 (Dyce).

Sheist, "sheist mend it soon" (M. 201a), she shall: see Misogonus.

SHENT, "lest . . . I be shent" (J. 35d), blamed, reproached, put to shame. "The famous name of knighthood fowly shend."—Spenser, Fairy Queen (1590), II. vi. 35.

SHILLING, "a shilling so soon to ninepence brought" (M. 182a), squandered money; proverbial in several guises—"to bring a shilling to sixpence, to bring an abbey to a grange," &c. "He maketh his



marts with merchants likely to bring a shilling to sixpence quickly."—Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), 66c.

SHOE, "shoe the goose" (M. 199a), to undertake futile or absurd tasks: cf. "it is as much pity to see a woman weep, as it is to see a goose go barefooted"; and see Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II. 377d, s.v. Gosling. "Who wyll smatter what every man doose Maye go helpe to shoo the goose."—Parl. of Byrdes, 1. 225.

SHORT HORNS, "a cursed cow hath short horns" (M. 168b), proverbial: cursed (or shrewd)=badly disposed, malicious. See Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II. 27c and 350b.

Shot, "partaker in the shot" (M. 158b), reckoning. "So if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot."—Shakspeare, Cymbeline (1605), v. 4.

SHOTS, "a couple of shots" (M. 227a), young pigs.

Shrows, "such shrows" (T. 293c), shrews. "In such a night Did pretty Jessica (like a little shrow) Slander her love, and he forgave it her."—Shakspeare, Merchant of Venice (1598), v. 1.

SILLIBOUKS, "twenty wo sillibouks together" (M. 233b), ? silly bodies: bouk (Chaucer) = body. Wo is not clear, and may be a mistranscription for mo or who.

Silly, "silly style" (M. 135c), plain, simple, unpolished, rustic. "There was a fourth man in a silly habit."—Shakspeare, Cymb. (1605), v. 3.

SINCANTER, "old Sincanter" (M. 196c), cinquanter=Mr. Fifty-year-old: hence an old worn-out person.

SINK-A-PACE (M. 185c), cinque-pace, "a kind of dance the steps of which were regulated by the number five" (Halliwell): also "Galliard" and "Five-paces."

— "Five was the number of the music's feet, Which still the dance did with five, paces meet" (Sir John Davies).

SIPHORY (M. 222c), see Kitchen herbs.

SIR, "sir boy" (J. 19a), a mock address: cf. Sirrah!

- SIR JOHN (Y. 107a), a generic title for a priest. Sir= Lat. Dominus=the academical title of a bachelor of arts. See other volumes of this series.
- SIR REVERENCE (J. 41c), an apology on mentioning anything likely to offend or for which an excuse was thought necessary. "A very reverend body: ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence."—Shakspeare (1593), Comedy of Errors, iii. 2.
- Sirs, "What, sirs, above the sky" (Y.95d), As only Charity "has the boards" with the speaker, this was probably addressed to the audience: the speech is obviously derisive. A curiously parallel passage will be found in Hickscorner (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., Series 3, 158b), "What, sir, above the moon . . Yet I keep not to climb so high . . . what and my feet slip I know well then I should break my neck," &c., &c.—the wording of the two passages, even to the rhymendings, is suggestively identical, and affords (with many other similarities) good ground for the generally accepted conclusion that Youth was actually modelled on Hickscorner.
- SIT, "a pair of rings That shall sit to his shins" (Y. 107c), i.e., fit close to, or be sizeable for; but, sit may be a printer's error for fit; anyhow, the sense is practically the same.

SITHEN (A. 121a), since.

SKIPTHRIFT (M. 234d), upstart, interloper.

Skoggingly, "some skoggingly feat" (M. 150c), properly scoggnly (from Scogan the jester to Edward IV.) = jesting, mocking, scurrilous. "This scoganly pen."—Hall, Works, ix. 262.

SLACK, "judge me slack" (J. 46b)—"be not slack" (J. 47c)—"a little slacking may all our purpose let" (J. 54a), lax, remiss, neglectful, and so, mutatis mutandis, the sub. and verb.

SLAE (J. 82a), read slea = slay.

SLAND, "the priest's sland" (M. 178d), done for, ruined, "cleaned out." "To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame."—Shakspeare, 1 Henry VI. (1592), iv. 6.

A. P. II.

SLE, SLEA (passim), slay.

SLEEVE, "laugh in my sleeve" (M. 165c), deride or exult in secret. "To that I said nought but laughed in my sleeve."—Heywood, Proverbs (Works, E.E.D.S.), 11. 71a.

SLEIGHTLY, "Jacob hath beguiled his father, how sleightly" (J. 66c), cunningly, artfully, craftily. "Men's sleyghty iugling and counterfeit craftes."—Bp. Gardner (1534), True Obedience, fol. 6.

SLIGHT, "by his slight" (H. 285c), see Sleight.

SMELL, "in case he smell what we have . . . begun" (J. 55c)—"I smell you" (T. 301c), detect, perceive as if by smelling: cf. "nose." "From that time forward I began to smell the word of God, and forsook the school-doctors and such fooleries."—Latimer, Sermons (d. 1555), 335.

Smugly, "a good smugly lass" (M. 161c), neat, spruce, trim: in orig. smogly. "Like a smug bridegroom."—Shakspeare, Lear (1605), iv. 6.

Soil, assoil, "soil me a question" (Y. 96c)—"such questions to assoil" (Y. 96d), answer, solve. "To assoil thy question."—Heywood, Works, II. 119a (E.E.D.S.).

SOLD, see Wool.

So MAY, "so may . . . my money go seek" (M. 158d), elliptical: you is understood.

Somewhat else, see Bells.

SOMEWHITHER (J. 81d), somewhere: the word has largely fallen into desuetude: cf. "anywhen," "somewhen," &c.

Son, "a good son" (J. 43b), here used as an address to a male dependent: Mido is a little waiting lad.

Sore, "sore thy brains I will spill" (M. 184d: also 185d, 199a, 209c), with violence: also a generic intensive=greatly, muchly, exceedingly.

Sorrel, see Kitchen herbs.

SOUDED, "my souded sow" (M. 195b; 198b)? ringed, tethered. "Souded, consolidated, fastened" (A.-N.).—Halliwell.

SOUNETH, "the voice of Jacob souneth in my ear" (J. 66b), soundeth. Hazlitt prints soconeth, but the original as here given is quite intelligible: soune (sowning or sowne) = noise, sound (A.-S.); whence the verb. "Joly and lyght is your complexicion, That steryn ay and kunne nat stonde still; And eke your tongue hath not forgete his sowne, Quyk, sharp, and swyft is hyt, and lowyd and shill."—MS. Fairfax, 16.

Souse, "puddings and souse" (M. 195d), anything salted down, but specifically the ears, feet, &c., of swine. "Sending the king woord that he had prouided at his brothers manor, against his coming, good plentie of souse & powdred meat."—Holinshed, Chron. Eng. (1577), bk. viii., ch vii. I suggest the text is corrupt—that Codrus's speech ends with souse—that Cacurgus has next line, still grumbling, and that Codrus takes his "cue" again at Ho.

Souterly, "the souterly thickskin" (M. 167c), low, vulgar as a cobbler.

SPARKING, "is she not a sparking one" (M. 175c), lively, brisk, gay, wanton. "When Venus is ill placed, she inclines men to be effeminate, timerous, lustful, followers of whenches, very slugish, and addicted to idleness, an adulterer, incestuous, a fantastic spark—... if a woman, very impudent in all her ways; colour milky sky."—Bishop, Marrow of Astrology, p. 55.

Special, "take me for your special" (Y. 110a), intimate, particular friend or companion: usually of a mistress: see Slang and its Analogues.

Spec-lation (M. 218d), the hyphen dividing the word is a misprint, and an apostrophe should be substituted.

Speed, "I can speed thee of a servant of price" (Y. 102a), acquaint you, help you to.

Spending, "if I have spending" (Y. 99d), money. "And gyf them some spendynge, That them owt of thy londe may bryng."—MS. Cantab., Ff. ii. 38, f. 72.

SPILL, "he will me save or spill" (Y. 97c)—"spares not to spill both man and child" (H. 276c), mar, spoil, destroy.

G G 2

- 'Sposation, "make a 'sposation" (M. 216a), deposition.
- SPRITE (J. 15d), spirit.
- SQUARE, "square from truth" (H. 252c)—"square far beyond the mark" (H. 264a), at variance with, divergent from, wide of: square has thus, in its present meaning, "boxed the compass." "Falling at square with her husband."—Holinshed, Chron. Eng. (1577), iv. 8.
- STAB, "ye never saw hungry dog so stab pottage up" (J. 34a), ? a variant of stub=to root up—to wallow in food as doth a hog in swill.
- STAIN, "I will stain ye" (M. 180b), outdo, excel. "O voice that doth the thrush in stillness stain."—Sidney, Arcadia (1580), p. 358.
- STAND, "he that stand surest" (M. 142b), see Misogonus, and cf. the 3rd pers. pl. in "s."
- STARE, "get strout and stare" (M. 148b), brag, bully, swagger: hence strout and stare=to act the ruffian; strout=make a disturbance, bluster, put on "side," strut.
- START, "they begin to start" (H. 261c), "draw in their horns," "jib," "weaken": see next entry.
- STARTER, "he's no starter" (M. 182c), milksop, poltroon, "white-liver." "Nay, nay, you need not bolt and lock so fast; she is no starter."—Heywood, If Ye Know Not Me, &c. (c. 1604).
- STATUTE OF APPAREL (H. 262b), a sumptuary law: such were of frequent occurrence in Tudor times, and were directed against all classes of the community.
- STAY, "bring . . . Esau to a better stay" (J. 11a), state. "It were good we invented some politicke waie Our matters to addresse in good orderly staie."—New Custom (1550-73), i. 1 (E.E.D.S. Anon. Pl., Ser. 3, 161b).
- Stews, "one of the stews" (M. 179d)—"at the stewes" Y. 113b), brothel. "All the londys and possessions That I have lying within the bowne Of Southwerke and of the stewes syde."—Colyn Blowbols Test, 166. See other volumes of this series.

STICK, "if I should stick with thee" (J. 31c)—"and sticked not . . . his father to miscall" (M. 136d), scruple, hesitate, stand out on insufficient grounds. "I know a younker that will ease you . . That will not stick to marry you within this hour."—Marr. Wit and Science (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., Ser. 4).

STILL sow, "the still sow eateth up all the draff" (T. 308c), proverbial: see Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II. 27c; 196d; 440d.

STIR, see Joints.

Stomach, "my stomach is lightened" (M. 142c), anger, resentment, pride, sorrow: cf. "he is waxed so stomachful" (141b)=arrogant, proud.

STOMACH CHEER (J. 35c), in original stomachere, usually = food, "belly-cheer"; probably in this case a pun is enshrined.

STOMACHFUL, "waxed so stomachful" (M. 141b), see preceding entry but one.

Stoned Priest (M. 186c), a common reproach of a dissolute cleric: cf. stone-horse=stallion.

Stones, (a) "Alison groped vor th' stones" (M. 197a), testes. (b) See Hedge.

STOUND, "no more that stound" (J. 5b; 32b), moment, short space of time, occasion.

Stout, "stand stout" (M. 140d)—"too stubborn and too stout" (144b)—"as stout as ye mak't" (235a), firm, proud, or overbearing, bold: see Tall (1 Henry IV., v. 4). "Rifled Jove's stout oak."—Shakspeare, Tempest (1609), v. "So ambitious and stout to strive against Antigonus for the chiefest place of authority."—North, Plutarch's Lives (1578), p. 509.

STRAW, "not the value of a straw" (M. 141a), worthless, of no appreciable value.

STRING, "ye harp all of one string" (M. 242b), to repeat incessantly: see Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II. 384b.

STROUT, "get strout and stare" (M. 148b), see Stare.

STUBBERLY, "stubberly misusing of you" (M. 243c), ? stubbornly=persistently.

Succory (J. 58d), see Kitchen herbs.

SUFFISANCE, "in suffisance" (1.66c), sufficiency, plenty. "There him rests in riotous suffisance Of all gladfulness and kingly joyance."-Spenser, Muiopotmos (1590), 207.

SUFFRENCY, "supported in such suffrency" (A. 126c), sufferance.

SUND (M. 185c), I have been unable to trace any tune that would enable us to fill the gap.

SUNGIR, "let sungir lurk" (M. 163d), so in original, but the meaning is not clear. Chappell in the words to the tune of Heartsease follows Collier, and substitutes lungis, which Cotgrave explains (s.v. Longis) as "a slimme, slow backe, dreaming luske, drowsie gangrill; a tall and dull slangam, that hath no making to his height, nor wit to his making; also, one that being sent on an errand is long in returnig."-Dr. Murray apparently accepts Collier's conjecture as probable, since he leads off his illustrations to "Lungis" by this passage.

Superial, "superial reign" (H. 249c), cf. "superior," "superne," "superial," "supreme.

SUPERMUNDAL, "supermundal science" (M. 218b), supermundane.

SURED, "Most drad soueraigne Kinge Assuerus to your doughty weyghty and sured, Of riches power, wisdome, vertue or noble bloude Which is most soueraigne, and of highest honour Me seames," &c. (H. 250a): thus in original copy, concerning which Mr. W. W. Greg says (Materialen, v. 49), "the second half of this [first] line is clearly corrupt, bevond. I fear, all chance of restoration. . . The sense is difficult to recover." But may we not, without insisting overmuch on the many and obvious corruptions of the text of this play, or overstraining the fact of its frequently elliptical nature, assume the "face-value" of the words almost as they stand? I have, in punctuating the text, ventured to interpret; and I am hardly prepared to go so far as to label it as "corrupt beyond all chances of restoration," or that "something must (the italic is mine) also

have been ommitted " (sic). Thus: your I take to be a misprint or meant for you, and with its transfer, for the sake of making quite clear the suggested reading, to another part of the sentence, the meaning apparently not quite obscure—" Most dread sovereign, King Assuerus, doughty (=strong, brave), weighty (=entitled to speak on account of experience, ability, and character), and sured (=assured, established in all that pertains to the kingly dignity and prerogatives), which-of riches, power, wisdom, virtue, or noble blood-is (=seems, appears) to you most sovereign (=most excellent) and of highest honour?" Then comes the perfectly intelligible and direct reply of Primus Generosus himself. Moreover, the "counsel" of Secundus Generosus and Tertius Generosus continues on the same lines.

Susis (H. 286c), the Shushan of the Authorised Version: see Neh. i. 1, and Esther ii. 8, iii. 15.

Susukes, "Wert not longe of the susukes that I went not to my master" (M. 226a), so in original, which Prof. Brandl glosses "because of the young pigs."
But is not Isbell bullyragging Madge for fore-stalling her, and amongst other choice terms of abuse calls her a susukes (or susucks) = swilltub? Suss= to swill as a hog; that the=thee is clear from the next line, "long of me? thou liest!"

SWAD, see Swibbold.

SWADDLE, "I'll swaddle your skin" (M. 159c)—"swaddle you with a cord" (M. 172d), beat, trounce, belabour. "Hee bangde, belammed, thumped, swadled her."—Cofgrave, Dict. (1611), s.v. Chaperon.

Swain, "the elder must now serve the younger as his swain" (J. 71c), herdsman, servant: usually a youth not yet an esquire, but often used loosely for anyone not a knight. "Knightes, swaines, levedies beld, Maden crud hem to biheld."—Arthour and Merlin (c. 1400), p. 204.

SWIBBOLD SWAD (M. 160b), drunken lout. Swibbold= swill-bowl. "Three drunken swads that kept the castell thought that this showt was nought else but a dreame."—Holinshed, Chron. of Ireland (1534). "Lucious Cotta... was taken for the greatest swielbolle of wine in the woorlde."—Udall, Erasmus's Apophth. (1542).

Symplication, "to my symplication" (M. 219c), supplication: see Misogonus.

Table, "paint your words in a table" (T. 317d), table-book, originally a surface upon which writing could be made; whence a note-book or memorandum book. "Written . . . not on tables of stone, but on fleshly tables of the heart."—2 Corinth. iii. 3. "His master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper."—Shakspeare, 2 Henry IV. (1598), ii. 4.

Tables, "at cards, dice, or tables" (M. 174c and 177c), backgammon or draughts, or indeed any game played with the table and dice: see Halliwell, Nares, s.v. Tables.

Tackling, "let us stick to our tackling" (M. 178b), i.e., be firm: also "to stick to one's tackle."

TAKE, "cannot be take or said" (H. 276a), taken = y-take.

TALENT, see Cicle.

TALE OF A TUB (M. 214b), nonsense, fooling, absurdity: the phrase is common enough—see Bale, Three Laws; Heywood, Proverbs; Wit and Science, all in this series.

TALEON, "on Taleon ground" (M. 201b), Italian.

TALL, "tall man as I am" (A. 120b)—"like a tall fellow" (M. 197b), valiant, brave, obedient, comely, lusty: generic for worth—tall (=seemly prayers; tall (=valiant) man; tall (=fine) English; tall (=courageous) spirit, and so forth.

Taste, "to taste our message" (A. 123a), try, prove, test, proceed to act. "I rede thee let thin hond upon it falle And tast it wel, and ston thou shalt it find Sin that thou seest not with thin eyen blind."—Chaucer, Cant. Tales (1383), 15,970. "Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion. Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs."—Shakspeare, Twelfth Night (1602), iii. 1. 80.

TAUNTS, "thy husband here taunts of my wife" (M. 203c), is importunate concerning.

TEG, "to kill hare, teg, or doe" (8c), young deer: specifically a doe in the second year.

TENDER, "did fatherly tender" (M. 140b), tend, cherish, hold dear.

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS (H. 274c), see Esther, iii. 9.

'TENTION, "always some 'tention" (M. 200d), intention.

Testificats (M. 228c), evidence: properly a solemn written assertion, formerly used in judicial procedure, but not given under oath.

TETRAGRAMMATON, "by tetragrammaton" (M. 184c), an oath: the sacred Hebrew name of J.H.V.H.

Tetter (M. 218a), a name vaguely given to several cutaneous diseases: properly of herpes.

THANK, (a), "ye will con me thank" (Y. 112d), give thanks: see infra (b). "I believe he will con thee little thank for it."—Nashe, Pierce Pennilesse.

(b) "no thank at his hand" (J.35d), formerly as common in the singular as now exclusively met with in the plural.

THEE, "though thou never thee" (A. 132a)—"we would he should never thee" (H. 268b), thrive: see other volumes of this series.

THEIR, "a motherless infant of their courtesy left" (M. 140b), i.e. the Fates: see two lines supra.

THEST, "thest go" (M. 181c), they shall: see Misogonus.

THEYST, "theyst do thee no wrong" (M. 182a), they shall: see Misogonus.

THICK, see Thin.

THIN, "go through thin and thick" (A. 127b), the reverse is the usual form of this colloquialism, at least in modern days. "[Fiends will not cease] for thin ne thik."—Gaytrigg, Relig. Pieces (1359), 99 (E.E.T.S.).

- THIRDBOROUGH (M. 229b), constable. "I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough."—Shakspeare, Taming of Shrew (1593), Induction.
- This, "Sir, and it please you this" (Y. 96c), thus. "Chose me than a nother fere, For I can not lyue this in wretchednes."—Proud Wyues Pater Noster, 300.
- THORN, "young doth it prick that will be a thorn" (J. 56 c and d), proverbial. "It pricketh betimes that shall be a sharp thorn."—Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II. 94a, 187d.
- THOUGH, see Use.
- THOUST, "thoust have my best benefit" (M. 153a; 161c), thou shalt: see Misogonus.
- THOUT, "thout be bonably cursed" (M. 182b), thou wilt: see Misogonus.
- THRALL, "brought him to great thrall" (M. 137a), hardness, severity, sternness. "Wherefore good Christian people, now Take warning by my fall: Live not in strife and envious hate, To breed each other thrall. Seeke not your neighbors lasting spoyle, By greedy sute in lawe; Live not in discord and debate, Which doth destruction draw."—Ballad on the Burning of Beccles (1586).
- THREAD, (a) "then were it a fair thread that I had spun" (J. 33b), a proverbial saying borrowed from spinning: see Heywood, Proverbs, Works (E.E.D.S.), II. 12d; 68c; 215b.
 - (b) "given them a thread which they'll never untwist" (M. 191b), a hard problem to solve; a "nut to crack."
- THROST, "the wretch had rather see me throst" (J. 29a), thirst: this form is unusual as compared with thrist and thrust.
- THUMB, "I will surely thee thumb" (M. 235b), handle awkwardly, use roughly.
- TICKLE, see Womb.
- Tick-tack (M. 178c), a game similar to, but more complicated than, backgammon: cf. Nares and Halliwell, s.v.

Tide, "in this tide" (Y. 108d), time, season. "He keeps his tides well."—Shakspeare, Timon (1609), i. 2.
Time, see Woe.

'TIRE, "thy best 'tire" (M. 202c), attire: see Misogonus.

TITTER TATTER (H. 267c), in original "tytter totur," but "pytter pattour" seems to require titter tatter as a rhyme: possibly it was so pronounced, and the spelling was conventionalised, as was often the case.

TOAST, "a toast in the fire" (M. 210d), a roast crab: see Roast.

Tomboy, "have at thee, tom-boy, tom" (M. 207a), an early example of a still common colloquialism. "You shall folde your haire, like Tomboyes."—Wager, Mary Magdalene, line 551.

To-morn, "what thou shalt do to-morn" (M. 220b), this morning: cf. "to-night," "to-day," "to-morrow," "to-year."

TOM TYLER AND HIS WIFE. The text has been "set" direct from a photo-facsimile of a copy of Kirkman's black-letter edition of 1661 in the library of the British Museum (643. d. 63), and will be found pp. 289-321 In one or two places where the British Museum text is faulty through blurring or obliteration, restorations have been made from extra photo-facsimiles of such pages from the copy of the same edition in the Bodleian. The spelling has been modernised; small letters have been substituted for capitals in the case of common nouns; and names appearing in the text in italics are here given in roman characters; it is unlikely that the last two peculiarities of the 1661 text are anything more than the typographical fashions of the time of printing. The punctuation of the period of printing has needed but slight change to suit it to the modern reader: as little alteration as possible has been attempted in this respect. A few obvious mistakes have been corrected, but these and any other important departures from the 1661 text I have shown infra.

Editions. The present text being that of the only extant edition of 1661, the question arises as to whether it was printed before Kirkman the bookseller issued his "second impression" of this "ex-

cellent old play, as it was printed and acted about a hundred years ago." There is no trace of its having been licensed; but, in respect to this formality, it must be remembered that the Stationers' Registers are not perfect or consecutive. That Kirkman's "second impression" was really the second is also uncertain; for Baker, in his first edition of the Biographica Dramatica for 1764, schedules "Tome Tylere and his wyfe, A passing merrie Interlude. Anon. 4to. 1598," which so far differs in title and date from Kirkman's edition as to suggest an intermediate impression. An exactly similar entry occurs in the second and third editions of the Biog. Dram. Further, Ritson (Ancient Songs, 130), mentioning "the passing merrie Interlude of Tom Tylere and his Wyfe," seemingly quotes it as "first printed in 1578." According to this, three earlier editions are suggested: viz., c. 1551 (mentioned by Kirkman); 1578 (referred to by Ritson, whose date is accepted by Collier, Dyce, Ward, and others); 1598 (catalogued by Baker, who is followed by Halliwell in his Dict. of Old Plays). Of course, in estimating the value of these particulars, everything depends on the trustworthiness of the sources of information, as well as on the care taken by each authority to correctly set out the facts. As a matter of record it may be stated that there is no mention of the play in the advertisement lists of Rogers and Ley's for 1656, but that in Archer's for the same year, five years prior to Kirkman's edition, appears "Tom tyler. C"; but no mention is made of the date of the edition which is scheduled. Since Kirkman's "second impression" of 1661 the play has been reprinted only once prior to the present occasion, viz., by Prof. Schelling in the Publ. Mod. Lang. Assoc. of America (1900). As regards authorship, nothing is known or can be surmised. Baker, without assigning any reason, attributed the play to W. Wager, the author of The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou art (E.E.D.S., Works). Prof. Schelling remarks anent this that "the probable date and the general character of the two interludes are not repugnant." As regards stylistic considerations, I may add that in parts of Wager's interlude there is the jingle of Tom Tyler, but by no means the "swing" and "command"

of words which characterise it: and it is surely no reason for attribution, for or against, that the one deals with the necessity of a good and pious education for youth, and the other with the reformation of a shrewish, typical woman by cat-o'-nine-tails methods, good, necessary, and effective though such drastic measures may sometimes prove! There is little internal evidence upon which to base any inferences whatsoever: "it was set out by pretty boys" (291b), but this conveys nothing more definite than that it was staged by boy actors; and in the prayer for the Queen a "perilous chance" is mentioned which Prof. Schelling says may refer to the discovery of the Ridolphi conspiracy in 1571, but which may equally apply to many another event of Elizabeth's reign. Amended Readings, Corrigenda, &-c.

"[Desire.] I represent the part" (201d), not in original; "A Song" (203b), these words are placed opposite the first two lines of the song, which are indented to make room for them: likewise in original there is no space between the stanzas; "I will take him by the poll" (205a), original pole; "Tip[ple.] Marry! here is good rule" (205a), in succeeding lines Tipple is given in full; "she is too well schooled" (302c), original to; "How ill have I been used" (308d), "Strife" is wrongly repeated at the beginning of this line as well as the previous one; "Therefore take good heed" (307d), original hood; "my arms be black and blue" (308d), original back; "Yea,

faith, good man " (318a), original ye.

Too-too, "too-too much favour" (M. 143b), an emphasised form of "too." "Adding further that he was too-too evil that could not speak well."—Holinshed, Chron. Ireland (1587), F. 6b, 2b.

TORN, "I will bring him to torn" (M. 151c), i.e. to his knees, thoroughly humbled: to (Ger. zu) is the augmentative particle, and is generally but not always joined with "all."

TOUCHED, "so well touched" (H. 274c), dealt with, presented: cf. to touch only the fringe of an argument.

Toy, "if my father die soon, then is it but a toy" (J. 41b)—"pretty toys" (M. 148c)—"merry toys"

(T. 291b), trifle, whim, fancy, wanton conceits: see Slang and its Analogues, s.v. Toy.

Toying, "so trifling, so toying" (J. 29d), see previous entry.

TRACE, (a) "tradding the trace" (M. 141c), track, path. "Trace, a streyght way."—Palsgrave, Lang. Franc. (1530).

(b) "too sore you do trace" (M. 185d), i.e., too impetuously or with too much zest you "foot it."

'TRACTING OF TIME (M. 200d), detracting, losing time: see Misogonus.

Tradding, "tradding the trace" (M. 1416), walking the way.

TRATTLING, "so trattling, so chiding" (J. 29d), prattling, talking idly: still good Scots. "Still she must trattle."—Bale, King John, Works (E.E.D.S.).

Traverse, "the King entereth the traverse" (H. 254b; 270b), properly a sliding door, movable screen, or low curtain: in early "stage carpentry" it was stretched across the "boards." "The fabricke was a mountaine with two descents, and severed with two travesses."—Masque of Innen Temple and Grayes Inne (1612).

TRAVICE, "travice that breeds disdain" (A. 120c), wrangling.

TREE, "if your fortune be to hang on a tree...ye shall never be drowned" (T. 317a), the proverb, slightly varied, is still of service.

TREYGOBET, see Dice.

TRICK, TRICKSY, "as trick, as sweet, as clean" (J. 56a)
—"plead but thy tricks" (M. 176b)—"shouldst trick
thee" (M. 202c)—"all tricksy and gallant" (J. 64a),
as adj.=trim, spruce trig; as subs.=wantonness; as
verb=make oneself neat, spruce, "tittivate."

TRISS "with a triss" (M. 175c), trice.

TRIUMP, see Cards.

TROT, "the old trot" (M. 212b), old woman: in contempt. "The old trot sits groaning."—Gammer Gurton's Needle, i. 1.

TRUE, "true as steel "-" as the gospel" (M. 205 c and d), as true as can be.

TRULL, "till I see my trull" (M. 162c)—"grope a trull" (M. 176c)—"go to the trull" (M. 184b), wanton, harlot: specifically a hedge-whore. "A filthie trull is irksome to the eye."-Turberville, Poems (1567).

TRULLIT, "by my trullit" (M. 210c), ? trull.

TRUMPINGTON (Y. 110b), near Cambridge.

TUPE, see Scab.

TURN, see Heels.

TUTA VILUS (H. 283a), fiend, devil.

Twe. "twe who-chittals" (M. 198b), two.

TWELFE, "some twelfe" (J. 39b), twelve: note the rhyme with "elf."

Two-legged venison (M. 161b), a harlot: cf. "Whet-stone Park deer," "mutton," &c.; also "two-legged fox" (Gammer Gurton's Needle, v. 2).

TYBURN, "to preach at Tyburn" (Y. 100b), to be hanged: a reference to Tyburn occurs as early as 1377 in Piers Plowman. "That souldiours sterve or preche at Tiborne Cross."-Gascoigne, Steele Glas (1576), 55.

UMBER'T (M. 231d), number, count: dialectical (Halliwell).

Unaddressed, "with bravery unaddressed" (M. 135c), unaddressed, "Of vayne glorye excuse me, That y ne have for love be The bettre adressid and arayed."-Gower, MS. Soc. Antiq. 134, f. 56.

UNDE[R]STUMBLE (M. 155d), understand: an early example of a still common jocose word; cf. Shakspeare pun on understand (Twelfth Night, iii. 1, 80).

Universal, "this region universal" (H. 254a), throughout, the whole. "Sole monarch of the universal earth."-Shakspeare, Romeo and Juliet (1595), iii. 2.

UNNETH, "unneth I set eye on him" (21a)-"and yet the commons unneth could be content" (H. 251d)-"unneth I dare" (H. 281d), scarcely, with difficulty, almost. "Uneath may she endure the filthy struts."- Shakspeare, 2 Henry VI. (1594), ii. 4. "Seem'd uneath to shake the stedfast ground."—Spenser, Fairy Queen (1590), 1. xii. 4.

Unpossible, "that is unpossible" (M. 201d), impossible.
"It is, I say, unpossible."—Hakluyt, Voyages

(1580-9), iii. 350.

UNRAY, "come . . . unray thee" (T. 303b), undress, strip.

Untwist, see Thread.

URE, "put in ure" (J. 15c)—"unless you put in ure your power royal" (H. 269a), use, practice, service; manure, inure, &c., are survivals: cf. "ruthless" from "ruth." "Young fooles to keep long in ure."—Schole-house of Women, iii.

USE, (a) "I use not for to lie" (J. 23c)—"I do not use to tell" (T. 316b), make a practice or habit of, not accustomed to.

(b) "his laws be not used" (A. 128c)—
"other virtues though he doth use" (Y. 93c)—
"such pastime to use" (M. 179d), practise, observe,

enjoy, engage in.
(c) "where I do use" (Y. 113b), frequent, visit

often.

USUAL, "when we're herein more usual" (M. 137c)—
"God's providence . . . is always usual" (M. 224b), a construction which may be worth noting for reference' sake.

VAIL, "it would 'vail me" (M. 197d), avail: see Misogonus.

VAILABLE, "to God is vailable" (H. 285b), available, serviceable.

VANCE, "I'll out, vance" (M. 185a), advance: note the rhyme with "dance."

VANGEL, "by the vangel" (M. 175c) = evangel = gospel.

Vantage, "my vantage to take" (M. 155b), advantage, benefit.

VARDIT, "thy neighbours vardit" (M. 229c), verdict: still in vulgar use.

Venues, "my venues to give" (M. 155b), a bout or thrust in fencing.

VERAMENT, "they think verament" (H. 252a), in truth, truly, verily. "After his one sone he sent evyn to Bristow verrament."—Childe of Bristowe, 118.

VIOLET, see Kitchen herbs.

VISIOGMONY (M. 218c), countenance, physiognomy.

Wade's mill, "by Wade's mill" (H. 268a), i.e. by the gallows. "For they were all deuil-whippes of the maker, of a straight [sic] stocke, cleane corde, and sure twist, as true and wel-knotted stuffe, as euer Wades myll did afford."—Harsnet, Decl. of Popish impostures (1603), 104 (Materialen, v. 55).

WAG, see World.

Wachalter (M. 235a), rogue, gallows-bird. "Ile teach my waghalter to know grapes from barley."—Lyly, Mother Bombie (1594), ii. 5.

WAGPASTY, "ery little wagpasty" (M. 181b), rogue, urchin, rascal: an endearment. "Mery. Maide, with whom are ye so hastie? Tib. Not with you, sir, but with a little wagpastie, A deceiuer of folkes by subtill craft and guile."—Udall, Roister Doister (1534), iii. 2.

WAGWANTON, "this wagwanton" (M. 140c), libertine, wanton: cf. "wagtail"=harlot.

Waltham's calf (M. 147a), proverbial for a fool. The allusion is lost, and it is not known who Waltham was. A passage in *The Disclosing of the Great Ball* (Harl. Misc. vii. 535) says "some running and gadding calves [were] wiser than Waltham's calfe that ran nine miles to suck a bull" (1567). But there are numerous earlier allusions: e.g., in Skelton's Colin Clout (b. 1529), where a rogue priest who can "nothing smatter Of logick nor school matter" is said to be "as wise as Waltham's calf."

Wanion, "with a wild wannion" (J. 5a), "with a wannion" (M. 229a), curse, misfortune, calamity, "with a vengeance." "Prob. waniand is the original and correct form, being the northern form of the pr. par. of A.S. wanian=to wane (q.v.); hence, in the waniand = in the waniang, and with a wanion= with diminution, detriment, or ill-luck" (Ency. Dict.).

- Wanton, "well, wanton, well" (Y. 104d), see a similar passage as follows:—"Well, wanton, well; I-wis, I can tell, That such smock-smell Will set your nose out of tune."—Wever, Lusty Juventus, 15 (E.E.D.S. Works, 30a).
- WARRANTISE, "be of warrantise" (Y. 101a), warranty, guarantee. "There is such strength and warrantise of skill."—Shakspeare, Sonnets (1598), 150.

WASTER, (a) "a spendall and waster" (M. 148b), spendthrift, prodigal. "If Lucullus were not a waster, and a delicate given to belly-cheare."—P. Holland, Plu-

tarch (1610), p. 361.

- (b) "who taking a waster did put on my coat" (T. 311c), a cudgel, a blunt sword used as a foil in fencing schools. "With a good waster he so mortified this old Adam of his son-in-law squire, that he needed no other penance than this."—Harington, Brief View of the Church (1608), p. 22.
- Wawling, "brawling and wawling" (M. 227a), crying out, wailing. "The first time that we smell the air, We wawle and cry."—Shakspeare, Lear (1605), iv. 6.
- WEAL (M. 218a), weal, stripe, or swelling produced by rod or whip. "The wales, marks, scars and cicatrices."—P. Holland, Plutarch (1610), p. 459.
- Wealth, "flit fro thy wealth" (Y. 95b), prosperity, well-being. "For I am fallen into Hell From paradise and wealth, the more . . . Annoyeth now the bitternesse, That I toforne haue felt sweetnesse."—Chaucer, Rom. of Rose (Chalmers I. 201, 2).
- Weathercock of Poules (M. 211d), frequently the subject of proverbial saying or jesting allusion in old writers. "I am as very a turncote as the wethercoke of Poles."—Marr. Wit and Science (E.E.D.S. Anon. Pl. Ser. 4). "The wit of Paul's weathercock... there is more wit in that cock's only head Than hath been in all men's heads that be dead."—Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II. 115d.
- Wedding, "hanging and wedding is destiny" (T. 293b), proverbial: see Heywood, Works (E.E.D.S.), II. s.v. Wedding.

Weed, (a) "the weed overgroweth the corn" (Y. 108d)—
"the weed which the good corn doth waste" (M. 222d),
the first form of this proverb is found in Heywood
(E.E.D.S.), Works, 11. 27d.

(b) "my foolish weed" (M. 150d)—"put on thy weed" (T. 303b)—"to come in my stead . . . having my weed" (T. 311c), dress, clothes: now only in plural, and specifically of a widow's mourning garments.

WEIGHTY, see Sured.

Weist, "weist have sows enough" (M. 203a), we shall: see Misogonus.

Well, "ye be well nice" (Y. 104d), very: the usage is good but unusual.

Wellaway, "sing wellaway" (Y. 98c), an exclamation of grief, sorrow, or despair, alas: from the A.S. wá lá wá (= woe | lo! wo!). "Allas! Constaunce, thou ne has no champioun, Ne fights canstow nat, so welaway!"—Chaucer, Cant. Tales (1383), 5052.

WER, "wer master is o' th' new learning" (M. 204b), our: a northern form.

Were, "Now let us go that we were there" (Y. 106b), i.e., may get there. "I pray you to pay me my money that I were gone."—Scoggins Jests (Hazlitt, II. 136).

WERISHIP, "your weriship's pleasure" (M. 154a), worship's: see Misogonus.

WERY, "as wery a dingthrift" (M. 197d), see Misogonus. "Releuer to the pore . . . and werry foo to coueytise."—Ragman Roll.

West, "west get nothing" (M. 227a), we shall: see Misogonus.

WHAN, "how or whan" (H. 273a), when: cf. than=then.

WHESTION, "I'll spur him a whestion" (M. 107c)—
"whestion with him" (M. 219c), question.

WHILES, "whiles I may" (Y. 111c), whilst: the original form, t being excrescent as in "amidst," "amongst," &c.

H H 2

- Whim-wham (M. 185d), seemingly generic for anything trifling, fantastic, or out of the common—a freakish fancy, caprice, toy, trifle, plaything, tumbling trick, wanton gesture. "To come aloft"=to vault in the fashion of a tumbler; and from the almost literal repetition of Orgalus's words by Marston and Webster in The Malcontent, "Sir Tristam Tristam come aloft, jack-a-napes, with a whim-wham" (i. 3), the phrase is probably a quotation, as also were the clauses immediately preceding and succeeding it.
- WHIPPERGINNY (M. 176b), an old game at cards. "At primefisto, post and payre, primero, maw, whip-her-ginny, he's a lib'rall hero."—Taylor, Works (1630).
- WHIRLWIND, "the whirlwind with him and flinging fiend of hell" (J. 84c), apparently an anticipation of the robuster Sedgely curse, "May the great fiend, booted and spurred, with a scythe at his girdle, ride headlong down thy throat."
- WHISTLE, "he shall go whistle in a marrow bone" (A. 124b)—"thou shalt then whistle" (M. 190a), be disappointed or discomfited, "go to the deuce." "This being done let the law go whistle."—Shakspeare, Winter's Tale (1604), iv. 4.
- WHITE, "as white as midnight's arsehole" (J. 78a), a meridian of foulness: see Slang and its Analogues, s.v. Arse.
- WHITE AND BLACK, "ha't in white and black" (M. 215a), in writing: nowadays the order is reversed to "black and white."
- WHITELIVER JACKS, "like whiteliver Jacks to fly" (M. 237b), poltroons, cowardly knaves; the old notion was that cowards had bloodless livers. "How many cowards . . . inward searched Have livers white as milk."—Shakspeare, Merch. of Venice (1598), iii. 2.
- WHO-CHITTALS, "twe who-chittals" (M. 198b), Brandl glosses this "twe=M.E. twey, O.E. twêgen: who=ho=she (see three lines lower down), chittals from chits=younglings": i.e. hen chickens.

- WHOLE, "as whole as a fish" (T. 313c), a simile not often met with.
- WIDE, "gone as wide" (M. 142b), as far from probity, good breeding, sound principles, &c. "It would be wide with the best of us if the eye of God should look backward to our former estate."—Bp. Hall, Contemp. (1612-15), Rahab.
- Wife, "your masters nown wife" (M. 175d), see Udall, Roister Doister (E.E.D.S.), 159d, s.v. Wife.
- WIGHTLY, "do it . . . wightly" (M. 199c), quickly, to some purpose. "For day, that was, is wightly past, And now at earst the dirke night thou hast."—Spenser, Shepheards Calendar (1579), September.
- WILD, "with a wild" (M. 159a), ? wile=artifice, trick.
- WILD OATS, "he hath not yet sown all his wild oats" (M. 166d), youthful follies. "We meane that wilful and unruly age, which lacketh rypeness and discretion, and (as wee saye) hath not sowed all theyr wyeld oates."—Touchstone of Complexions (1576), 99.
- WILL SUMMER (M. 145d; 168d; 169a; 212c), the name of this celebrated jester, like that of Patch, "my lord cardinal's (Wolsey) fool," seems to have become a common name or nickname for all fools: a full account of Summer will be found in Heywood's Works (E.E.D.S.), I. 265d.

WIPE, see Pan.

- WISDOM, "only the wisdom and policy of your grace" (H. 272d), read, as understood, "Who" before "compelleth" in the previous line; and "only by" in the line now quoted.
- WIT, "I will go wit of Charity" (Y. 108a), ask, learn. "And his sister stood afar off to wit what would be done unto him."—Bible (Auth. Vers. 1611), Exodus ii. 4. "Sir, she said, that shall you lightly wit."—Dane Hew, 374.
- WITHOUTEN, "withouten fraud" (J. 15c)—"I shall withouten let" (J. 49b), without.

Wo, see Sillibouks.

WOAND, "the whole woand" (M. 219b), ? world.

Wold, "mine is but wold" (M. 216b), old. "And be in charyté and in acorde With all my neghburs wolde and yng."—MS. Cantab., Ff. ii. 38, f. 18.

Woe, "woe worth the time" (M. 165d), woe be to, woe betide. "Woe worth thee, Tarlton, That ever thou wast borne; Thy wife hath made thee cuckold, And thou must weare the horne."—Tarlton, Jests, sig. B. iv.

Wolf, "that ravenous wolf" (H. 276c), ? Wolsey: see Queen Hester.

WOMAN, "would'st thou meddle with my woman" (M. 175d), wife: see next line and compare I Henry IV., ii. 3.

WOMAN'S FLESH, "man! here's woman's flesh" (M. 184b), generic for the sex.

Womb, "to rub any on the navel that hath a tickle womb" (A. 129c), belly, stomach. "And he covetide to fille his wombe of the coddis that the hoggis eeten, and no man gaf hym."—Wycliffe (138o), Luke xv. 16.

Wood, "there's none of us wood" (M. 188a), mad, furious, raging. "The hors prekyd, as he was wode."

-King and the Barker, 98.

Wool, "they sold all their wool" (H. 263d), i.e. fleeced their flock. "We are such mercenaries, And subtle proprietaries, As from the flock all carries—The wool, skin, flesh, and all."—Bale, Works (E.E.D.S.), 36d.

World, "let the world wag" (M. 1916), come what come will; "let her rip." Variants are many: see Towneley Myst., 101. "Let the world wag."—Trial of Treasure (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., Ser. 3, 214d). "Let the wide world wind."—Four Elements (E.E.D.S., Anon. Pl., Ser. 1, 16a). "Let the world pass."—Udall, Roister Doister (1553), 52d (E.E.D.S.). "Let the world slide."—Shakspeare, Taming of Shrew.

WORSHIPFUL STOCK, "she's of worshipful blood" (M. 188b), honourable descent, noble lineage. "I

know that you come of a worshipful stock."-Wager. Mary Magdalene (E.E.D.S.), s.v.

WORTH, see Woe.

WOTTING, "by your skill are ye wotting" (M. 220c), aware, cognisant.

WOTTLE, "I wottle well" (M. 200c), know.

Wourne, "your honest petition wourne" (J. 19d), so in original: Hazlitt prints scorn.

WRABBED, "so crabbed, so wrabbed" (J. 30a), ? rabid. Nares thought it so spelt as to appear like a rhyme to "crabbed," having found it in Heywood's Four P. P. (Works, 1. 57b), and here it is again, spelt in the same way, and rhyming also with "crabbed" once more.

WREAK, "put us to wreak" (M. 189b), fury, anger, passion, resentment. "And what an if His sorrow have so overwhelm'd his wits, Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks, His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?" -Shakspeare, Titus Andronicus (1593), iv. 4. "For in the holy temple have I sworn Wreak of his villainy."-G. Peele, David and Bethsabe (1599).

'XAMPLE (M. 227d), example, "take after."

YALLING, "the devil stop that . . . yalling throat" (J. 5a), howling, yelling. "In the popes kychyne the scullyons shall not brawle, Nor fyght for my grese. If the priestes woulde for me yawle."-Bale, Kynge Johan (c. 1552), p. 78.

YE, (a) "Ye whoreson! trowest thou so?" (Y. 95c), so in original, and probably equivalent to "yea": later (177c) we get "no, whoreson! sayest thou so?"
(b) "I tell ye" (Y. 154b), in original you, but the

rhyme requires ye.

YEOMANRY, "one of his yeomanry" (H. 270d), an upper servant, valet. "A yeman hadde he, and servantes no mo At that time, for him luste to ride so; And he was cladde in cote and hode of green."-Chaucer. Cant. Tales (1383), 102, Prol.

YER, "God's yer" (M. 197d), earth: yerth is the usual form, but note the rhyme with "stir."

YEST, "yest have one night" (M. 161d)—"yest see a hurricamp" (M. 186c), ye shall: see Misogonus.

Youngling, "happing and lapping my youngling" (M. 140c), young child, youngster.

Youst, "youst do well" (M. 154b), you shall: see Misogonus.

YOUTH. Modernised in spelling (save as regards exceptional words and rhyme-endings), and with punctuation as little altered as possible to suit modern needs, the text of Youth will be found on pp. 91-116. It is taken from a photo-facsimile of Waley's edition of c. 1557 in the British Museum (C. 34. b. 24). A reduced fascimile of the title-page of this edition, and one of that known as the Copland edition of c. 1560, also from a copy in the British Museum (C. 34. c. 38), will be found on pp. 91-2. In addition to these impressions, there is also a fragment, undoubtedly of a different edition, in the library of Lambeth Palace, consisting of four leaves. Maitland, in his Early Printed Books in the Library of Lambeth Palace (1843, p. 309), reprints it in part. These four leaves were recovered in the same way as other fragments of the rarest or lost books have been, as, for example, the only portion now extant of Albion, Knight (q.v.). In this particular case a waste or unbound sheet of Youth was found in the binding of another book, and unfortunately had been "cut to size," so that some of the edges are mutilated to the loss of parts of the text. Happily, however, as only a portion is recovered, it is the first section of the book, as a different set of "stock blocks" are exhibited on the title-page. This fragment has also been facsimiled entire in Prof. Bang's reprint of the three Youth texts in Materialen, Band XII., 1905. This facsimile has proved of considerable assistance to the present editor in the absence of access to the original fragment in the archiepiscopal library. Variorum readings and corrigenda-the Waley with the Copland copy and (as far as it goes) with the photo'd fragment in Materialen-will be found at the end of this article. In other respects, too, I am, in common with all students of English literature, deeply indebted to the Louvain reprint. In more than one instance the facts

here set out are due to the labours of Prof. Bang and Mr. R. B. McKerrow in collecting material, sifting the evidence, arranging their facts in order, and drawing deductions therefrom. Their argument as regards the relationship of the three texts is masterly and complete: apparently they leave nothing for others to do, and the student of our early drama who does more than skim the surface of his subject cannot afford to miss this valuable monologue. I can only quote the bare results here. The dates are uncertain, but probably c. 1557 for the Waley edition, and c. 1560 for the Copland edition, are not far out. The Lambeth fragment is confidently ascribed (on grounds fully set out) "either to the press of Wynkyn de Worde or of some one who came into possession of his type and wood blocks, after he ceased to print in 1535. On the other hand, it is certain that it was not printed earlier than 1528. As regards the relationship of the texts, it is clearly shown in Materialen that one or more editions of this play have been lost: that textually neither the Waley nor the Copland copies could have been printed from the Lambeth fragment, either directly or by reversed descent; that probably two editions have been lost, viz., a first edition from which the Lambeth and the lost edition No. 2 were printed; and finally that it was from the lost edition No. 2 that both the Waley and Copland copies were printed, the formula being given in Materialen. On equally good grounds Walev's text is set down as nearer the original than Copland's, which, however, is more correctly printed than Waley's. They conclude, "A modern editor constructing an eclectic text would doubtless first follow L[ambeth fragment] so far as it goes, then C[opland's text], correcting from W[aley's] in cases where there has been intentional change of reading in the former." So far the editors of Materialen. In the present text Waley and Copland editions, and the Lambeth fragment-the latter from the facsimile pages in Materialen-have been collated, and the results are given infra. As regards the play itself, it is no new discovery that the author of Youth, who has remained an unknown quantity so far, took Hickscorner as his model; nay,

more, he transferred whole sentences, as well as details of character and situation, from the older play into his own. But he was no mere copyist: he conveyed his material with the touch of a master's hand. Authorities generally regard Hickscorner as insignificant compared with Youth, "with no single dramatic touch "; while the latter is the "most realistic, amusing, and graceful specimen of its kind"; "a more elegant recast"; "the climax of the Youth plays," and "a better piece of work." Variorum Readings, Corrigenda, &c. [Note, these, unless otherwise attributed, are variations from the Waley text: W.=Waley's edition; C.=Copland's edition; L.= Lambeth fragment. No note is taken of such misprints as n for u, or the division of words, as be ware beware.] "For I am come" (93b), omitted; supplied by L. and C.——"fro God above" (93b), as in L.: from in W. and C.—"though he do use" (93c), as in C.: misprinted thought in W.—"Deo manet" (93c), as in L.: monet in W. and C .--"I am the gate" (93c), also in C.: yate in L.

"Or he may not come" (93d), ye in W.: he in L.
and C.——"of books the least" (93d), so in C., but lest in L. throughout-" May not live without charity" (94b), this reading is C.: L. and W. have "may sing no mass without charity"——"And charity to them" (94b), so in L. and C.: W. has who may be likened" (94c), from C.: W. has likeneth——"My hair is royal" (94c), L. and C.: W. has heart arms be both big and strong" (94c), the L. reading: fair in W. and C. "heir of all my father's land" (94d), so in L.: W. and C. omit all——"Why did you so praise your body" (95a), the L. reading: W. and C. have do——"Fro thy wealth" (95b), so in L.: W. and C. have For the—"Charity. Ah, yet, sir . . . plenty in every place" (95d to 96b), L. erroneously gives Charity's two speeches to Youth, and Youth's speech to Charity: from this point the margin of the Lambeth fragment has been so clipped that the names of the speakers are wanting-"thou shalt see" (95d), the L. reading: W. and C. have shall "above the sky" (95d), L. and C.: W. has abowe-"I had need" (96a), misprinted hah

in W.——"I may fortune" (96a), W. misprints sortune——"remember and call" (96a), omitted in W. and C.— "Miserationes" (96b), W. and C. have miseratio—"doubt not God's grace" (96b), misprinted goodes in W .-- "have you any store" (96c), C. may misprint slore, but the l is not clear—"cast out any more" (96c), L. reads ony: Hazlitt omits out "eat mustard" (96c), the spelling differs in all copies: W. = mustred; L. = mustarde; C.=musterd: W. also misprints salfishe in same line-"soil me this question" (96c), C. misprints quistion—"This question is but a vanity" (96c), the L. reading: a omitted by W. and C., and C. reads Thus-"make me a fool" (96d), omitted both by W. and C .- "no longer here (96d), so in W. and C.: L. reads lenger——"make your head to ache" (96d), L. omits to——"falleth not for me" (97a), L. omits for——"ne by night" (97a), the L. reading: W. and C. have be-"do by my counsel" (97a), the L. reading: W. and C. omit by--- "thou shalt have the way" (97a), W. reads thy way; L = the way; C = the wai, which variation (wai) is unnoticed in Materialen-"whatsoever you do" (97c), L. reading: W. and C. ye——"I pray thee hold thy peace" (97c), in orig. (W.) olde: in L. and C. holde——"Lest with my dagger" (97d), in C. lesse, cut away in L.--"In faith, if thou move my heart" (97d), W. has if thou mene (for meve); L., and thou meve; C., if thou meve—"God suffered" (97d), L., suffred; in C. misprinted sussered "that bought both thee and me" (98a), the L. reading: W. and C. have you to lose my jollity" (98a), W. and C.: L. has lese—"what I will you tell" (98a), omitted in W. and C.: the L. reading-"ruled after my counsel" (98a), so in W. and L.: C. has of-"in heaven on high" (98b), the L. reading: W. and C. omit on——"of God wilt thou" (98b), so in L.: W. and C. read thou wilt-"if I fight thou wilt it rue" (98b), W. has I tell thee true, a repetition of the previous line ending: C. has it as in text, but the line is cut off in the L. copy-"I see it will" (98b), L. and C. reading: W. has I see well-"take counsel of him" (98c), the

L. reading: W. and C. have take good counsel-"I shall send thee hence" (98d), so in W. and L.: C. reads will——"that churl Charity" (99a), the L. reading: C. and W. have the——"full of jollity" (99a), the L. reading: C. and W. omit of "My heart is light" (99b), so in L.: W. and C. have as -- "all on riot is my mind" (99b), W. and C.: L. has of "in the devil way" (99b), this is the L. reading: W. and C. read devil's way—"brought thee hither to-day" (99b), so in L. and C.: W. omits day-" Methought thou didst call me" (99c), didst is a misprint for did or did[st], the reading of all copies: did call me is the L. reading: W. and C. have did me call-"make royal cheer" (99c), so in L. and C.: W. misprints W. and C.: L. has haddest be—"thou art escaped" (99c), so in W. and C.: art omitted in L. "You took a man on the ear" (99d), in "noting" the Materialen facsimile of the Lambeth fragment it is pointed out that apparently there was in L. a word before You, perhaps That-"in Newgate you did lie" (99d), you is a misprint for ye in W. and C.: with this exception W. and C. agree; but L. has in newe all nyght ve dyd ly-"beshrew your pate" (99d), so in L. and C.: W. misprints parte—"I have learned policy" (100d), the L. reading: W. and C. read a policy—"and steadfast of mind" (100b), the L. fragment ends here—"Riot. Moreover I shall," &c. (100b), Riot omitted in C.—"preach at Tyburn" (100b), C. has Tybrone——"By the way I met" (100c), W. has Be thy, and C. Be the pretty man and a wise" (102b), a omitted in W.— "to do you good service" (102b), W. has to do good you service, and C. to do you service-" and think ve come" (102d), so in C.: W. has thing—"set nought by them" (102d), so in C.: W. has se—"in company with gentlemen" (102d), the C. reading: W. has gentel man—"Yonder goeth a gentleman" (103a), W. reads Yorder . . . gentlemen: C., Yonder . . . gentlemen—"lusty fellow" (103b), C. misprints lasty-"Intret superbia . . . et dicat" (104a), C. reads superbis, and W. reads dica

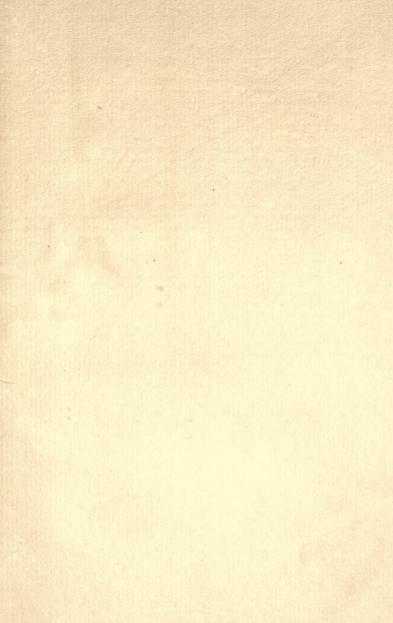
"a ready messenger" (104b), C. misprints messengert-"at your pleasure I am" (104b), the Materialen editors suggest reading am I--- "A word with you there" (104c), W. has here—
"express my name" (104d), C. has me—
"pretty niset" (104d), W. reads nylet—
"pretty pye" (104d), the editors of Materialen suggest that the line should end at pye, another line being given to the rest of the present line—"full gingerly" (104d), the C. reading: W. has gingerie—"fetch this fair flow'r" (105a), W. misprints fecth-"she pleased me" (105b), so in both copies: ? pleaseth "this fair lady" (105b), W. has farye, and C. farie: obviously misprints for fayre and faire respectively—"God that sitteth" (106a), C. mis-prints sitteh—"for God's sake" (106a), W. misprints goodes: the original of C. is goddes-"we tarry long" (106c), the C. reading: W. has very long "and ruled" (106c), the C. reading: W. has be ruled-"never so thin" (106d), in originals thine: obviously misprints for thinne or thine-"it may fortune come" (107a), C. has maye, W., mye "Charity. Yet, sirs" (107b), W. erroneously gives this and the next line to Youth, and the next four lines to Charity: they are rightly given in C.
——"he turned his tale" (107b), the editors of Materialen suggest "read, perhaps, turneth"-" I shall fet a pair" (107c), correctly given in C.: W. misprints set, the long "f" (s) being probably responsible for this as for other misprints in the W. copy: these typographical errors are of interest and value in considering the "descent" of the two texts from one of the lost editions: in both W. and C. pair is misprinted prayre-"bring with thee a good chain" (107c), W. misprints "with he ta good chain" —— "Mary mild" (107c), in both editions misprinted Mare for Marie—— "I will go wit of Charity" (108a), so in C. (wyt): W. misprints with "youth is not stable" (108d), so in C.: W. omits not—"lent man wit and grace" (109a), so in W.: C. curiously prints lent me wit ad grace, probably me should be me, and is suggestive how in copying the one contraction should be noted and the other passed over: it is, however, conceivable that

the C. text is quite correct, Charity intentionally contrasting the individual with the race-"doth it grieve thee" (111a), W. misprints geue for greue

"lest thou have on the ear" (111b), the C.
reading: W. has you——"To leave mirth" (111d), reading: W. has you——"To leave mirth" (111d), W. has Ro: C., to——"Yea, sir, by God" (112a), the C. reading: W. has be——"thy brother Charity" (112b), C. misprints they——"Sir, I can teach you" (112c), the C. text: W. omits I-"at the cards I can teach you" (112c), W. has theche; C., teche-"at the triump" (112c), C. misprints triunph——"and at another" (112c), W. misprints "and at ad other": C. prints "and at an other"—"ye will con me" (112d), the C. reading: W. has shyll—"What hath God bought" (113a), W. has whath, C., what: W., as in text, C., bought for me-"my soul to save" (113d), so in W. and C.: the editors of Materialen suggest my soul for to save——"help you at your need" (114c), so in C.: W. reads "help your at your need"——"maketh inquisition" (114d), the C. reading: W. has insicion-"here be beads" (115a), so in W.: C. significantly alters this to bokes, and has obviously departed, for "protestant" reasons, from what was originally the text, whatever the edition from which it and W. were printed-"let not vice" (115a), so in W.: C. has no-"exhort them to amend" (115b), W. has to to: C. as in text-"God bring the persons all" (115c), W. has Go: C. as in text-"Lest another day" (115c), both W. and C. have onother-"Save all this fair company" (115d), as in C., omitted in W.——"Finis" (115d), not in W.——"Colophons" (116), below the Waley imprint is a stock ornament, the width of the page, of two birds and flowers, printed upside down.

ZAD, "you look zad" (M. 198d), sad.

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